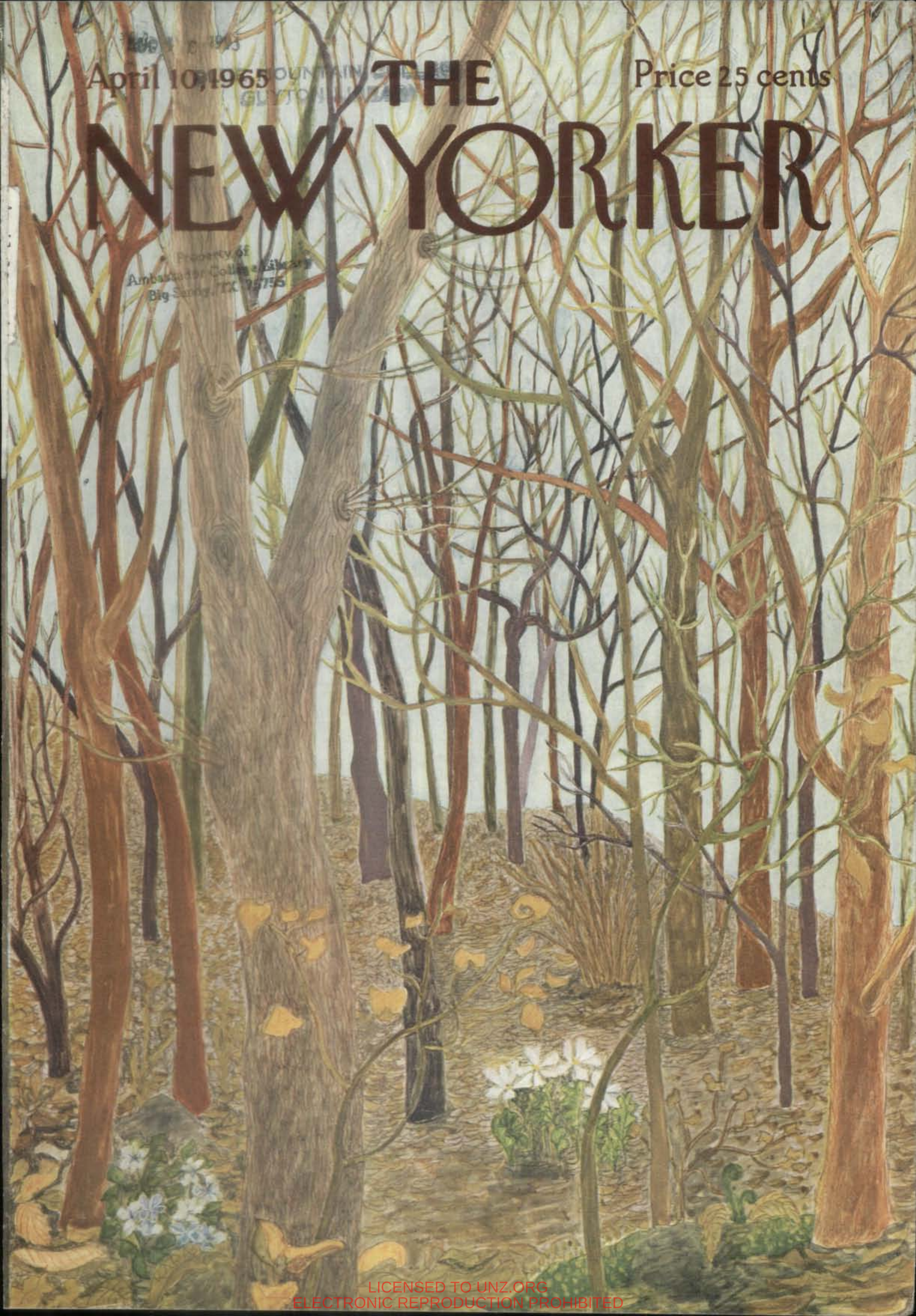

April 10, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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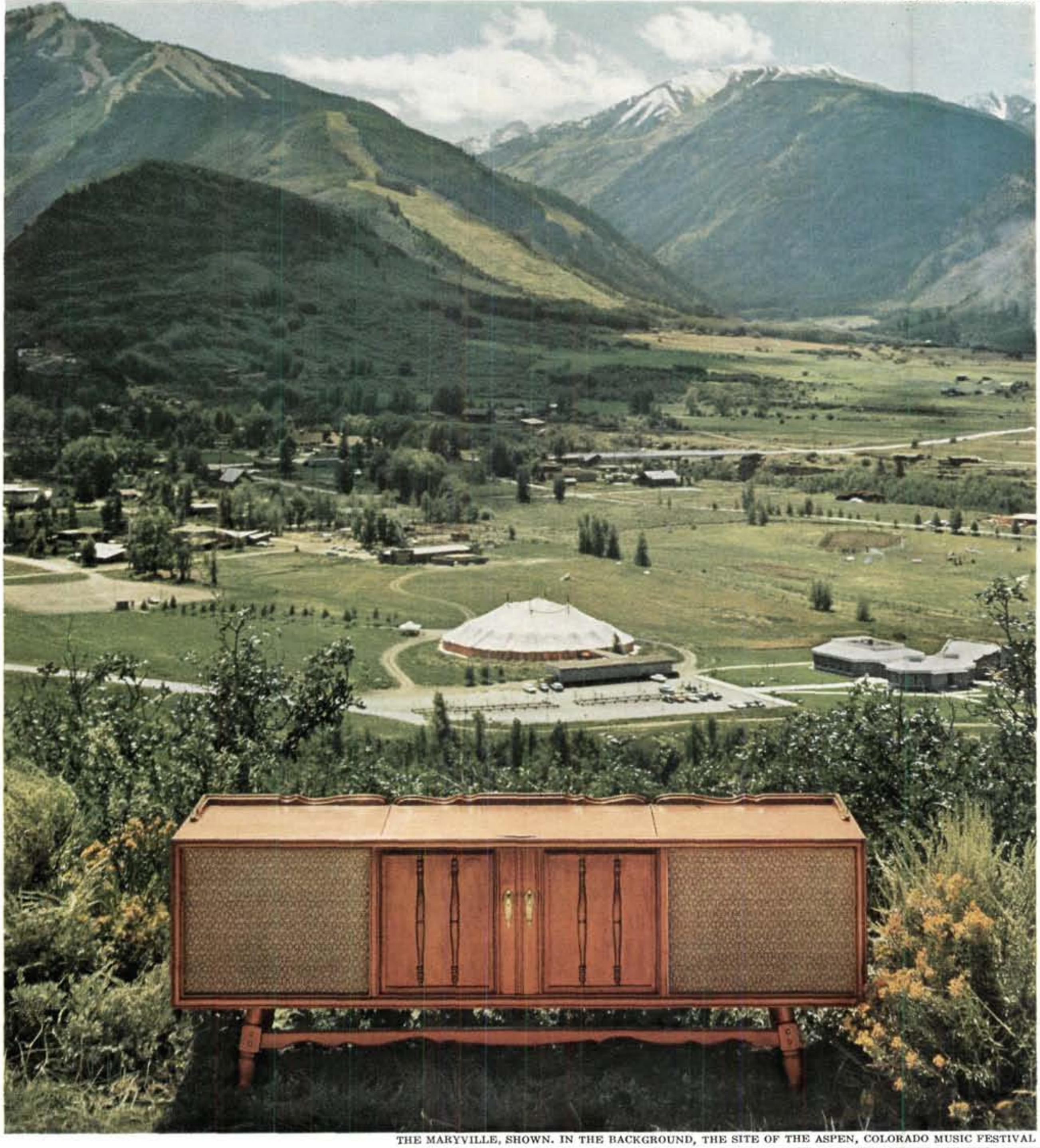

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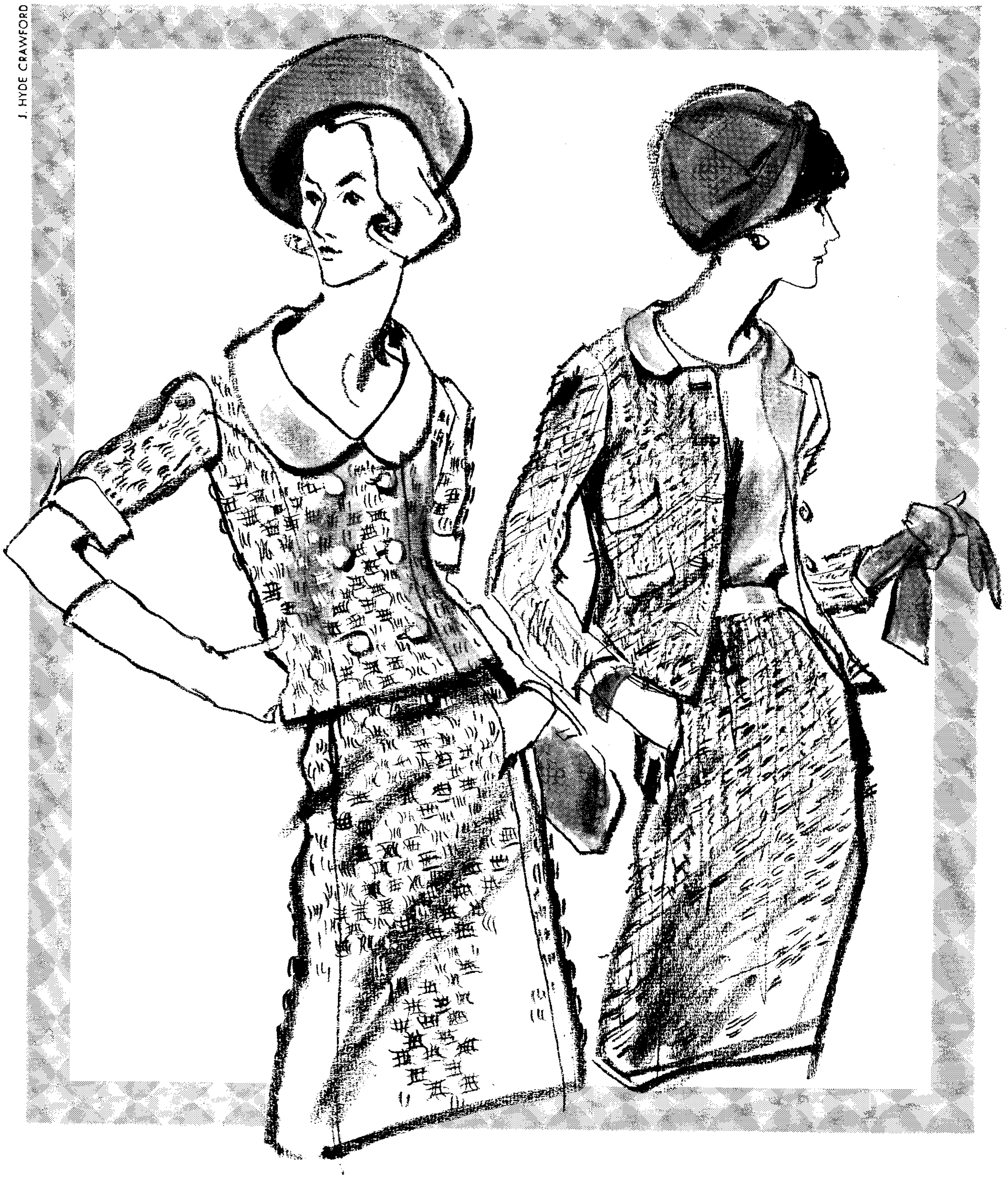

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Catch Me If You Can—An almost interminable whodunit about a man whose wife disappears during their honeymoon in the Catskills, only to be replaced in the bridal bed by a toothsome pretender. Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie do what they can to inspirit this leaden enterprise. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luv—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a cheerful soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing that has come along this season. Mike Nichols (him again) directed it, and everybody in the cast, led by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, is admirable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

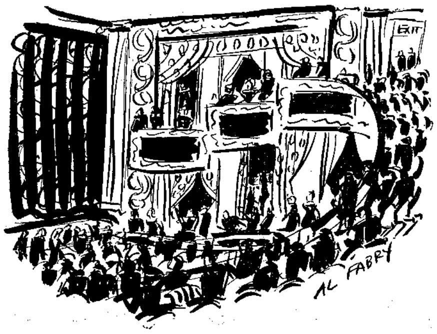
The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiny Alice—An almost completely mystifying drama by Edward Albee, in which the world, the flesh, and various kinds of devilment get quite a metaphysical workout. John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry do as well as anyone could expect. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is now the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEVER TOO LATE:** Arthur Godfrey and Maureen O'Sullivan in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies having a gaudy time dancing, singing, and swindling in Manhattan. The musical has a book by Ernest Kinoy, who made use of the researches of Joseph Mitchell, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro did the choreography, and Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr lead the large cast through its paces. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully entertaining. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel provided the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver is Sherlock, Inga Swenson a girl who loves him, and Martin Gabel the dread Moriarty. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A very genial Robert Preston plays Philadelphia's celebrated citizen in this new-day variation on Shubert musicals of a bygone era. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge, hilarious as always, and this time with some clever assistance from Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 6 and Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 24.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Richard Rodgers, not at the top of his game on this go-around, has composed some incidental music for a musical rendition of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo." The tunes are periodically pleasant, but not outstanding, and the lyrics, by Stephen Sondheim, are not precisely catchy. Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi play an American spinster and a married Venetian blade in pursuit of her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fade Out – Fade In—Kicking Hollywood around is pretty old stuff, but this musical, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, with music by Jule Styne, makes the most of the theme, particularly when Carol Burnett is on the firing line. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction, Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—A mob of drifters at their fun and games on Coney Island. As things turn out, only the dancers, directed by Onna White, contribute much to the affair. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, April 10, no performances until Monday, April 19.)

Long Runs—**FUNNY GIRL:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, April 10, no performances until Monday, April 19.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Calisthenics with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?:** The life and times of an upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Amen Corner—Bea Richards and Frank Silvera in James Baldwin's play, which has previously been seen in California. Mr. Silvera is the director. Previews through Wednesday, April 14. Opens officially on Thursday, April 15. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company—Opening performances of a two-week season that will continue through Sunday, April 25; matinées are primarily for children—Wednesday evening, April 14: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 15: "Patience."... ¶ Friday matinée and evening, April 16, and Saturday matinée, April 17: "The Mikado."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 17: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (City Center,

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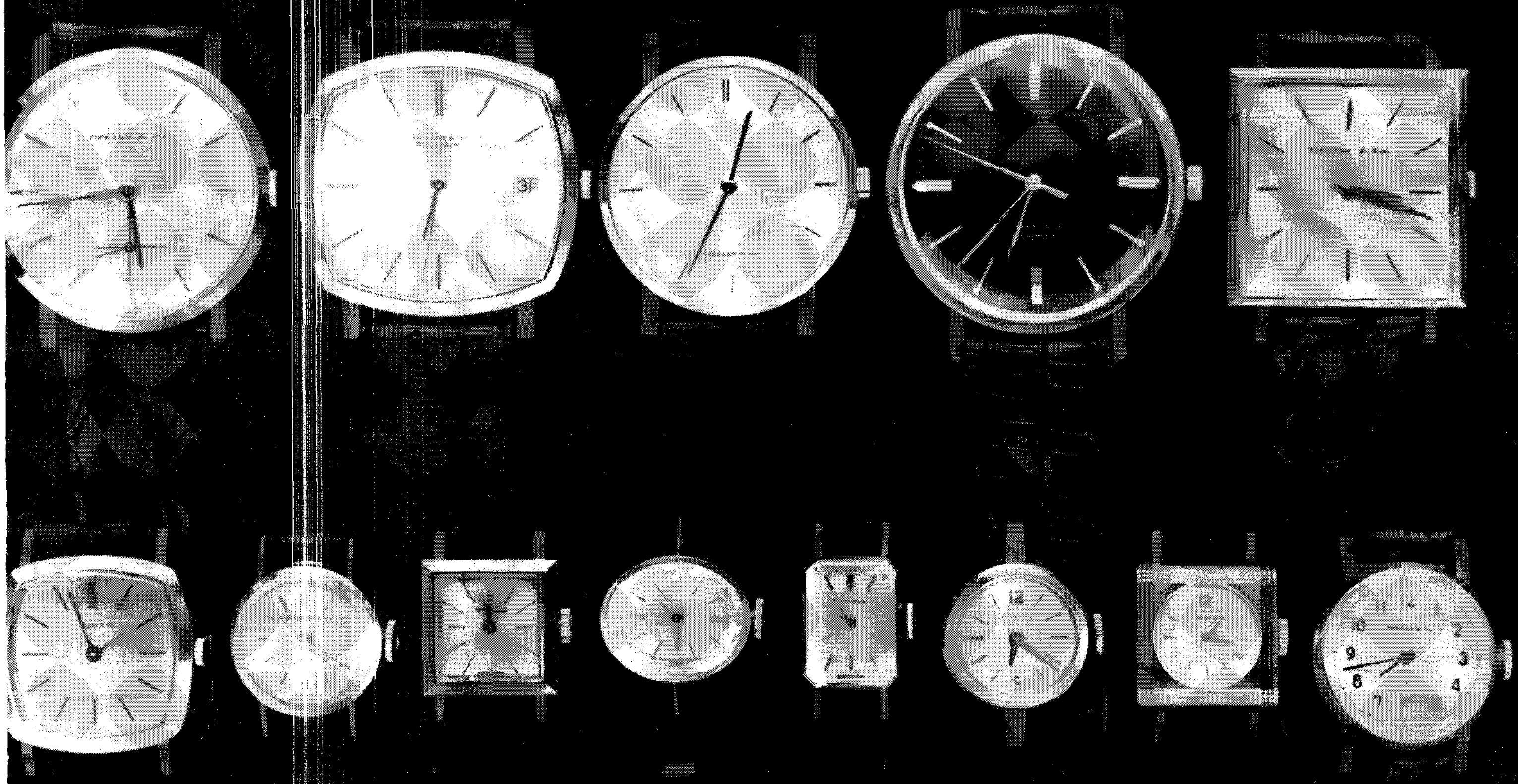

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17

131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—TARTUFFE, Molière's old war horse about a pious fraud has been newly translated by Richard Wilbur. Michael O'Sullivan, Hal Holbrook, and Larry Gates are in it. Performances Thursday and Friday, April 8-9, and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 13-14, all at 8:30. . . . **INCIDENT AT VICHY,** an attempt by Arthur Miller to dramatize the plight of a group of people rounded up by the Nazis in Vichy and scheduled for dispatch to a concentration camp. Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne lead the able cast, which was directed by Harold Clurman. Performances Saturday, April 10, at 2 and 8:30, and Sunday, April 11, at 2 and 7:30. . . . **AFTER THE FALL,** also by Arthur Miller, has its faults, but it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement as it goes its autobiographical way. Hal Holbrook has the leading role. Performances Thursday and Friday, April 15-16, at 8, and Saturday, April 17, at 2 and 8. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Giraudoux's **JUDITH:** Thursday, April 8, at 8:30; Tuesday, April 13, at 8:30; Friday, April 16, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 17, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Friday, April 9, at 8; Saturday, April 10, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, April 11, at 2:30 and 7:30. . . . Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE:** Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, at 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, April 10: "Tosca.". . . ¶ Starting Friday, April 16: "Faust." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Evenings at 8:15.)

L'Annonce Faite à Marie—Claudel's "The Tidings Brought to Mary," performed in French by Le Tréteau de Paris, with Danièle Delorme. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 765-9772. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

Billy Liar—A charming comedy that Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall have fashioned from Mr. Waterhouse's novel about an English adolescent whose weakness for make-believe lands him in one fix after another. Ethel Griffies gives a marvellous performance as the hero's pesky grandmother. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 11.)

The Cat and the Canary—This production of John Willard's spooky old comedy has a few pretty fair moments, but there would be more if the players could restrain their fun at Mr. Willard's expense and make better use of what he has given them. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Day the Whores Came Out to Play Tennis—Arthur Kopit's new farce is a disappointment, partly, but not entirely, because of a generally poor production. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, April 11.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Matty and the Moron and Madonna—A dreary and woeful thriller about a boy who cannot quite bring himself to escape from his murderously insane mother, although his father has already deserted the family. The setting is a New York tenement, and most of the other tenants are also in bad shape. Felice Orlandi and Glenn Scimonelli do very well, as father and son. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy has been joined in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Fridays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "Baal": Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Slave and **The Toilet**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Sound of Silence—The daughter of a conventional Southern family brings a Negro clergyman home for the weekend. The play is weak but otherwise harmless, and so is the performance. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. LO 4-2298. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis is the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, April 8: "Caprichos" and "La Sylphide.". . . ¶ Friday evening, April 9: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "The Combat," "The Frail Quarry," and "Miss Julie.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 10 (primarily for children): "Peter and the Wolf," "L'Inconnue," and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 10: "Fall River Legend," "Black Swan Pas de Deux," "The Four Marys," and "Les Noces.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 11 (primarily for children): "The Wind in the Mountains," "The Four Marys," and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 11: "La Sylphide" and "Les Noces." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

San Francisco Ballet—A one-week engagement. Tuesday evening, April 13: "Lucifer," "Life," and "Divertissement d'Auber.". . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, April 14 (primarily for children): "Sinfonia" and "Beauty and the Beast.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 14: "Sinfonia" and "Beauty and the Beast." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 15: "Shadows," "Fantasma," and "Life.". . . ¶ Friday evening, April 16: "Lucifer," "The Set," "Fantasma," and "Divertissement d'Auber." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 17 (primarily for children): "Caprice" and "Beauty and the Beast.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 17: "Lucifer," "The Set," "Shadows," and "Life.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 18 (primarily for children): "Divertissement d'Auber" and "Beauty and the Beast." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Pearl Lang—With her dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 8:30.)

Metropolitan Opera Ballet—A program of four ballets: "The Miraculous Mandarin" (American première), "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Quatre," and "Samson et Dalila Bacchanale." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Sunday, April *11*, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Maurice Chevalier at 77—A solo show of songs and monologues. (Alvin Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Circus—The animal kingdom on its party manners. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 9. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around, among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

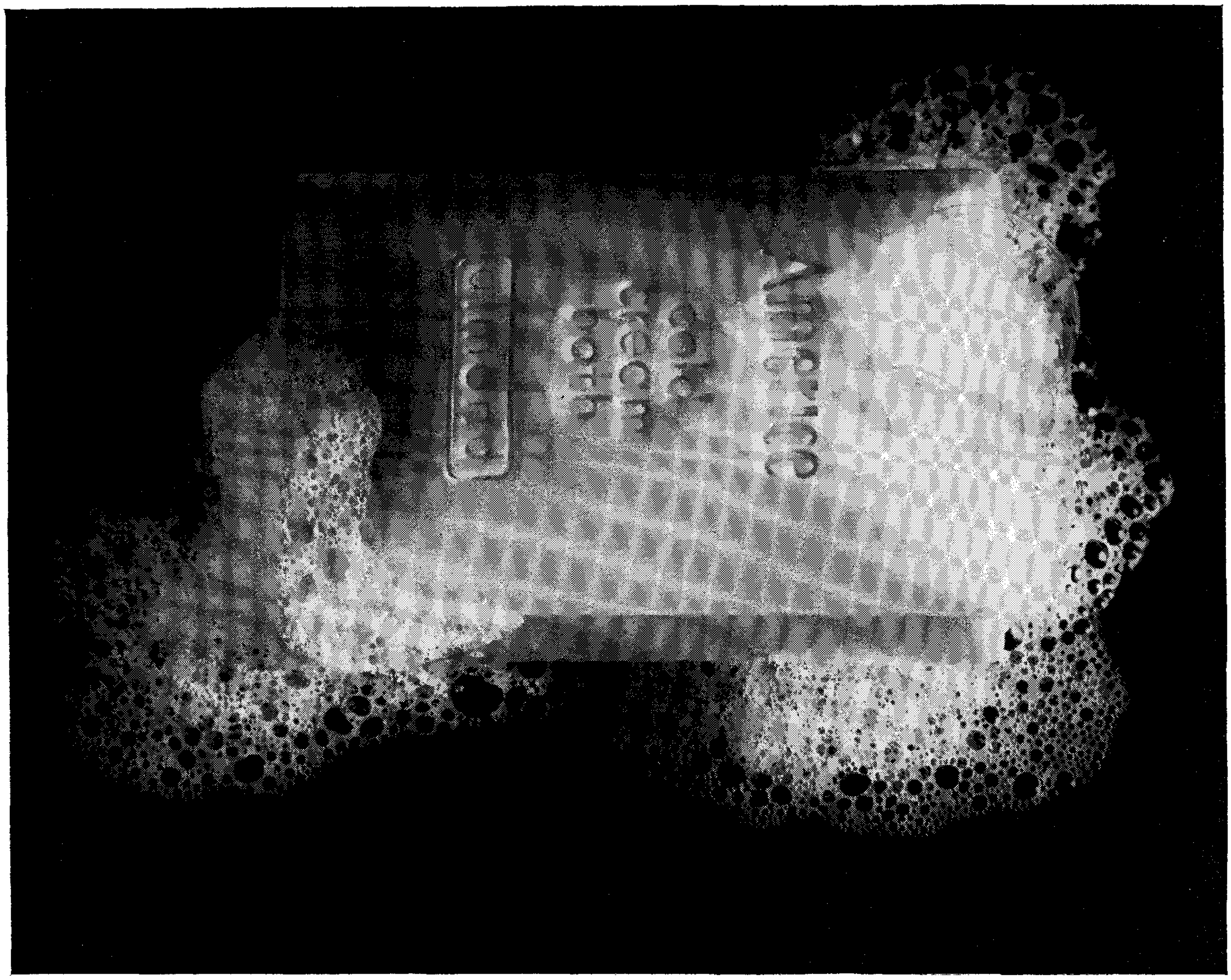
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—School in the Royal Box recesses for a few days on Saturday, April 10. The current scholars are (1) Nancy Ames, a girl from Ipanema and "T.W. 3," both of which locales she sings about with cheer, charm, and all that, and (2) Morty Gunty, a subscriber to the theory that a solid ring of the chest tones can obscure the hollow ring of the jokes. They are supplemented by the band of Lee Evans, which chips in with nice work now and then.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—George Anaya's Latinos are in the



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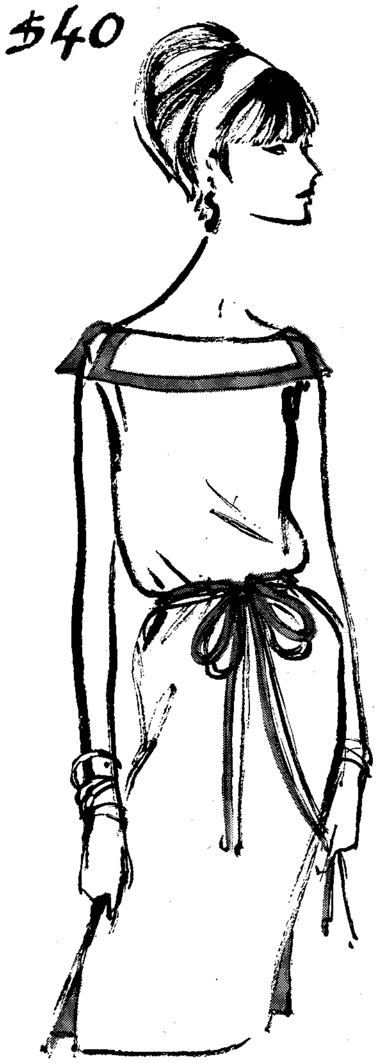

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

restaurant, where, after a spate of at-ease music that runs from eight to ten, they turn to the light fantastic. Mondays are their holidays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Where the Lowells speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to Mills. In the grand ballroom, Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra provide dance music for anyone who happens to get restless. In the Garrison, there is more dancing, but to music that has been memorized by an I.B.M. computer. In the Champagne Room, one absorbs sitting-down music by a romantic threesome (Ernest Schoen's). Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Just about as far as the eye of Samuel Clemens could reach. The period pretense is enhanced by Stan Rubin and his Tiger Town Five, who are on the dance deck from around dinnertime until after midnight. Sundays, though, when the Rubins are absent, the music is only needle (phonograph-needle) beer.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, a scenic device that can *trompe* the *oeil* into imagining it is in Rome, the important monument is a clutch of Italian dance musicians, the Quintetto di Roma, with whom a tenor named Dino Palermo carols angelically. They start off at eight. Curfew is at one, except Fridays and Saturdays, when it is postponed until two. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale crews works out every night in the Café Pierre, so no dance-lover's foot need ever be idle here. Yvette Souviron, who chirps at her work, plays solitaire piano every night but Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Juliet Prowse, who arrives in the Persian Room in the middle of dinner and supper, goes about her song-and-dance stint with method but no madness. Music for the customers is done by the peppery small band of Mark Monte and the big band now conducted by Emil Coleman, Jr. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into a fashionable watering place in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastry maker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The top of the evening to you—i.e., the sixty-fifth floor. In one room, the sounds of George Cort's fivesome impinge gently on your ears and your cocktails; in the other, the music is translated into direct action on a circular dance floor. The music plays from eight to one every night but Sunday, and the kitchen staff sticks it out to the end.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero, whose dance band brings out the Latin latent in all of us, has the run of the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state, and so does the band of Charles Turecamo, which brings out the Southampton and Water Mill in all of us. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *salle à manger*, affords the musings of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

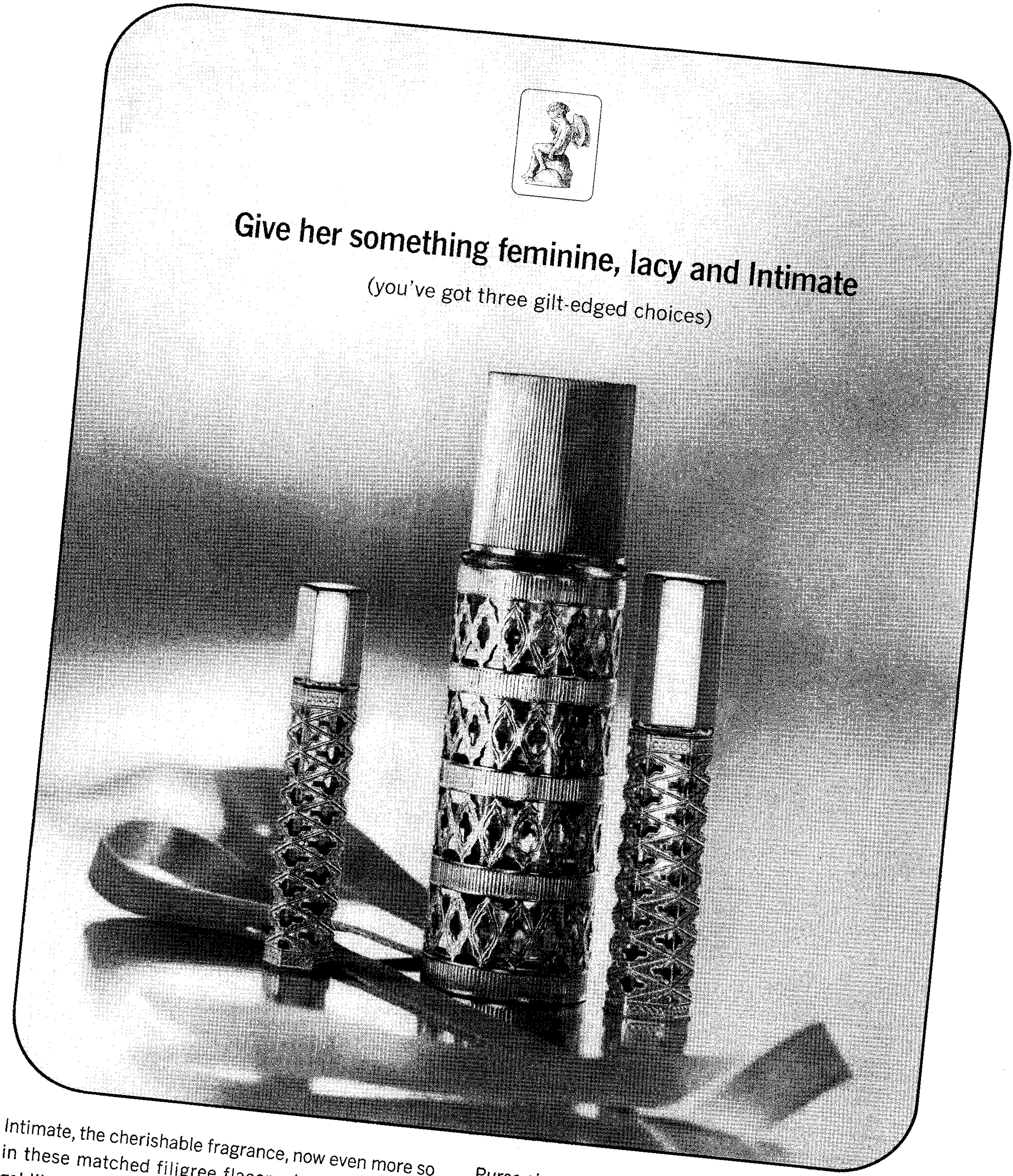
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Egyptian deities are the presiding geniuses of the larking decorative scheme. These gods are never angry at the antic folk dances of the populace, but at times they do look startled. The music comes, between seven and ten, from a trio and after ten off a tape measure, and the nights (except Sundays, which have a 1 A.M. curfew) are long—until four Fridays, until three the rest of the time.

Note—Mass participation is no problem at all in **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of the playing fields of Eton. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Young America at table, at play, at ease. Oh, a few fogeys—old, middle-aged, and even quite youthful—too, but not many. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about without cease until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Moonlight in the formal gardens of Firenze. The occasional singers are nevertheless engrossed at the moment in such stuff as "Faust" and "Rosalinda," thus proving that Firenze is a great melting pot. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Worldly wisdom is the state of mind induced by the paeans of Bobby Short—flights of fancy, of fancy words, of fancy piano. He begins at ten-thirty, which is daybreak for the life and people he sings about. His stalwart aides are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Earlier on (cocktails through dinner), there is sedate piano by Jules Kuti. Closed Sundays. . . . **IL MIO,** 65 E. 59th St., in Delmonico's Hotel. (EL 5-2500): The elaborate needlepoint here is done by a record player that never grows weary, and the free-form, untogetherness dancing it eggs on is led by Tanya Everett, earlier in the evening part of "Fiddler on the Roof," and her brother Timmy. Audience participation, rife and rugged, starts at eight and ends at three. The list of edibles is much more restricted. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The kingpin of the Café Ambassador is Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies. He is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, the new down-cellar restaurant here, is a little Austria almost armorial in its bearing and ceremonially devoted to the cuisine and the wine of the country. Hans Hansberg's zither is another appropriate touch. Seven to ten is the running time. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): For every broken heart on Broadway or Park Avenue, Mabel Mercer has a succinctly worded lyric that fits. Her kindly and yet worldly monographs begin at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): That merry old soul Hans Christian Andersen slept here, and his castle walls still ring in tune to the music of his fiddler one, Norbert Faconi, dean of the tribe of our stringèd friends. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated by an expense-account court jester. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes of our day and yesterday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome as it might look from a villa in Frascati. The musicians who march up and down from six until two would be at home in Frascati, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070):



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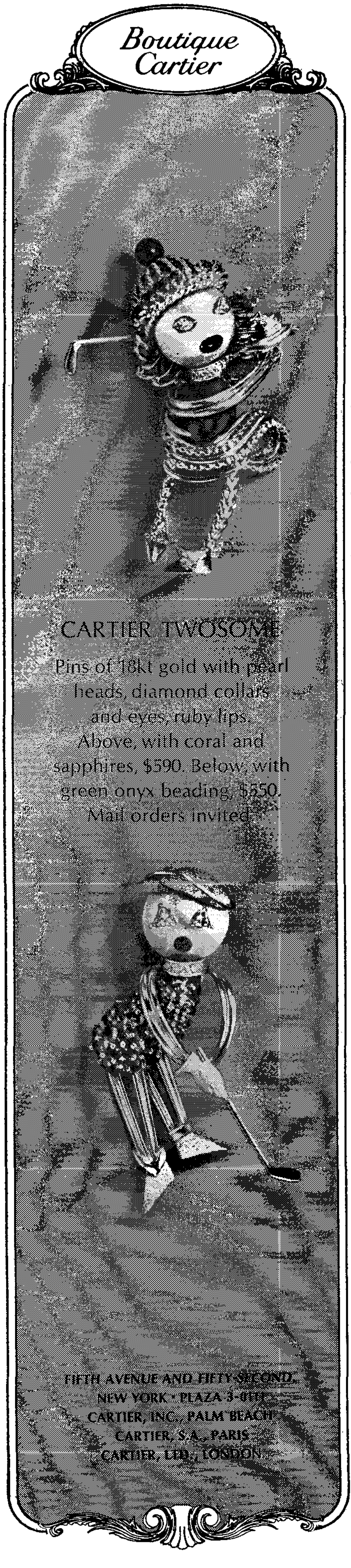
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Not all the legions are Roman, but the table talk and some of the cookery could persuade one that he is having a night out on the Via Veneto. A set of dulcet violinists and such are also out at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An Andalusian town house, and a thing of beauty. In the largest of its four rooms, a guitar (José Luis Franco) dwells, from seven until twelve, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (Gustavo Lopez) that holds forth from eight to one. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The old life of the Isle of Jamaica is giving way to something else (tourism, perhaps), but mourners can enjoy a decent wake on these premises, which have a very Isle look and cuisine. A Jamaican wandering minstrel parades from dinner through supper every night. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The last chance on the way home for those whose workaday lives are passed in the ateliers where wax and film are the tools of the trade. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A cote to delight the view of any bird's or biped's eye. In the bar, off the principal dining room, the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's Town Hall Tonight every Sunday in this rambling and picturesque *ranchero*, which is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our borders, too, and so is the music—flamenco singers, dancers, and players on the briskest sort of patrol from one to nine. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Blithe hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance, the last of which is provided for by Béla Babai's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the owlishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and a harp in action from seven to ten-thirty every evening. Daphne Hellman performs on Tuesdays, and Gladys Hubner is in charge of the instrument every other night. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): St. Petersburg in the irrevocable past, or in a sort of Neva Neva Land. Marina Fedorovskaya, the landed proprietress, sings the great big sad songs of her native heath as the chef puts more chicken à la Kiev on the fire. Brooding violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, from the Golden Era of night life, plays peppery piano and sings bouncy words from six to three. Lynn Richards spells her at the keyboard. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The uptown drill hall for the palace guard. Karl Inwald's limpid piano ceases on Saturday, April 10; George Feyer's Venetian-glass piano returns on Monday, April 12. The musicales run from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The devilish soubrette of many a Herbert and Romberg operetta comes to life again in the person and performance of Rita Dimitri, who does the singing at dinner and (Fridays and Saturdays) at supper, too. Dream-sequence dance music happens now and then, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The next voice you hear will be your waiter, your busboy, having a tilt at Verdi, Leoncavallo, or whatever. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The little bar-and-grill is elbowroom enough for Tony Gorody to perform his precise and panegyric piano études, which he does off and on between six and one-thirty every evening but Monday; Enzio Lembo's guitar commences at nine-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Life of ease, with proper attention to décor, part of which is the piano of Muriel Roberts, who owns a carefully guarded inclination toward progressive jazz. She's on duty from six to twelve every evening but Sunday. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Haut-monde* Catalan architecture, which (with a bar that cheers) makes a proper echo chamber for the guitar that is plied between nine-thirty and one every evening but Monday. No dining.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girlish glee and womanly beauty unconfined are what "Tonight's the Night" is mostly made of, but this mighty, and nightly, extravaganza contains other ingredients as well, the best of which is the Olympian grace of the ballet executed by François Szony and Nancy Claire. Dancing for the guests, too. No action Mondays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The New Christy Minstrels, a youth movement bent on perpetuating regional American music (one of the regions could be right off Broadway), are a lively and cheerful lot. The doings also include one of those mile-a-minute comedians and a bunch of the girls that floor shows are made of. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, one group or another ascends the bandstand at ten, and there's not a moment's peace from then until four. No dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Teri Thornton, beautiful and beatific, is providing rather nice treats for her rather special songs, for which Roland Hanna's threesome is the background. She retires on Saturday, April 10, to be followed, on Monday, April 12, by Ray Anthony's band. Jackie Mason, a monologuist best described as interminable, stays on, and so does Ram Ramirez, as solo pianist. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): All the truths in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the just about peerless Julius Monk revue, are spoken in the best of jest, not to mention the bitterest of. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason wear their Monkish habits with excelling skill; Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers are the best of playmates and foils. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are at the continuous pianos. Tee-off times are nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): To die for love—exquisitely, serenely, and wholeheartedly—is the sole purpose of the ballads by Lucho Gatica, understandable pride of Chile; to leave no toe unturned is the sole purpose of the Argentine ballet troupe so vigorously headed by Juan Carlos Copes. These characters give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Emilio Reyes offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The second edition of the small revue entitled "The Game Is Up" deals with many matters of exceeding inconsequence, and does it with the enthusiasm of a household pet discovering an especially succulent bone to pick. It is in the hands of the same editorial staff, led by R.

Someday that sailor dress may amuse the little girl as she thumbs through the family album. But the Dunbar table and sofa and chair will hold all the dignity of the day the camera caught them stretching out in the sunlight. Dunbar is beyond the fads and furbelows. The youngest piece here is almost five years old. Still all of them might have been made just a minute ago. Edward Wormley and his staff design without calendars to give Dunbar all the time in the world. At Dunbar showrooms in New York, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Athens. Suggested retail prices in customer's own material: Chair $695. Tete-a-tete $880. Table $255.

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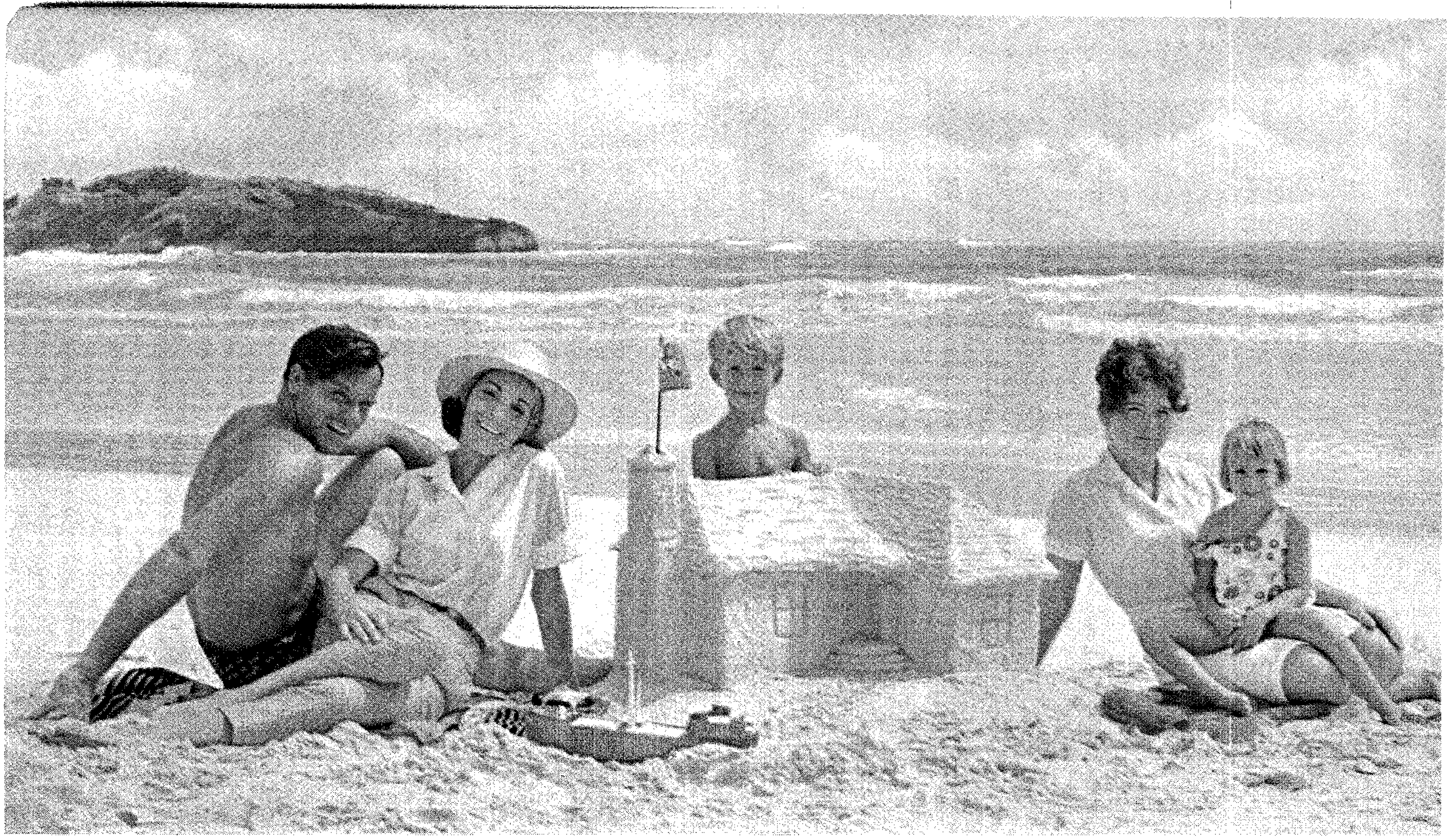

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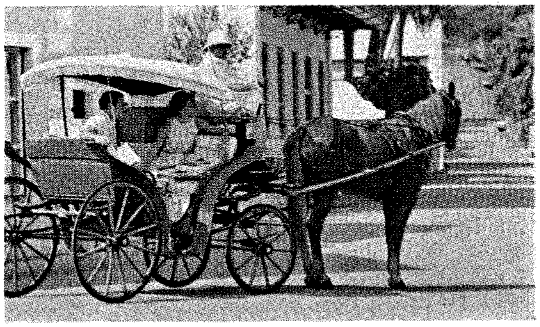

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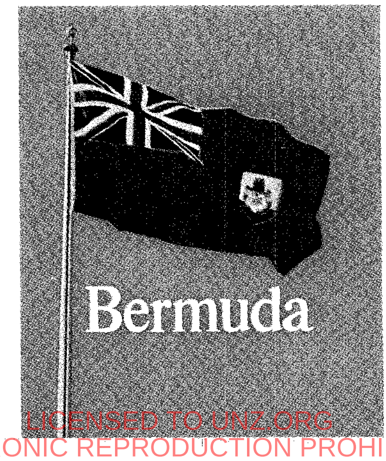
Fish without hooks at Devil's Hole and "catch" a huge turtle or a grouper. The ardent anglers in your family will prefer deep-sea fishing for wily game fish in which our waters abound. Fighting marlin, yellowtail, wahoo.



By night, let nanny bed down the babies. (Your hotel, cottage colony or guest house knows any number of nice babysitters.) Then head out, the two of you, for cocktails and calypso. Or dinner by starlight. Dance to the throbbing of a steel band. Watch the limbo—or try it yourself. Your Bermuda nights, like your Bermuda days, can be as lively or as lazy as you choose.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

G. Brown, whose patent disbelief in the reality of anything at all places him among the merriest of Andrews. His most valiant accomplices are Carol Morley and Marian Mercer. Playtime is nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre, expansive in mood and cuisine. Graciela Rivera does the singing, a troupe of balletomanes does the stamping. They are turned loose at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty night after night. Dinner and supper go with all this.... **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited" is a surprise package, for it brings from unmerited obscurity a great many arias that even the Porter partisans don't know. It likewise provides Kaye Ballard, queen of the May, with a regular field night, in which she is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. One small exception: The antics occasionally suggest that the producers have forgotten that nearly everything Mr. Porter wrote was pen-in-cheek to begin with. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal. ... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Pillar of fire is Felicia Sanders' way with most of her ballads; tender is the night as she approaches others. She has the special advantage of first (and only) call on the songs composed by her accompanist, Irving Joseph. Coincidental are Jerry Vernon, a novitiate wit who at least has new ideas, and the double piano of Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn, which represents nostalgia at its best. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The sight and sound of Charlie Mingus in complete communion with his bass fiddle are two wonders of the modern world; the music he and his fellow-workers extract can be described as Happenings and/or tense novellas transcribed into jazz. Jaki Byard plays intermission piano. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Mondays there are open forums to discuss the matter of whither practically anything. They start off at nine-thirty.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Free form and fine fettle are the favorite materials with which Dizzy Gillespie works wonders on that schnorkel of his. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays he takes turns with the quartet of the declarative Gerry Mulligan, who now has Bobby Brookmeyer in support, and Fridays and Saturdays they both take turns with Dick Gregory, a trenchant wit who believes that the truth will set us free. One floor above the showroom, dinner and such are served from five to eleven every night but Monday, on which evening Symphony Sid (dear me!) talks about music and a Latin band plays it.... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its effort to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in its native state. The names in the office directory change swiftly; now they are the Guild, a collection of folk singers, and Dick Cavett, a jokester. Tuesdays are given over to visitors.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Maynard Ferguson's banshee sextet and Red Allen's quartet, which seeks and gives no quarter. On Friday, April 16, the Fergusons will be succeeded by Gene Krupa's quartet. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The music in this frontier blockhouse comes from Horace Silver's quintet, which is a seething mass of quavers that are hemi, semi, and demi. Sundays, now, extra sets are run off between four and seven in the afternoon. Closed Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Nothing but live ammunition is used on this old rifle range. The gun club is made up of Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Morey Feld, Dill Jones, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The band of Coleman Hawkins (breathes there a man who has not said that this is one of the finest saxophones of all time?) and the quartet of Roy Eldridge, whose instrument is indeed a horn of plenty. Mondays are, as usual, visiting days.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A great deal more piano comes these nights from the fingers of Joe Castro, who has set up his trio within the oval bar. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard operator, gets in good licks, too. Mondays they stay home. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The gymnasium of a coeducational college. On a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the String Stretchers), who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILL BARNET—Abstract oils; through Saturday, April 17. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIFFORD BEAL (1879-1956)—Paintings; through May 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

EDWARD BETTS—Paintings and collages; through Saturday, April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Collage paintings; through Saturday, April 17. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

RICHARD BOYCE—Figure bronzes and drawings; through Saturday, April 17. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

COLLEEN BROWNING—Figure paintings and landscapes; through Saturday, April 10. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

DAVID BURLIUK—A farewell exhibition of new paintings by this artist, now in his eighty-third year; through April 24. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 17. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CAVANAUGH—Sculptures in lead and bronze; through April 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Paintings 1955-64; through May 15. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE COHEN—Paintings; through April 24. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

COROT AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES—Oils, watercolors, and drawings (many on loan) by Corot, against a background of works by, among others, Boudin, Courbet, and Rousseau; through Saturday, April 17. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

NOCHE CRIST—Nudes with mirrors, mostly; through May 1. (Smolin, 19 E. 71st St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

JACOB DRACHLER—Paintings and constructions; through Thursday, April 15. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

CHARLES FRAZIER—Bronze sculptures; through April 22. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE GATCH—Pictures in various combinations of oil, collage, and stone; through Saturday, April 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOSEPH GLASCO—Figures and landscapes;

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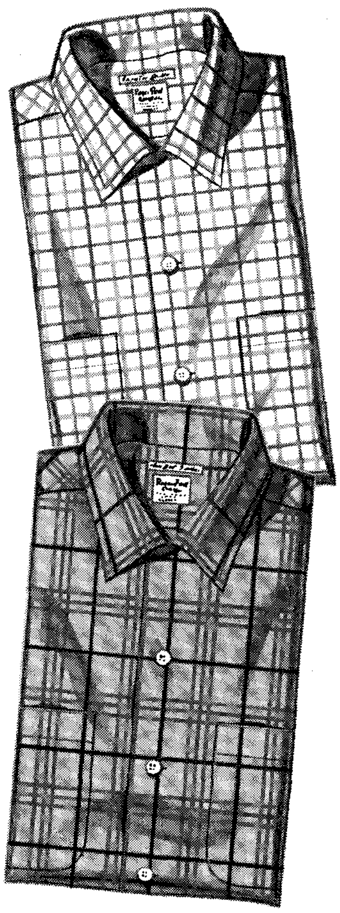

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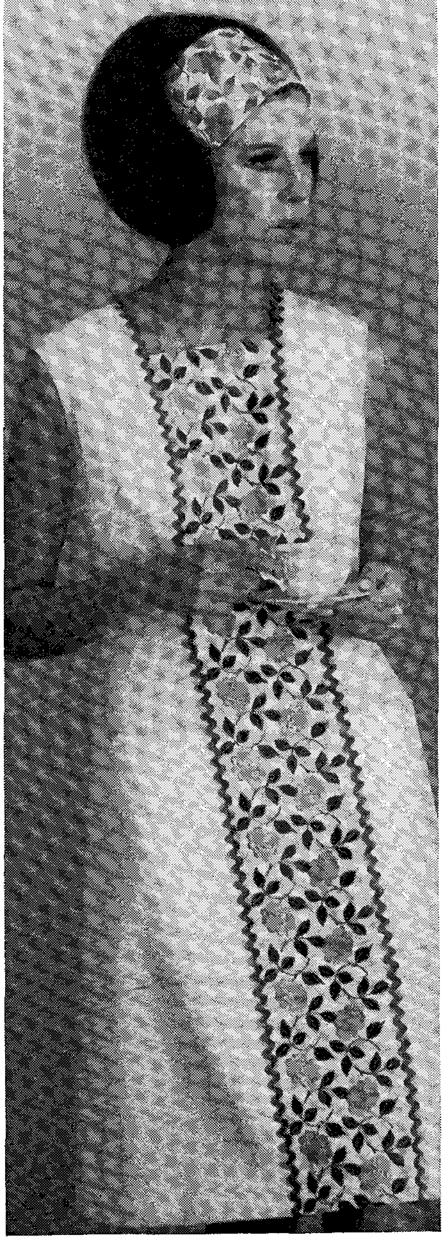

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, April 10. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Seascapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, April 17. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Red Grooms—Paintings; through Saturday, April 17. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Grossman—Metal collages and collaged paintings; through Saturday, April 17. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Gutman—Figure drawings; through Saturday, April 17. (Bridge, 61 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Henri and His Friends—An exhibition celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Henri's birth, comprising scenes of Paris and New York, as well as portraits, by him, plus works by the Eight; through Thursday, April 15. (Chapellier, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Fannie Hillsmith—Semi-abstract paintings; through April 24. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Huot—Paintings and flags; through Saturday, April 10. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Alfred Jensen—Four abstract murals; through April 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Paul Jones—Oils, pastels, and charcoal drawings; through April 24. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Paintings; through April 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Paintings; through May 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger—"The Figure," an exhibition of paintings (1913-54) commemorating the tenth anniversary of his death; through May 15. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Lipman-Wulf—Bronzes; through May 1. (Tannenbaum, 19 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Luks—Drawings, mainly of people and animals, from his sketchbooks, plus several paintings; through May 1. (ACA American Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

Dan Lutz—Paintings of Mexico; through Saturday, April 10. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Agnes Martin—Abstractions; through April 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Moyer—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes; through Saturday, April 17. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Norman Narotzky—"Indians, Presidents, Sheriffs & Bandits," a show of semi-abstract portraits; through April 22. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Ben Nicholson—A joint exhibition of paintings and reliefs (1955-65) by the English artist. (Marlborough-Gerson and Emmerich galleries, both at 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays. The Emmerich show closes May 1, the Marlborough-Gerson show May 15.)

Isamu Noguchi—Abstract stone and marble sculptures; through April 24. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Etchings, chiefly figures; through Saturday, April 17. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings; through May 1. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Arthur Polonsky—Figure paintings and drawings; through April 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Egon Schiele—An exhibition of watercolors and drawings that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, April 17. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hyde Solomon—Impressionist landscapes; through May 1. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kurt Sonderborg—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, April 17. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Stone and wood carvings, bronze casts, metals in various combinations, and terra cottas polychromed; through Saturday, April 17. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Tinguely—Electrically powered moving constructions; through Saturday, April 10. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-eighth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 25. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

African Art—"Style Regions in African Tribal Sculpture," an exhibition of masks, statues, and implements in wood, ivory, and bronze; through April 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Show—Paintings by such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Hartley, Maurer, Henri, and Speicher; through Saturday, April 17. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Griffin**, 32 E. 58th St.: Art Nouveau and *fin-de-siècle* bicycling posters; through April 30. . . . **Jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Collages and constructions in new materials by Alberto Burri, Louise Nevelson, Antoni Tàpies, and Ernst van Leyden; through May 1. (Closed Mondays.)

French; Group Show—Twentieth-century masters, including Bonnard, Utrillo, and Picasso; through April 30. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Thirty works (by twenty artists) selected from the II Bienal Americana de Arte, held last fall at the University of Cordoba, Argentina; through May 8. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; starting Friday, April 9. . . . ¶ On view in the newly renovated galleries of Far Eastern art are heads and full figures of Buddha, a pagoda, steles, a fourteenth-century wall painting, and the like. In the gallery of Islamic art, also newly renovated, are pottery, glass, metalwork, ivory carvings, woodwork, and miniature paintings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Responsive Eye," an exhibition of optical paintings and constructions by artists from eighteen countries; through April 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through May 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Still Life Painters, Aertzen to Braque," a loan exhibit covering four hundred years; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Scandinavian painters, including Ernst Josephson, 1851-1906; through April 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the Austrians Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele; through April 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the showing of the Schiele works is his exhibition at the Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sixty small sculptures in bronze and silver by Dorothy Dehner; through Sunday, April 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Books, manuscripts, and pictures from the Cornell University Wordsworth collection; through Saturday, April 17. . . . ¶ "Animals of Fact and Fiction," four centuries of drawings; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Fabric collage, including contemporary hangings and American quilts; through May 23. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Jaguar's Children: Pre-Classic Central Mexico," an exhibition of archaic ceramic figures, effigy forms, bowls, bottles, and other objects; through May 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Newark Museum, 49 Washington St.—"Women Artists of America, 1707-1964," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by more than a hundred and twenty-five artists, among them Jane Stuart, Mary Cassatt, Malvina Hoffman, and Elaine de Kooning; through May 16. (Weekdays, noon to 5:30; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 7 to 9:30; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-ninth annual of the American Abstract Artists, containing paintings and sculptures by about seventy members and guests, including Richard Anuszkiewicz, Josef Albers, and Ibram Lassaw; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Art: USA," the S. C. Johnson & Son collection of paintings by contemporary American artists, among them Willem de Kooning, Robert Rauschenberg, and Andrew Wyeth; through April 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 8, at 8: "Aïda," with Martina Arroyo, Elena Cernei, Bruno Prevedi, Cesare Bardelli, Justino Diaz, and Norman Scott. . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Zinka Milanov, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Cesare Siepi, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Anita Valkki, Régine Crespin, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Jerome Hines, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 11, at 8:30: The Metropolitan Opera Ballet in a program of four works. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 12, at 8: "Turandot," with Gladys Kuchta, Anna Moffo, Sándor Kónya, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 13, at 8: "Vanessa," with Mary Costa, Rosalind Elias, Blanche Thebom, John Alexander, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 8: "Aïda," with Lucine Amara, Elena Cernei, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and Louis Sgarro. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Joann Grillo, Dimiter Uzunov, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Elena Cernei, Jon Vickers, Norman Mittelmann, Justino Diaz, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 2: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Sándor Kónya, Robert Merrill, Norman Scott, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Anselmo Colzani, Barry Morell, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Thursday, April 8, at 8:30; Friday, April 9, at 2:15; Saturday, April 10, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 11, at 3 (all with Leslie Parnas, cello, and John Wummer, flute); and performances of Haydn's "The Seasons," in English, on Thursday, April 15, at 8:30; Friday, April 16, at 2:15; Saturday, April 17, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 18, at 3 (all with Laurel Hur-

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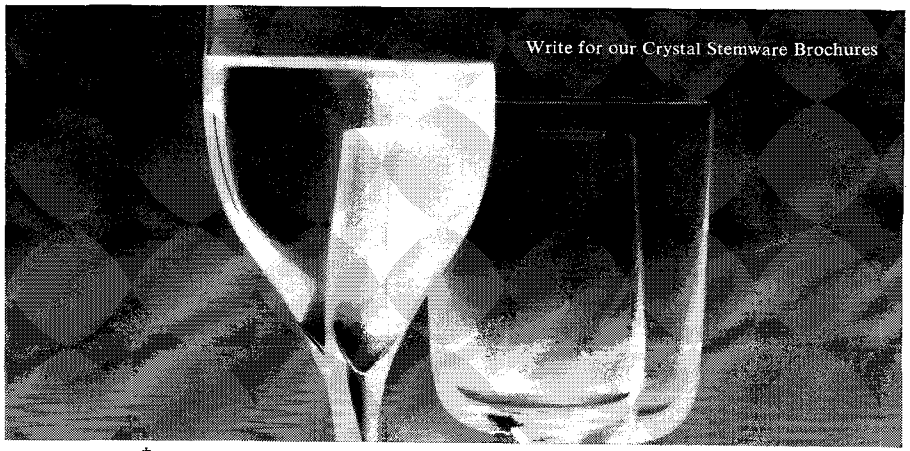

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ley, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Joseph Rouleau, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York).

Hague Philharmonic—Willem van Otterloo conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Bloch-Bruckner program, with Leonard Rose, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Philharmonia of New York—Edward Gerber conducting, with Antonia Lavanne, soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 10, at 5:15.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the last in a series of concerts, with Erica Morini, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, April 10-11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting a Tchaikovsky-Liszt program, with Leonidas Lipovetsky, piano. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, April 11, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Twentieth-Century Innovations—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—James B. Welch directing. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, April 11, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Bach's "St. John Passion," with Lois Bove, soprano; Elizabeth Mannion, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey and Ray DeVoll, tenors; Mark Howard, bass-baritone; Richard Best, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 11, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz directing, with Lorice Stevens, soprano; Arthur Burrows, baritone; and Gerard Kantarjian, violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 5:15.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing, with William Shores, baritone; Yi-kwei Sze, bass-baritone; and Harriet Wingreen, organ. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Marilyn Neeley—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Regina Sarfaty—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Ida Presti and Alexandre Lagoya—Guitarists. (Town Hall. Friday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in a benefit concert postponed from Jan. 9. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 10, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—The Guarneri String Quartet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, April 11, at 3 and 9.)

Vivian Rivkin—Piano, in an all-Mozart program, with the New York Orchestral Society conducted by Joseph Eger. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Marcel Grandjany, Edgard Varèse, and Ned Rorem, performed by Alexander Kouguell, cello; Zita Carno, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Town Hall. Monday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Monday, April 12, at 8:40.)

Sviatoslav Richter—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 15, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Collegiate Sound—A joint concert (jazz, folk music, and so on) by performers from Yale, Vassar, Trinity, Wesleyan, Smith, Amherst, Cornell, Bates, Brown, Pembroke, and Brandeis. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Folk-Song Concert—Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers, and Fred McDowell. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 9-1992.) . . . ¶ Pete Seeger, Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Nina Simone with her quartet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, April 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call CY 5-4040.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Monday, April 12, at 2: Mets vs. Los Angeles (first league game here). . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, at 2: Mets vs. Houston. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 2:15: Mets vs. San Francisco.

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 10, and Saturday, April 17.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 10.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 17.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 10, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 17. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30; through Saturday, April 17. The Chesapeake Stakes, Saturday, April 10, and the Laurel Handicap, Saturday, April 17.

Soccer—International Easter Soccer Tournament: Fiorentina vs. New York Ukrainians and Eintracht vs. Aris. First games of a six-game series. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Thursday, April 15, at 7.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:05; through Wednesday, May 12.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 10, at 2:30.) . . . THE MANY FACES OF MUSIC: A program of concert music, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 10, at 3.) . . . CITY CENTER GILBERT & SULLIVAN COMPANY: "The Mikado." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 2:30.)

Ballet—Programs primarily for children—By the AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE: Saturday, April 10: "Peter and the Wolf," "L'Inconnue," and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 11: "The Wind in the Mountains," "The Four Marys," and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . SAN FRANCISCO BALLET: Wednesday, April 14: "Sinfonia" and "Beauty and the Beast." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 17: "Caprice" and "Beauty and the Beast." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 18: "Divertissement d'Auber" and "Beauty and the Beast." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Afternoons at 2:15. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Stage Shows—COME ALONG WITH MARA: "Princess Qua-Qua." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 10, at 2:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . MARTINIQUE THEATRE: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS: "Absolutely Time." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 10, at 11.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "The Prince and the Pauper." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.). . . **PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION:** "Young Tom Jefferson." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, April 11, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.). . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. BR 9-1399. Saturday and Sunday, April 10-11, at 1:30 and 3.). . . ¶ "Cinderella." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. Saturday and Sunday, April 10-11, at 1:30 and 3. For tickets, call BR 9-1399.). . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." (Downtown Community School, 235 E. 11th St. AL 4-1091. Saturday, April 10, at 2.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Six Minutes to Mars." (Thursday and Friday, April 8-9, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 12, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 13-14, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Thursday, April 15, at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

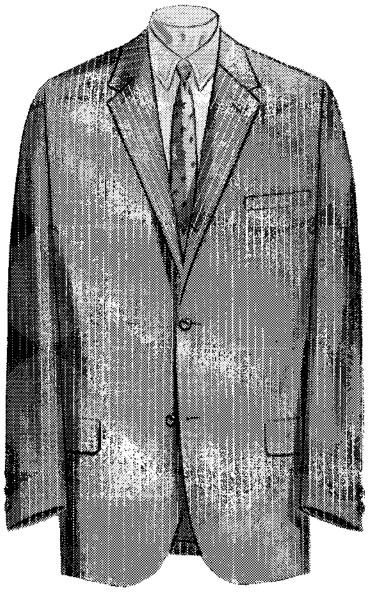
POETRY READINGS—Stanley Kunitz reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, April 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show in the main conservatory will repeat the traditional white lily cross and will also include displays of tulips, crocuses, hyacinths, and other spring flowers. (Sunday, April 11, through Sunday, April 25. Daily, 10 to 4.)

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—The newest in foreign and domestic cars, plus antiques and classics. Among the entries are Chrysler's LeBaron Imperial, which comes equipped with twenty-four-carat-gold appointments, and the Aston-Martin "James Bond Special." (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday and Friday, April 8-9, from 11:30 to 11; Saturday, April 10, from 11 to 11; and Sunday, April 11, from 1 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Tuesday, April 13, at 1:45: Rare editions of English and Irish literature, including works by Shelley, Wordsworth, and T. S. Eliot, together with a selection of art reference books, mainly relating to French painting; the property of Elizabeth Hudson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 6:30: Impressionist and modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings (by such artists as Degas, Matisse, Chagall, Raoul Dufy, and Sir Winston Churchill), belonging to Gustave Berne and the Gustave Berne Foundation, George C. Frelinghuysen, and others. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 10 P.M.: Forty-three contemporary works of art, among them two Calder mobiles, sculptures and collages by Arp, and Picasso's paintings "Compotier et Guitare" and "Femme au Corsage Bleu;" from the Dotremont Collection. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.

ESTABLISHED 1818



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 13.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad comedy about young love in Old Dublin, with the marvellous Rita Tushingham. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 13, tentative.)

Goldfinger—The third James Bond picture, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 13.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New *Testament.* (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 9:30 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through April 13.)

How to Murder Your Wife—Jack Lemmon stars in George Axelrod's amusing and deeply felt study of the horrors of marriage. Also on hand are Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through April 11, last showing on April 11, at 4.... ¶ Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through April 13.... ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 14.)

Mafioso—A funny and frightening picture about a young and reluctant Mafia member who is forced to do his elders' deadly bidding. Alberto Sordi is flawless as the young man. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 14, tentative.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting April 14.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—For a wonder, a picture about Negroes that doesn't patronize them. It stars Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This modest movie about the marriage of a white woman and a Negro man is often charming but seldom credible, in spite of a splendid performance by Bernie Hamilton as the hero. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 14, tentative.)

Operation Crossbow—Lots of attractive actors and actresses (George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Trevor Howard, Tom Courtenay, Lilli Palmer, and on and on) in a well-written melodrama about the Second World War. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Organizer—Life in an Italian factory some seventy years ago. An unlikely subject, but, thanks to the director, Mario Monicelli, and his star, Marcello Mastroianni, it comes fully to life. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting April 13.)

The Pumpkin Eater—An odd, delightful study of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 13.... ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 14, tentative.)

Samurai Assassin—How to slash your way to power, in a dozen or so bloody lessons by Toshiro Mifune. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A stylish British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough acting their heads off in commendably scary fashion. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

36 Hours—A winningly outrageous melodrama of the Second World War, starring James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor. George Seaton directed. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 13.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 14.)

The Train—How the Nazis, losing the Second World War, attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. With Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield, and tautly directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—*Garçon rencontre fille*, but with a difference, for in this charming picture everyone sings and the buildings are rainbow-colored and sadness is hardly to be distinguished from joy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—A thousand feet down in the Red Sea with Captain Cousteau, who is not only an eminent oceanographer but a maker of beautiful pictures. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 13.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 9-10.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 8.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; April 9-12.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 11-12, last showing on April 12 at 1:22.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 13.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 8.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 11-12, last showing on April 12 at 3:35.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 9-12.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau; directed by François Truffaut. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through April 11.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting April 13.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 8.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 9-12.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; April 8.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 10.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 9-12.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 8.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 13.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 12.)

The Thundering Sword (1964)—A French take-off on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. Also known as "Cartouche." (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through April 13.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; April 8.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; April 9-12.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 14.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 14.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 13.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer with the best of intentions. Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea are also in it. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 8.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Horror Film"—Through April 10: "The Masque of the Red Death" (1964), with Vincent Price. . . . ¶ April 11-14: "Homunculus" (1916), a silent film, with German subtitles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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11	12	13	14			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Major Dundee," Charlton Heston, Richard Harris.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through April 13: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner; and "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.
From April 14: "Those Calloways," Brian Keith, Vera Miles.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through April 11: "Taxi for Tobruk" (in French), Lino Ventura, Charles Aznavour.
From April 12: "White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through April 13: **THE THUNDERING SWORD** (also known as "Cartouche"), revival; and "Bus Riley's Back in Town," Ann-Margret.
From April 14: "Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker; and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon," Mark Forest.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
SAMURAI ASSASSIN (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through April 13: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.**
From April 14: "The Satan Bug," George Maharis, Richard Basehart.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 13: **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.
From April 14: **36 HOURS**; and "Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 13 (tentative): "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner; and "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.
From April 14 (tentative): **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and **MAFIOSO** (in Italian).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
April 8: **THE MARK**, revival; and **TIGER BAY**, revival.
April 9-12: **DAVID AND LISA**, revival; and **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival.
From April 13: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through April 13: "Red Lanterns" (in Greek), Jenny Karezi.
From April 14: "The Satan Bug," George Maharis, Richard Basehart.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 13: **THE THUNDERING SWORD** (also known as "Cartouche"), revival; and "Bus Riley's Back in Town," Ann-Margret.
From April 14: "Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker; and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon," Mark Forest.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Taxi for Tobruk" (in French), Lino Ventura, Charles Aznavour.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through April 11 (last showing on April 11 at 4): **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.**
From April 11, at 8:30: "White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through April 11: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
April 12: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and "Frantic" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From April 13: "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon; and "Walk on the Wild Side," revival, Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 13: **GOLDFINGER.**
From April 14: To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 13 (tentative): **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From April 14 (tentative): **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

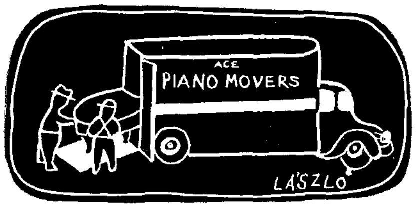
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 13: **THE THUNDERING SWORD** (also known as "Cartouche"), revival; and "Bus Riley's Back in Town," Ann-Margret.
From April 14: "Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker; and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon," Mark Forest.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Major Dundee," Charlton Heston, Richard Harris.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 8: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; and **SANJURO** (in Japanese), revival.
April 9-12: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and **MAJOR BARBARA**, revival. (In addition to the regular films, "The Italian Straw Hat," a silent film, will be shown at 1:55 on Saturday and Sunday, April 10-11.)
From April 13: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.



Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 13: **36 HOURS**; and "Ship Ahoy," revival, Eleanor Powell.
From April 14: **MARY POPPINS.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 13: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.
From April 14: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Overcoat" (in Russian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 13: **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.
April 14: "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home," Shirley MacLaine, Peter Ustinov; and "Fort Courageous," Fred Beir.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 10: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**, revival; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.
April 11-13: "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From April 14: "To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson; and "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni.

R.K.O. 23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 13: **THE THUNDERING SWORD** (also known as "Cartouche"), revival; and "Bus Riley's Back in Town," Ann-Margret.
From April 14: "Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker; and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon," Mark Forest.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 13: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From April 14: **MARY POPPINS.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through April 11: "Empress Wu" (with Mandarin dialogue).
From April 12: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MARY POPPINS.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Overcoat" (in Russian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian), revival.

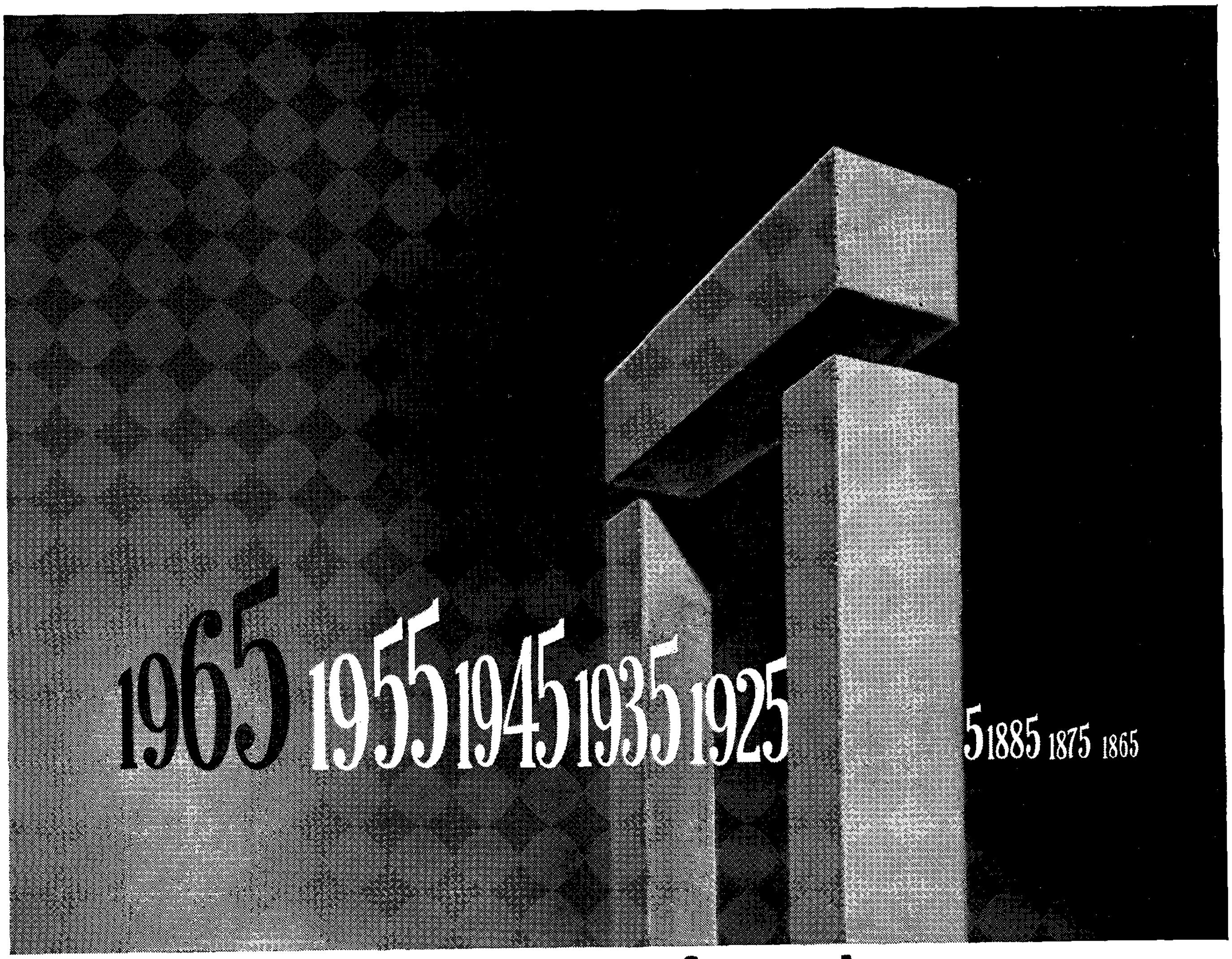
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Not on Your Life" (in Spanish), Nino Manfredi.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 8: **THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW**, revival; and "Stakeout on Dope Street," revival, Yale Wexler.
April 9-10: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean.
April 11-12 (last showing on April 12 at 1:22): **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival; and **GO WEST**, revival.
April 12, at 6, 8, and 10: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," revival, Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper; and "Buzzing Around," revival, Fatty Arbuckle.
April 13-14: "Clash by Night," revival, Barbara Stanwyck; and "The Fallen Sparrow," revival, Maureen O'Hara.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 13: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.
From April 14: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 8: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
April 9-12: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; and "Il Bidone" (in Italian), Broderick Crawford, Giulietta Masina.
From April 13: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 13: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel; and "The Man Who Walked Through the Wall" (in German), Heinz Ruehmann.
From April 14 (tentative): "To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson; and "Love à la Carte" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni.



Our 100 years of experience is our arch to build upon

There's a lot of pleasure in celebrating business birthdays ... especially one's hundredth. But as much as we enjoy ours we at Kidder, Peabody know that the past is only meaningful as an arch upon which to build in the future . . . that the important thing is how well we serve your financial needs today—and tomorrow.

Not that it isn't pleasant and profitable to look back, occasionally, to April 1, 1865, when Henry P. Kidder, Francis H. Peabody, and Col. Oliver W. Peabody met in Boston to form the partnership of Kidder, Peabody & Co.

The Civil War was ending, and the United States stood on the threshold of the tremendous industrial and commercial expansion that followed. Boston was the key financial center of the country and our main business was dealing in foreign exchange and financing the flow of imports and exports stemming from New England's vast textile industry.

From the beginning, the firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co. demonstrated great vitality and ingenuity that enabled it to survive the intervening wars and depressions and to meet the changing capital needs of our country as it has progressed from The Industrial Revolution to the present.

We helped, for example, to provide capital for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and other great transcontinental railroads. We were the underwriter in 1899 for the first issue of American Telephone and Telegraph bonds. To keep abreast of trends we moved our headquarters to New York.

We've learned a lot in a hundred years at Kidder, Peabody. New ways of financing businesses and industries that enable them to benefit from fast changing economic conditions. New methods of effecting transactions of large blocks of securities without upsetting the market. How to help institutions and individuals reach sound value judgments on securities through careful, imaginative research.

And we've grown too . . . from that first small office in Boston to a world-wide network of 31 offices and sensitive investment contacts throughout the world. From financing woolen imports to a dominant position in the underwriting of expansion capital and the private placement of securities.

But the biggest lesson we have learned is this. Securities markets take on a new life each day and financial needs of corporations and individuals are constantly changing. Yesterday has gone forever. It's only what we can do for you today... and tomorrow... that really counts.

All Experience
is an Arch to
Build Upon
1865-1965

Kidder, Peabody & Co. INCORPORATED

NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO
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The Tell-tale Triangle
(or how you can tell if a shirt is expensive)

The next time you have a minute, use your hands (the way we do in the picture) to visually frame the Tell-tale Triangle on a shirt. In that Triangle is all the evidence you need to become an expert on what goes into making a truly fine and comfortable shirt.

And also to understand why Excello is considered one of America's great shirts!

Look at the collar first. Does it really follow the contour of the neck? Do the collar points lay smooth against the neckline? Excello's do.

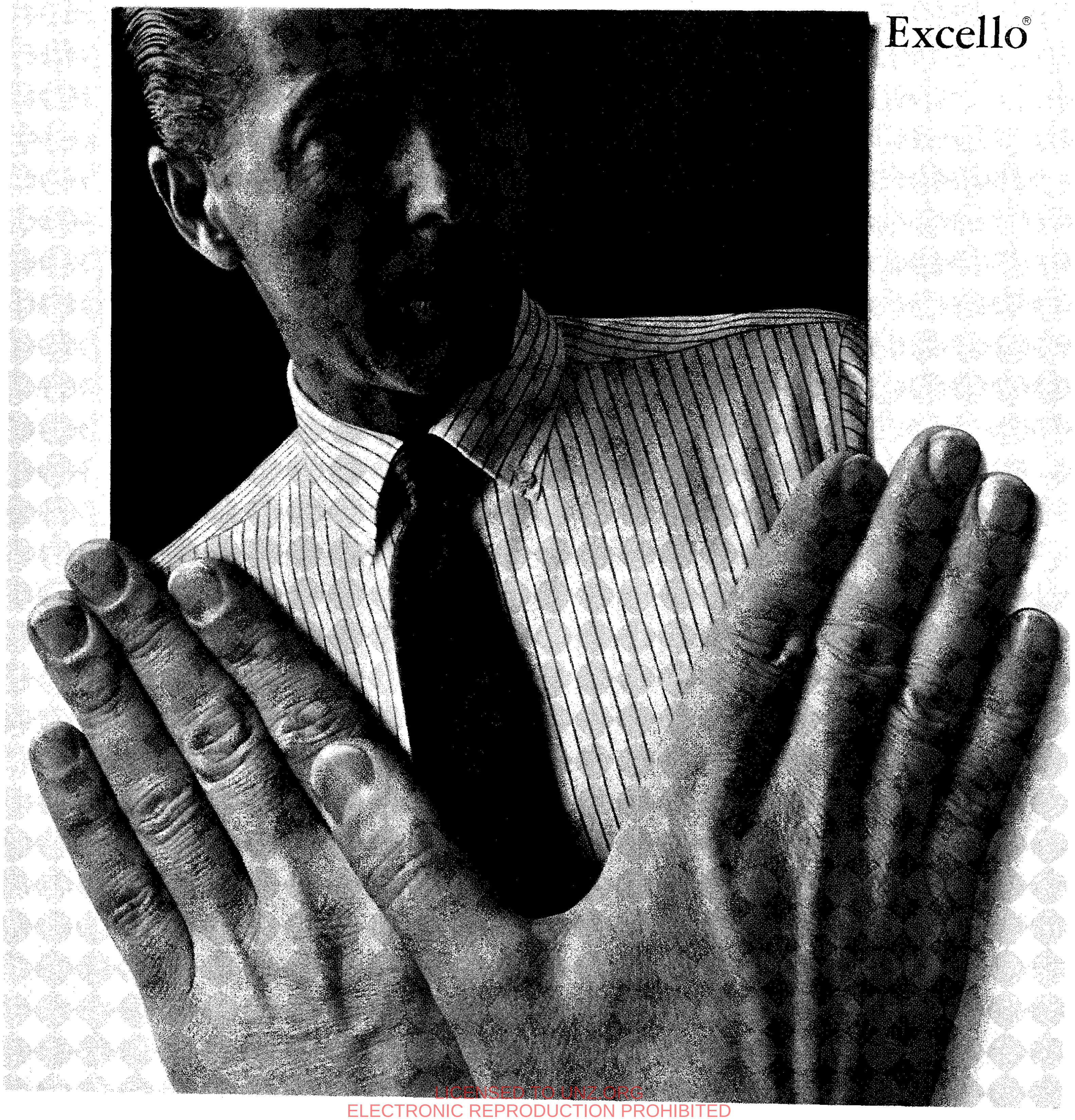
Look at the sleeves. Are they set at an angle to let your arms move without a lot of extra material? Excello's are.

Look at the shoulders and back. Is there a uniquely tailored curved yoke to eliminate unsightly pleats and sloppy gathers? Excello has.

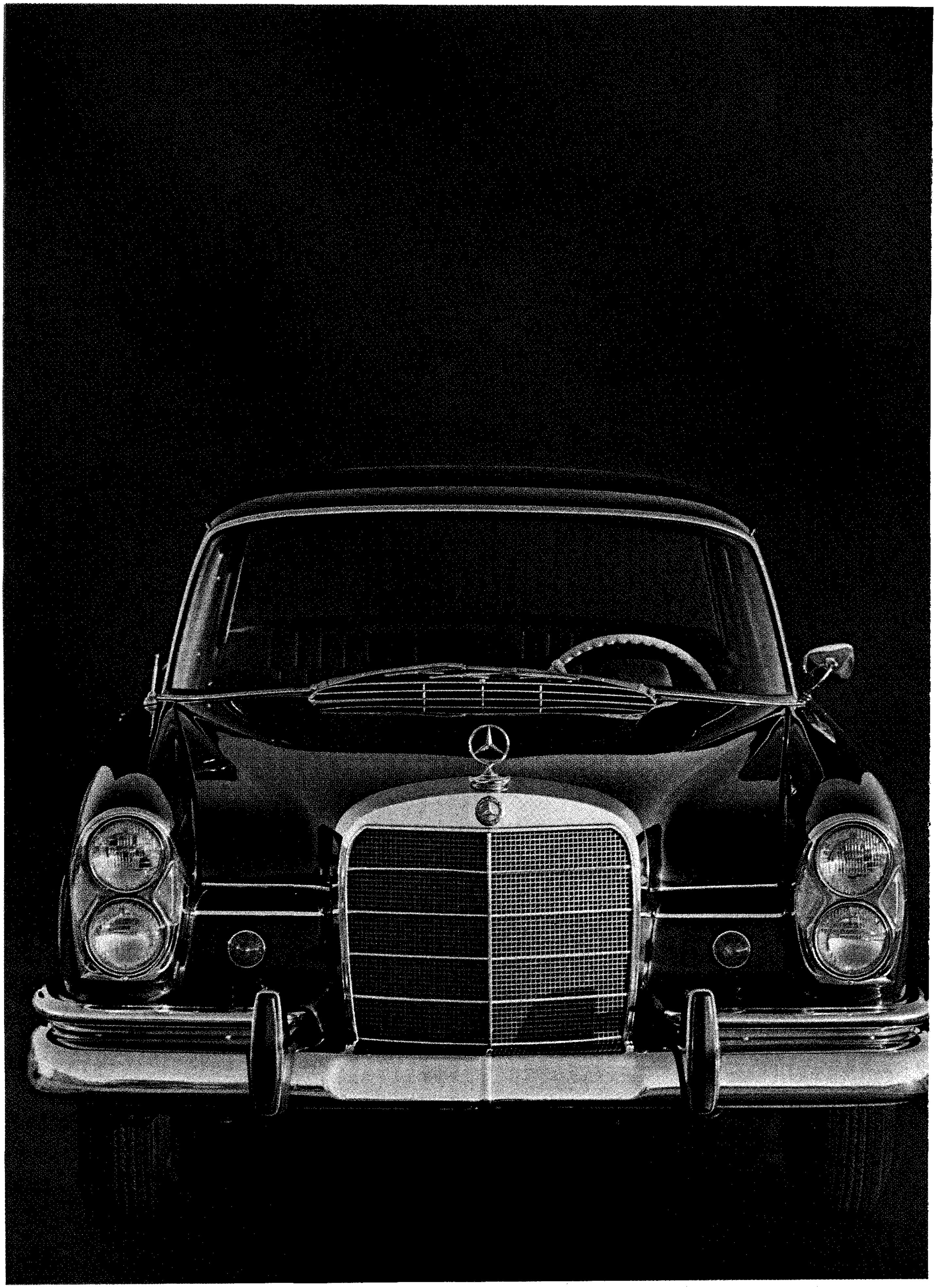
Look at the waist. Is it tapered and trim for a neat modern look? Excello's is. **Expensive shirts ought to look it.**

There's no question about it.

Excello shirts pass the Tell-tale Triangle test hands down. They're made to fit and give freedom of movement. Like Excello's Trim 'n Tapered pictured below. It's a short sleeved shirt in combed cotton broadcloths and oxfords. It comes in a variety of collar styles and colors in both stripes and solids. $5.95 and $6.95. Excello, another fine product of Kayser-Roth.



Excello®



A car is to carry people
An old-fashioned idea that's uniquely modern

Here's an old-fashioned viewpoint maintained by Mercedes-Benz engineers: a car is to carry people.

The security and comfort of people come first. And the only way to build a car is to mold it around these considerations.

Thus, Mercedes-Benz engineers design the car from the inside out, letting the form follow the prime function of people-carrying.

Happily enough, after this pragmatic approach, the result is one of the most striking-looking cars on the street. One that might easily carry you away with its charming arrogance.

As you indulge in Mercedes-Benz-watching, remind yourself that the fads and fancies that so quickly date other cars are just not tolerated in the tightly disciplined Mercedes-Benz design. And be glad.

Because this classic simplicity of design results in a distinctive kind of beauty that endures for years.

Such simplicity is insisted on by the Mercedes-Benz engineering staff. And a hard-headed lot they are.

Neither computers, nor surveys, nor committees (not even sales quotas) can distract these experts into committing design sins under the pressure of "popular" taste.

Mercedes-Benz engineers are experts. Authoritative. They honestly believe that they know as much about how to design a car as anyone else (if not more).

Their tradition goes back 79 years to the dawn of automotive design. They start with the simple proposition that a car is to carry people. And people considerations come first. Thus, they design the car from the inside out, letting the form follow the function.

The results, of course, are partly what a Mercedes-Benz owner talks about when he tries to tell you about how he loves that car. Big, spacious, living-room-like interiors. Handsomely finished, detailed with dozens of soft spots for your protection against unexpected impact. You'll appreciate the padded dash and padded steering wheel; the pliable and recessed fittings on doors and windows.

There's even a rear-vision mirror that breaks away harmlessly on (heaven forbid) any impact.

(And did you know that even the silver star is spring-anchored to give way but not come loose? This little innovation keeps the star safe from souvenir hunters, too. Sure, it's nice to know that your star is a collector's item, but losing stars can get to be a nuisance. And now our stubborn engineers have fixed this small detail.)

In the passenger area you ride secure in a "body within a body," a rigid, super-shield of steel welded to the heavy gauge steel of the car. Actually two bodies. Twice as safe. Another innovation in design.

It's unlikely that any other automotive engineering staff, anywhere, has given more thought to your safety than Mercedes-Benz engineers.

Nor is there any other car that can be compared to Mercedes-Benz engineering authority on such points as power and roadability.

Seemingly inexhaustible power pours from the famed overhead camshaft engines. These great power plants were born on the race courses of the world and bred into perfection on the speed-limitless Autobahn.

And for the enthusiasts who want even more smoothness, flexibility, Mercedes-Benz offers many models with fuel injection system. Look for the "E"—for "einspritzer"—in the model numbers. For example: 220 SE.

Roadability? Mercedes-Benz engineers practically invented the idea of roadability for modern cars. No other car can match Mercedes-Benz, the international traveler, for true roadability. The kind that comes from a tight, solid, yet sensitive combination in the front suspension system of hydraulic shock absorbers, coil springs, rubber buffers, torsion bar stabilizers. At the rear: the famous single joint swing-axle from the Mercedes-Benz Grand Prix race cars. Results: Mercedes reads every road like a book and translates each line into poetry in motion.

And Mercedes-Benz offers a spectrum of models and prices to delight any lover of pure automotive design. You can be a Mercedes man for as little as $3,844—or as much as $23,500 (New York Port of Entry). And enjoy automatic transmission in any model.

And be glad that you're looking at a motorcar uncluttered by fad, or passing fancy. It shouldn't be hard to convince yourself that this enduring beauty, this splendid mechanism will last you for a long time, so that the initial investment becomes economical.

Get behind the wheel, and when that little extra glint shines from the silver star just wink back and go.

You're on your way.

Going to Europe? For exciting travel guide, write Hans von Brockhusen, Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., 158 Linwood Plaza, Fort Lee, N.J., 07024.

MERCEDES-BENZ

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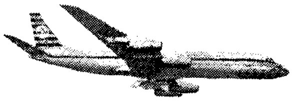
Get a big "Surprising



Decide which of Amsterdam's 22 surprises is *most* surprising. Then circle your choice on the coupon, and mail it to us with 25¢. KLM will rush you this $1-value poster—ideal for den or rumpus room. Ready? Read surprises—*and vote.*

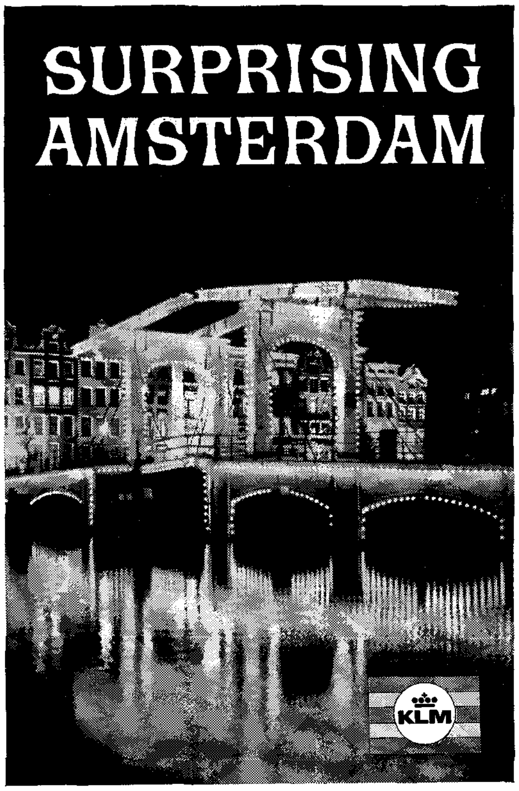
1. Amsterdam has twice as many miles of canals as Venice. A 75-minute boat tour costs just 60 cents. There are 636 picturesque bridges *over* the canals for you to wish on—including the spectacular Magere Brug (Lean Bridge) on KLM's poster.

2. Car rental rates in Amsterdam are remarkably low. Example: you can rent a Volkswagen from Hertz or Avis for just $3.75 a day and 6½ cents a mile. Incidentally, most of the windmills you will see *don't work.* The Dutch are too sentimental to tear them down.

3. You can see the most valuable painting ever put on canvas. It's Rembrandt's "Night Watch." You'll find it at the Rijksmuseum, along with 3000 more paintings. Admission: 15 cents. If you feel like blowing another 8 cents, go to the Municipal Museum. You can see 517 paintings and drawings that show the entire range of van Gogh's work, from his earliest period to the brilliance of his final canvases.

4. You can see the "8th wonder of the world"—the Royal Palace. This massive building sits on 13,659 wooden piles driven 70 feet into the earth.

5. You can see a 400-carat U.N. emblem set with 5,180 diamonds. It's on display at an Amsterdam diamond-cutting center. Admission is free. The world's *smallest* diamond is on view, too. No bigger than this comma, it slipped from the polisher's vise eight times. He had to hunt it with a *microscope.*



Actual Size: 2 feet by 3 feet. *The glittering bridge above—black and white here, but reproduced in color on KLM's poster—is the Magere Brug. It's the most famous of Amsterdam's 636 bridges (see surprise #1).*

6. You can rent a car and zoom around Holland's finest speedway. Drive out to Zandvoort, just 15 miles from Amsterdam. Track fee is 56 cents—*per day*. No speed limit. Tip: watch out for the hairpin turn just beyond the grandstand.

7. You can dine in the world's skinniest restaurant. Amsterdam's *Green Lantern* is only 6 feet wide. Go easy on the Zuurkool (sauerkraut, with a tender roast partridge) if you're portly.

8. You can rent a boat and tour Holland by water—for $4.75 a day. The rate is per person, in a party of six. This adventure is popular, so book your boat in advance. Your travel agent can help.

9. You can visit the Anne Frank House. The attic rooms are just as the Frank family left them. 263 Prinsengracht. Open daily.

10. There are 12 medieval castles within an hour's drive. Some have charming guest rooms where you can stay for as little as $4 a night.

11. You can undergo Europe's only official test for witchcraft. At Oudewater, just 35 miles from Amsterdam, you can be weighed on the Witches Scale (circa 1550 A.D.). You will get a diploma that solemnly declares you are too heavy to ride safely on a broomstick. (If you're under 99 pounds, happy Halloween.)

12. You can hear one of the world's six best orchestras for $2. That's the price of a good seat for a performance of Amsterdam's Concertgebouw Orchestra.

13. You can have a 21-dish banquet for about $3—per couple. It's an Indonesian delight called *Rijsttafel* (say "Rice-taf-fel"). You can dine in 12 different languages in Amsterdam—at about *half* New York prices.

14. You can see the world's most fantastic bicycle brigade. And *join it*—for about 85 cents a day. Amsterdam had

Amsterdam" poster

over 800,000 bicycles at last count. Pedal-pushing is a splendid way to go exploring for surprises in the city. (But *not* at rush hour.)

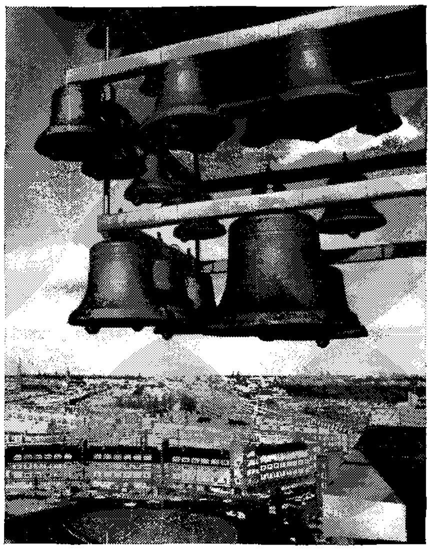
15. Amsterdam has more carillons than any other European city. Music is *everywhere*. Giant barrel organs serenade you with Strauss, Puccini, Verdi. Wandering street bands play. The famous carillons (see example, right) chime in on the hour and half hour.

16. You can buy a new car in Amsterdam, and save up to $1700. Amsterdam has the only airport showroom for *tax-free cars* on the Continent. You can buy a Mercedes-Benz 230 SL Roadster, add on shipping and duty to New York, and *still* save $1700 on the New York price. You have no less than 125 different models to choose from. Who said you couldn't afford a foreign car?

17. Amsterdam is the most perfectly preserved city in Europe. Not one brick or stone may be moved without permission. You can capture authentic 17th century scenes with your camera — *or your brushes* (below).

18. Amsterdam is the most logical place to start your European tour. *Fourteen* of Europe's brightest cities are within 800 miles of Amsterdam. You can depart by plane, bus, boat, train, car—even *ocean liner*. KLM can whisk you to 39 other cities—including Paris and London in 60 minutes, Copenhagen in 80, Rome in 125.

You can put the 17th century on canvas.



You can hear a carillon concert in Amsterdam every half hour.

19. You can find Europe's best bargains in Amsterdam. Delft china, cheese, crystal, and diamonds, of course. Antiques —for as much as *80 percent* less than in the U.S. At Amsterdam Airport's *tax-free* shopping center, you can buy fifths of brand-name Scotch for only $2. And don't overlook KLM's $5-a-day and $10-a-day tour plans. They give you hotel, breakast, and *unlimited sightseeing*—in Amsterdam and 13 other great European cities.

20. Amsterdammers are the best linguists in Europe. Most know *three* languages. The average Amsterdammer would never boast about his knack with other tongues, but he will be glad to give you directions or advice in surprisingly good *English*.

21. You can have your portrait painted on a Delft plate. Give a photo of yourself to a Dutch artist at the Royal Factory in Delft (only 40 miles from Amsterdam). He'll immortalize you in Delft blue and white, and send you your porcelain portrait within a few weeks.

22. You can have a rollicking "night on the town" for $5. There's usually no cover, no minimum in Amsterdam's 45 nightclubs. A glass of Holland's jenever gin costs about 25 cents. As you sip it, you can watch one of those famous Amsterdam ecdysiasts. No extra charge.

Circle number of surprise that's most surprising to you

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22

☐ Please send me KLM's "Surprising Amsterdam" poster, worth $1. I enclose 25¢ in coin for handling and mailing.

☐ *Added offer:* Also send me KLM's "Surprising Amsterdam" guidebook—208 pages crammed with more facts about Amsterdam. I enclose an additional 25¢ in coin. (Note: you can pick up a *free* copy of this book from your travel agent.)

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City __________ State __________ Zip Code ______

____

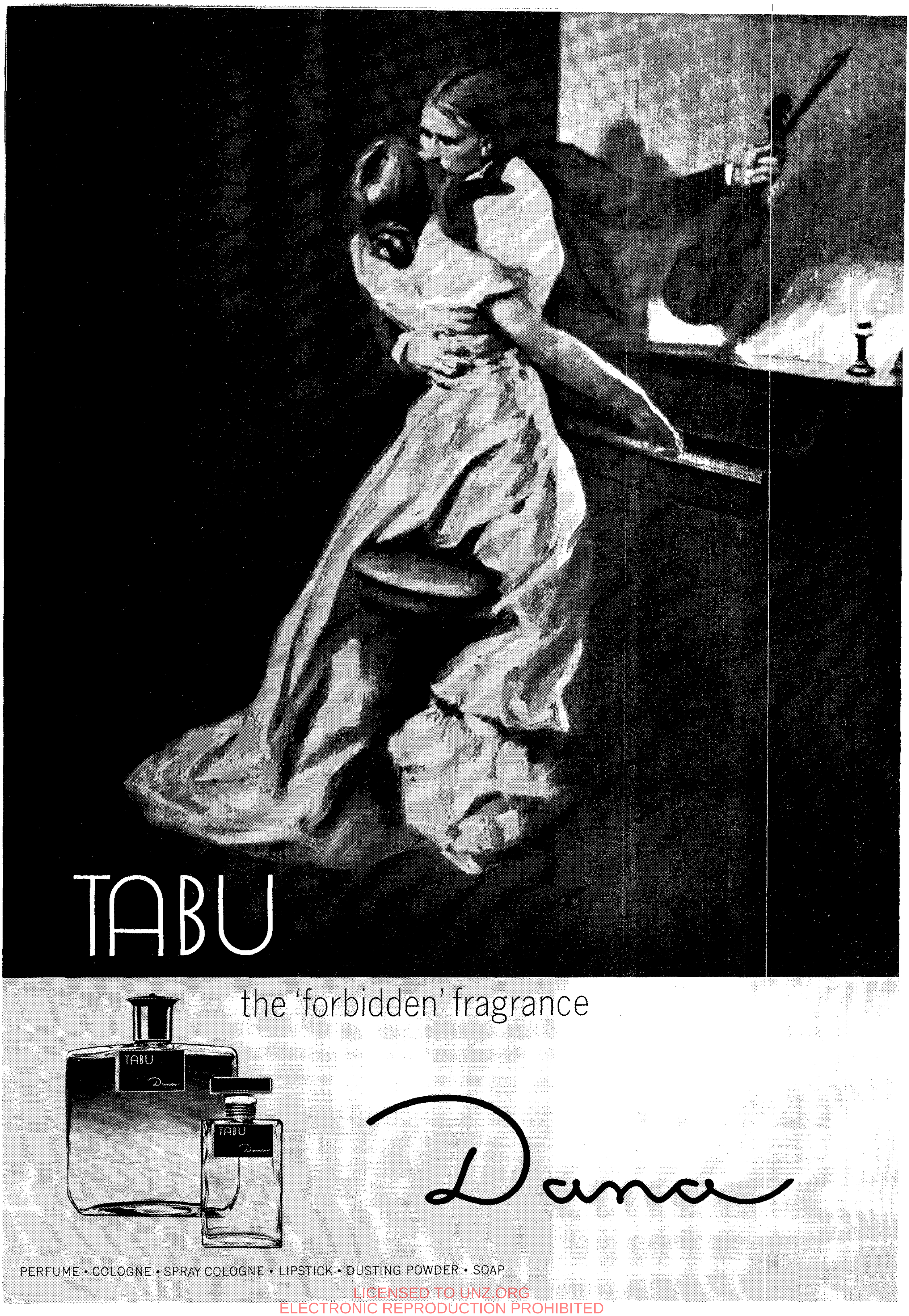
(My travel agent is)

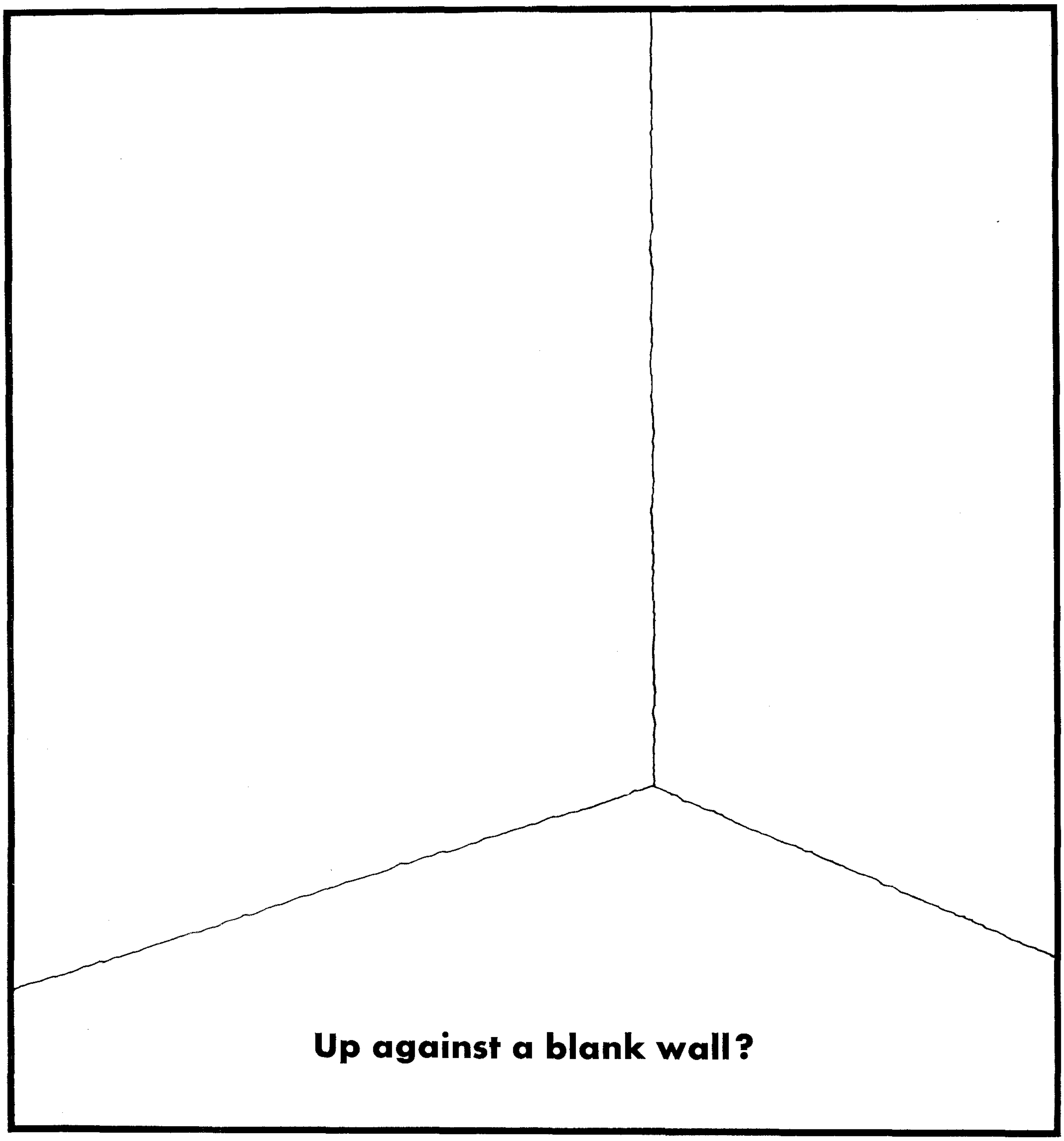
KLM

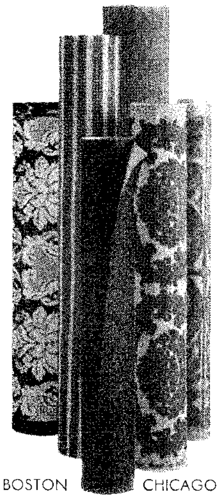
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

B-27

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, G.P.O., Box 1869, New York, N. Y. 10001. Tel.: PL 9-3600


TABU
the 'forbidden' fragrance
TABU Dana
TABU Dana
Dana
PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP


Up against a blank wall?



Never with Scalamandrè! Remarkable collection of wallcoverings: grasscloths, linens, vinyls, textures. Not to mention the traditional toiles and brocades you'd expect from us. All kinds of inspiring possibilities, in a wide range of prices. Available through your decorator or architect.

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FABRICS, WALLCOVERINGS, TRIMMINGS

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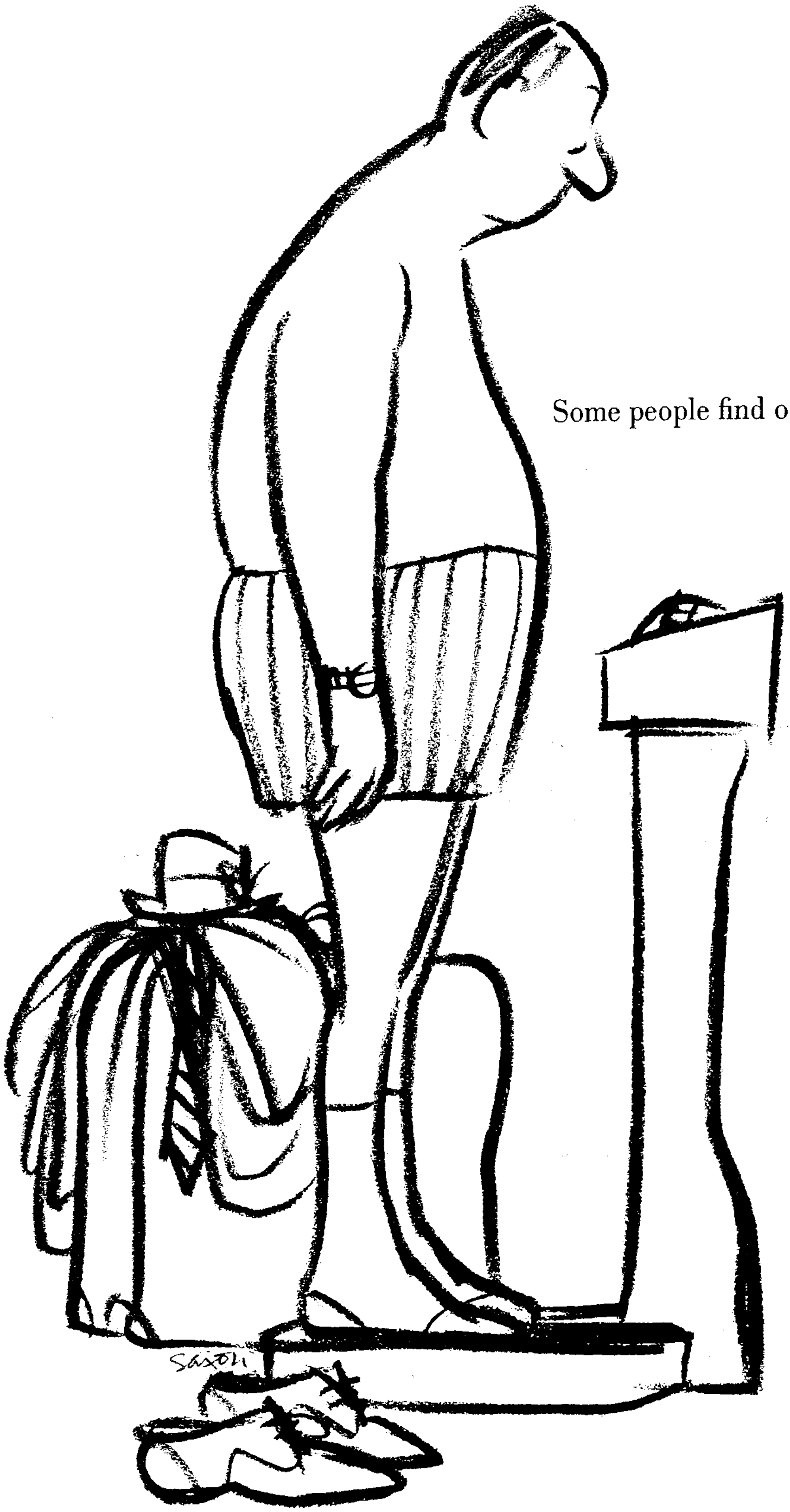
You can telephone all over the world

Today, you can reach 182 countries or areas of the world by telephone. It's the quick, convenient, personal way to keep in touch.

And the cost is low. For only $12, plus tax, for the first three minutes, you can call almost anywhere in the world. The rate for the first overseas call, from New York to London in 1927, was $75.

Whenever you want to keep in touch with anyone—telephone. It's the next best thing to being there.

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies



Some people find our meals discouraging.

We like the man who cleans his plate.

So if you're counting calories, we're afraid you can't count on us.

For one thing, our shrimp cost a little more than the shrimp in most restaurants. No kidding. We have expensive shrimp.

(And our horseradish is stronger than the kind that comes out of a jar.)

Our hot rolls happen to be a new kind that aren't even on the national market yet.

And if the coffee we serve seems richer than usual, it isn't an accident. You can't buy American Airlines' coffee in stores.

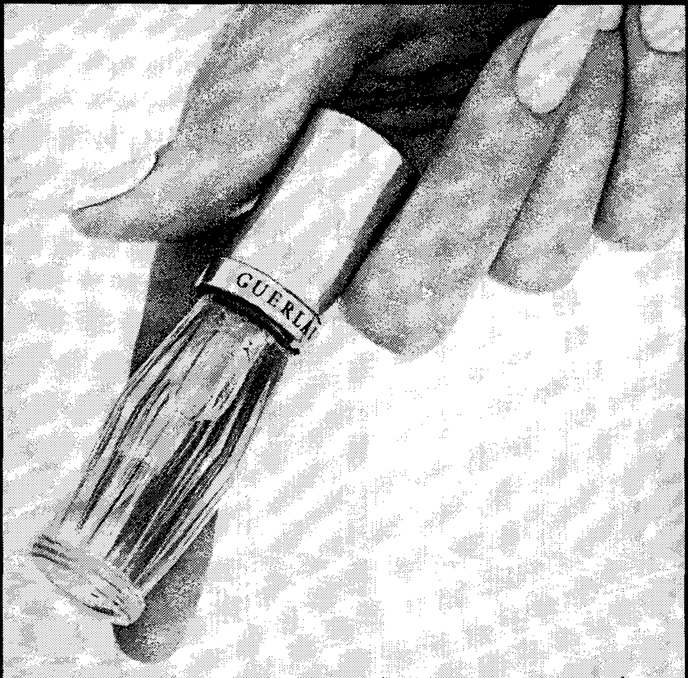
We even use outside tasters. In fact, we've had the owners of four of New York's most famous restaurants in for dinner to see how they liked it.

They didn't leave a thing.

American Airlines

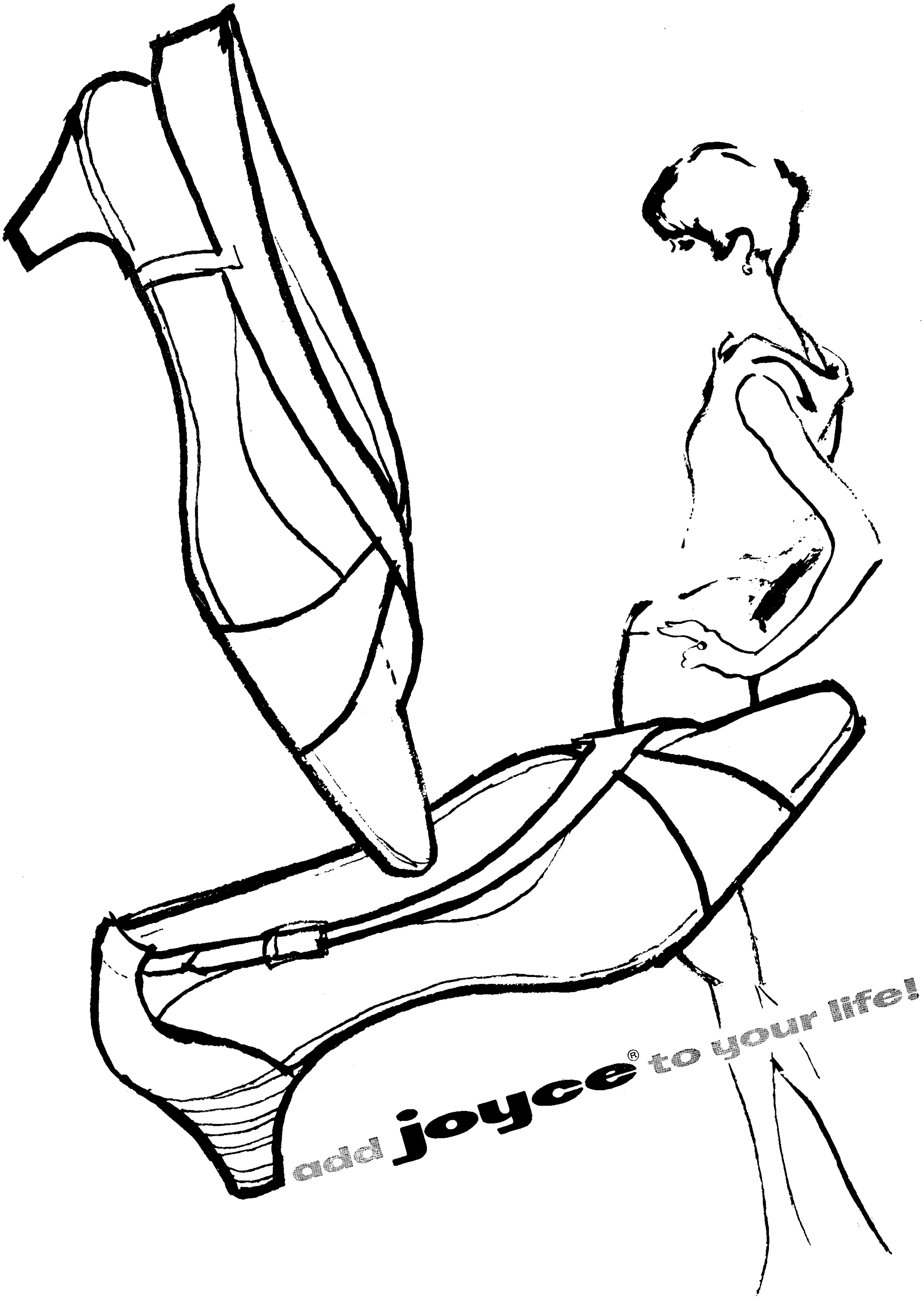
Chant d'Arômes and Shalimar in a new perfume spray.
When you go out, don't forget it.

It will refresh his memory.



The lovely Chant d'Arômes and the classic Shalimar now in a natural spray perfume for purse, pocket or the palm of your hand. Each $7.50 plus tax. Refillable, of course.

Guerlain


add joyce® to your life!

Captivating color bare-ers criss-cross your summer in the newsy hues. Cushy little weightless Joyces that bewitch with airy daring . . . set you up for flattery on the come-hither height of the season's smartest heels. Above, Swing Strap. Below, Sunset Strip. About $13.

Two kinds of people fall in love with a Chevrolet Super Sport: emotional people and shrewd people

Find out below if you'll be one of them.

Now the emotional types are often first attracted to a Super Sport's rich all-vinyl interior (there's over 16 sq. yards of it).

To its deep foam-cushioned bucket seats—

And thick color-keyed carpeting that roams all over the floor, across the doors, up the cowl side panels and even into the floor console compartment.

They're impressed by the power they can have in a Super Sport—power that ranges from a responsive 140-hp Six to a brand-new Turbo-Jet V8.

By the wide variety of equipment offered—from a steering wheel that moves into seven different positions to a radio that plays in stereo.

And of course, by the little touches that make emotional people emotional people—curved side windows, a built-in vacuum gauge, an electric clock, brushed chrome trim, a solid tempered safety plate glass convertible rear window and so on.

As for the shrewd types, they of course know that a Super Sport is a full-size luxury car without a full-size luxury car price.

That a Chevrolet traditionally has maintained a high resale at trade-in time.

That it rides on a Jet-smooth easy street with its Full Coil suspension system. And keeps quiet about it all with 700 sound and shock deadeners.

That it is built to last—with things like a hefty single unit Body by Fisher and a 9-step acrylic lacquer exterior finish.

And that behind its good looks, there are some pretty sensible money-saving features like self-adjusting brakes with bonded linings, a battery-saving Delcotron generator and four inner steel fenders that protect the four outer steel fenders.

This all brings us back to you—and your particular love affair.

What will it be? Emotional? Shrewd? Or both?

Makes no difference.

As you'll soon find out at your dealer's—a Chevrolet-Super-Sport-kind-of-love is a many splendored thing.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

In the foreground, there sits an Impala Super Sport Convertible.
In the background, an Impala Super Sport Coupe.

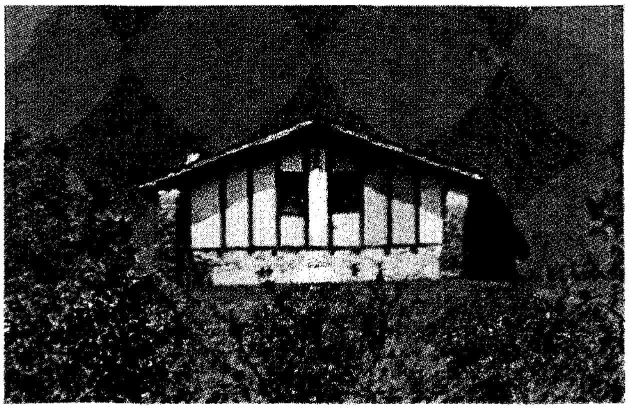
A great place to visit– you may even want to live there.

The infectious (and unique) charm of France goes beyond scenery. The charm of France is the charm of a people who love being alive. The phrase *joie de vivre* is not a cliché in France; it's a way of life.

Have you watched a cluster of kids escaping a priest on a country lane in Provence? The charm of France is the charm of a people who misbehave in the most unexpected and most delightful ways.

Have you wandered through a village in the Loire Valley, looked up and seen a young mademoiselle framed in a 16th-century window, drying her hair in the sunlight? Have you shared a Pernod with a Breton fisherman at a waterfront café? Have you watched the Dickensian chimney sweeps at work in Alsace? The charm of France is the charm of a people who enjoy what they do and do what they enjoy.

The charm of France goes beyond scenery. But the scenery is there, too. Have you seen the flags, fluttering along the Croisette in Cannes? Have you scouted the bikinis in St. Tropez? Have you hidden away in a chalet in the Pyrénées, where the mountains turn blue at dawn and rose in the sunset?



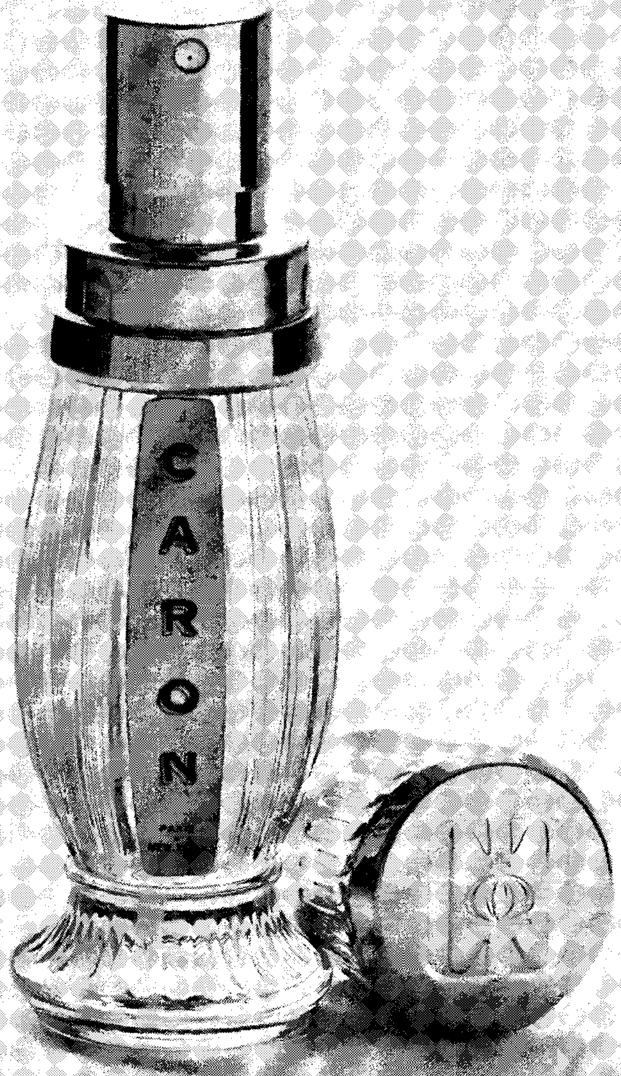
If you haven't, you really ought to expose yourself to the infectious charm of France. It's a great place to visit.

At least.

A travel agent can help plan your visit (or stay). Or you can write: French Government Tourist Office, Dept. TE-2, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020

We'd love to introduce you to Caron's new Cologne Parfumée Spray.

May we?



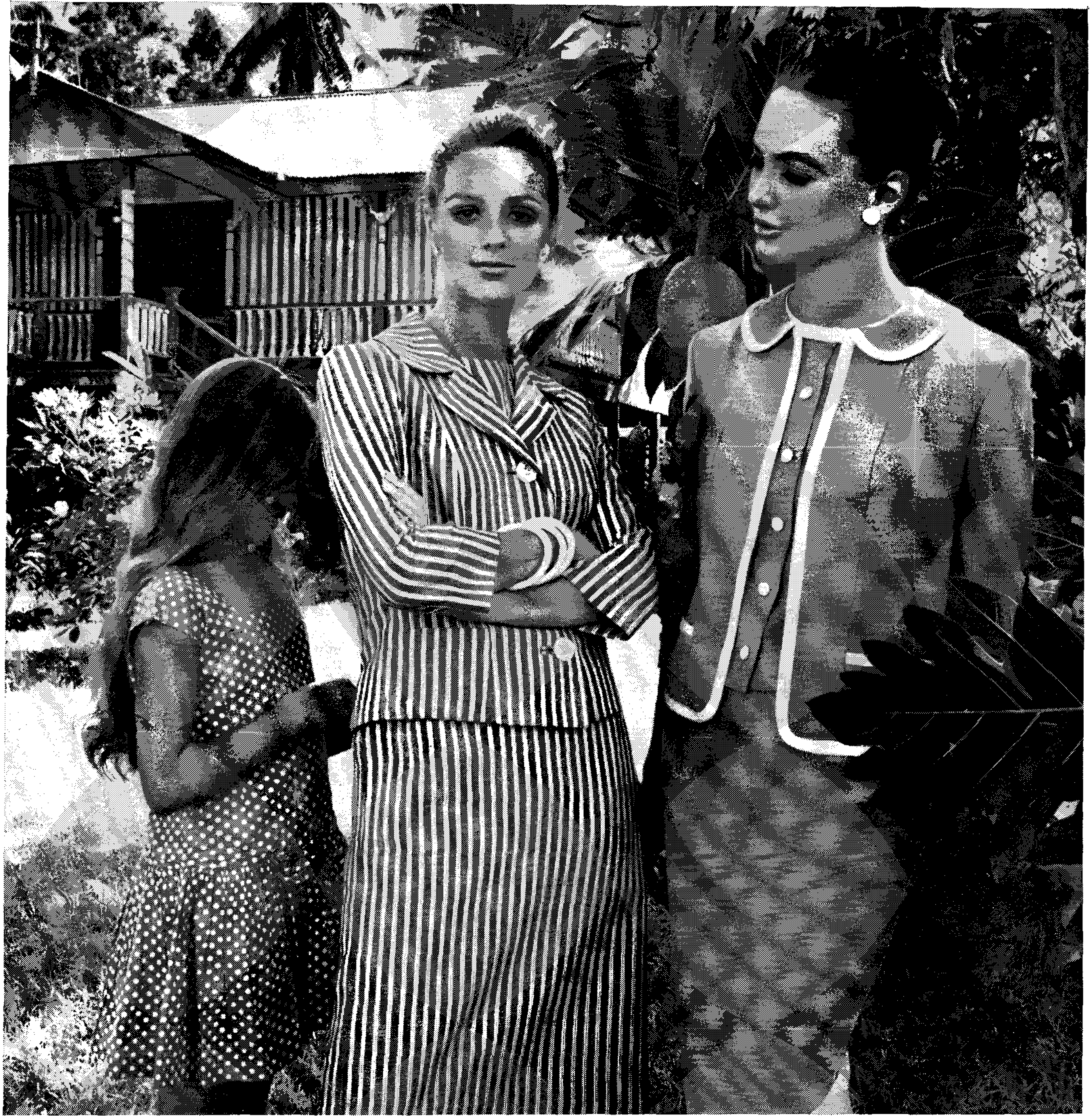
Mais oui!

New Cologne Parfumée Spray by Parfums Caron, Paris. 2¼ oz., only $4.25. Filled...and re-fillable...your choice of:

FLEURS DE ROCAILLE NUIT DE NOEL BELLODGIA MUGUET

The Peck & Peck Girl travels to summer in cool costumes for hot climes

Peck
&
Peck



Hundred-year-old house on the island of Tahiti, a vacation paradise.

Timed to casual warm weather living—these excellently tailored three-piece suits in light, cool blends. The boldly striped seersucker of triacetate/cotton in green, brown or charcoal. The open-jacket look in rayon/silk with white binding on toast or on black. Each 8 to 16, 45⁰⁰

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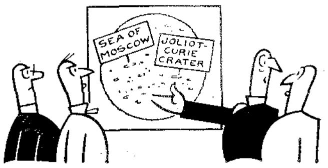
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

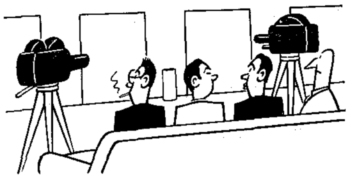
Notes and Comment

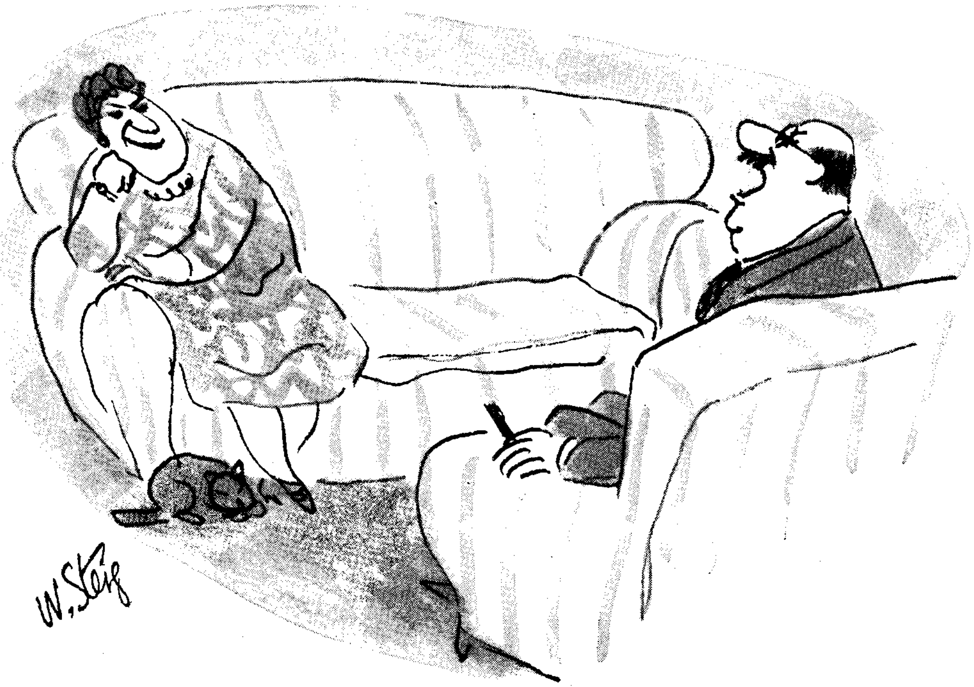
BECAUSE we like to keep a little beforehand with our worries, we have elected to start worrying right now about the names that are going to be given to discoveries in outer space. The Russians have already aroused our anxiety by the titles they have applied, on the basis of one smudgy photograph, to regions on the far side of the moon. Such identifications as the Sea of Moscow and the Joliot-Curie Crater give rise to glum misgivings that the naming of unknown wonders may become merely another scramble for ideological glorification. It is some comfort to reflect that the exploration of space is much too expensive for any single person, however wealthy, to sponsor on his own. Otherwise, we might by now have been invited to speak of the Ira B. Metcalf Solar System or the Irma Louise Tepperman Memorial Universe. One might suppose that the problem of nomenclature could safely be left in the hands of professional astronomers, but this is not the case. One has only to look at the minor planet they have seen fit to call Pittsburghia. And the titles they have given to the Southern constellations—those that were unknown to the seers and poets of the ancient Mediterranean—do not inspire much confidence. The Airpump, the Chisel, the Furnace—these are names that are hopeless to conjure with. It is not generally known, perhaps, that our solar system once nearly found itself embarrassed by the addition of a planet named George, but the fact appears to be that William Herschel, the discoverer of Uranus, chose to honor George III by calling the discovery Georgium Sidus. The name failed to catch on, even among astronomers. In a similar fashion, Urbain Jean Joseph Leverrier, the man whose mathematical computations first revealed the planet Neptune, was known to his French colleagues for a time as Urbain Jean Joseph Leverrier, the man whose mathematical computations first revealed the planet Leverrier. And in 1930, when a new planet was discovered where Percival Lowell's calculations had indicated that a planet ought to be, there was evidently some sentiment in favor of naming the discovery after him. However, despite the fact that Lowell is, in many ways, a nice name for a planet, it was decided to continue the mythological sequence and call the new planet Pluto. It is worth noting that this suggestion came not from an astronomer but from an English schoolgirl. Although schoolgirls are doubtless an improvement over astronomers and politicians when it comes to finding suitable names for cosmic novelties, we would like to see the matter placed in the hands of the men who, above all others, are fitted to put a name to things. We mean the poets. They could be paid for this work by the discovering governments, and from their free choices there should be no appeal save common usage and the slow growth of language. Science and humanity would be the better for the names, and the poets, God knows, could use the money.



Documentary Fantasist

HIROSHI TESHIGAHARA, the young Japanese director who won international acclaim with his most recent motion picture, "Woman in the Dunes," which is an allegory about a man and a woman living in an isolated sandpit, was in New York last week to make another movie, this one a documentary about José Torres, the prizefighter, and his preparations for his championship bout with Willie Pastrano. We arranged to be on hand in the lobby of the Hotel Americana on the morning of March 30th to watch Teshigahara film Torres on his way to the pre-fight weighing-in ceremonies at Madison Square Garden. (Torres proved to be an inspired choice for a movie hero; that night, as everybody knows, he gave the documentary a perfect happy ending by winning with a technical knockout in the ninth round and becoming the new light-heavyweight champion of the world.) We arrived at the Americana at ten-thirty, and found the Japanese film-maker and three assistants sitting on a red plush couch in front of the main bank of elevators, waiting for Torres to come down from his suite. Teshigahara, who has a crew cut that makes him look younger than his age—thirty-seven—answered our questions with the aid of his producer, Tetsu Aoyagi, who is bilingual, and who was also serving as interpreter between Teshigahara and his cameraman, Marvin E. Newman, and between Newman and the sound man, Junosuke Okuyama. We took a seat on the couch and asked Teshigahara whether his film would be about boxing in general or about José Torres in particular. He explained, obviously choosing his words with great care, that the film would be about Life Itself. He said that he considered boxing to be Life stripped down to its bare essentials, for everything is a buildup to a final Moment of Truth, in which the boxer either wins or loses all, and must do this before the eyes of the world, with no chance of cheating. In this sense, he said, the world of boxing bears the same relation to daily life that the sandpit does in "Woman in the Dunes." In an attempt to capture this world on film, Teshigahara had obtained permission to





"I never claimed to be God's gift to women."

follow Torres around with a camera and a tape recorder for six days before the fight. There was a pause, and Newman said that he was going to phone Torres' room to double-check the morning's schedule. While he was gone, Teshigahara told us that he had been introduced to Torres in 1959, on his first trip to New York, and had shot a short documentary on the boxer at that time, doing all the camerawork and sound-recording by himself. The film had never been released in the United States. "I think Torres *and* Teshigahara were not so well known then as now," Aoyagi remarked. He said that Teshigahara's first movie, which was made in 1953, was a documentary on the life and art of the nineteenth-century Japanese printmaker Katsushika Hokusai, and that since then, in addition to "Woman in the Dunes," he had made two documentaries on the dangers of nuclear warfare and a feature film, "The Pitfall," about labor troubles in the Japanese coal fields. "He called that picture a 'documentary fantasy,' because he wanted to show that these two concepts are not so opposed as people think," Aoyagi said. "He believes that you cannot make a good documentary without an element of fantasy. His father is a famous sculptor who is even better known in Japan as the founder of the Sogetsu school of flower arranging. Sogetsu includes what you might call modern abstract flower arranging. It makes use of all sorts of objects—broken pieces of wood, junk from a car wreck, and so on."

Newman came back with the news that Torres and his party would be leaving their suite in a few minutes. "They're afraid he'll catch cold on the way over to the Garden, because he doesn't have a scarf," Newman said. "Maybe Hiroshi can give him his as a good-luck token."

Aoyagi translated this for Teshigahara, and the director fingered his muffler and nodded approval of the idea. Then he stood up and began to walk around the lobby, peering at the elevator doors through cupped hands to determine the most promising camera angles.

A husky, curly-haired man in a rumpled trenchcoat emerged from one of the elevators and greeted Newman. This was Norman Mailer, who is a friend and admirer of Torres.

"How is he?" Newman asked.

"Joe is feeling fine," Mailer reported. "I think if I were a fighter, the hardest time of all would be the night before the fight, worrying about getting that good night's sleep. He'll be down in a minute."

Teshigahara returned to the couch, and we asked Aoyagi what the director's plans for the immediate future were.

"Well, we expect to have twelve thousand feet of film shot by the end of the fight tonight," he said. "Then we go to Hollywood for the Academy Award presentations, because 'Woman in the Dunes' is in the running for Best Foreign Language Film of 1964. After that, we return to Japan to edit the Torres footage."

Another elevator door opened, and out stepped José Torres and a number of trainers, advisers, friends, relatives, and hangers-on. Torres, a massive and handsome man with a light-tan complexion and a flattened nose, was wearing a dark-gray overcoat with a Chesterfield collar, a dark felt hat with a narrow brim, and no scarf. Newman and Teshigahara grabbed sixteen-millimetre Arriflex cameras and rushed into position—Newman to the front of the group, where he could keep his lens pointed at the fighter's face, and Teshigahara bringing up the rear. Okuyama walked to one side, with the strap of a Sony tape recorder slung over one shoulder and with the microphone held as close as possible to Torres' mouth. Aoyagi, his pockets bulging with additional rolls of film, tried to keep out of camera range. The procession moved across the lobby, through a double set of glass doors, and out onto the street, where the boxer and his party got into two waiting taxicabs. Newman knelt in the gutter in front of one cab, to take a final shot. "O.K., buddy?" the driver shouted, revving his engine. With some reluctance, Newman stepped aside, and the two cabs pulled away from the curb for the three-and-a-half-block trip to the Garden.

Teshigahara and his crew jumped into their own car and gave chase. We ourself walked, and arrived at the Garden's Fiftieth Street entrance just in time to see the camera crew catch up with Torres and his entourage as they came marching around the corner from Eighth Avenue. Teshigahara, who hadn't had a chance before, dashed up to Torres and handed him his scarf. Torres took it and knotted it around his neck. At the entrance, a small crowd of well-wishers shouted encouragement to Torres in English and Spanish. He acknowledged their homage with a smile and a wave of his hand, and then he moved on in, with a determined stride, toward his Moment of Truth. Teshigahara and his crew, looking equally determined, moved right along with him.

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THE motto of a Wilmington pharmacy haunts at least one customer: "Where Service Is Often Copied But Never Equalled."

Originals

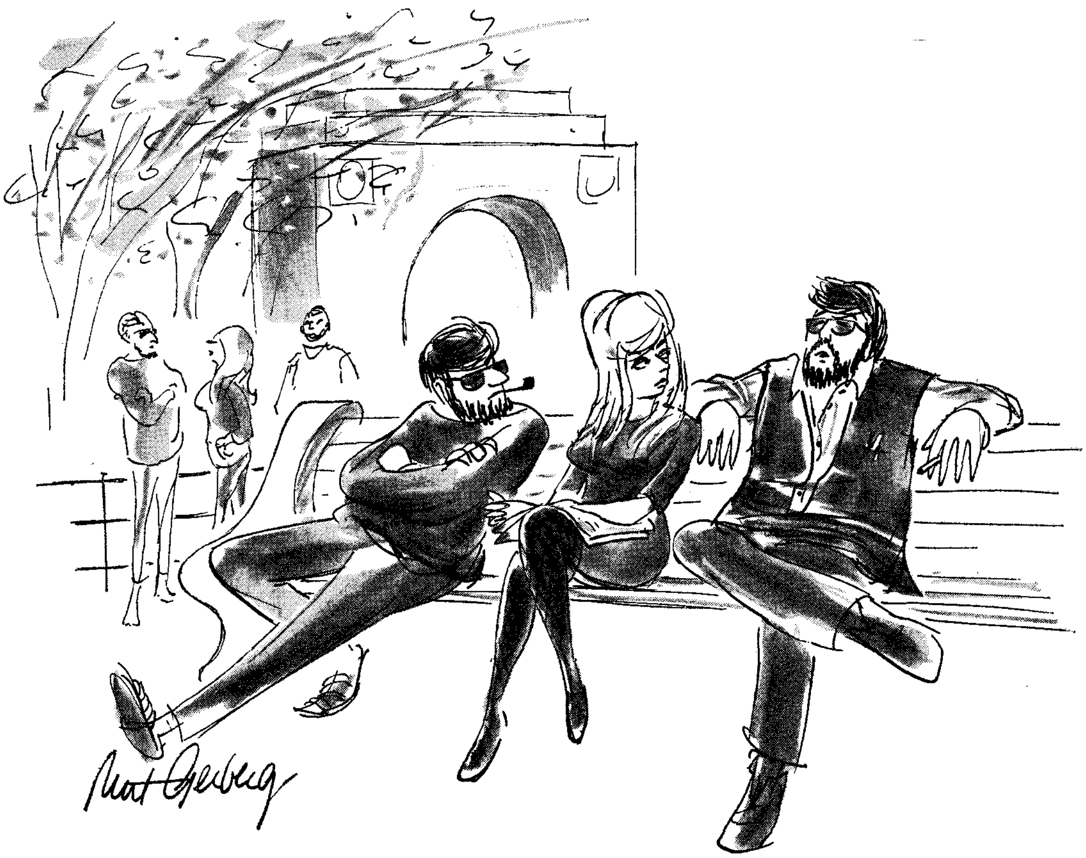
HAVING been alerted to the fact that a branch of Woolworth's was about to hold a sale of some five hundred paintings valued at half a million dollars—they included works by Renoir, Whistler, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec, and works attributed to such artists as Titian, Pieter Bruegel the younger, and Frans Hals—we telephoned a Woolworth spokesman, who told us that the big five-and-ten, which has been selling art reproductions for years, had indeed finally decided to offer the real thing. The art sale, he explained, would be held in the company's Menlo Park branch, near Metuchen, as an experiment in "bringing good art to the people," and might be repeated in other branches if it was deemed a success. He added that the idea came from Jack I. Hanson, Woolworth's art buyer, who had begun working on the project about six months ago and had brought it to completion with the aid of J. E. Stromenger, Jr., merchandise man of the New York regional office.

A few days later, we drove to the Menlo Park Shopping Center, which is on U.S. Route 1, a mile south of Exit 130 of the Garden State Parkway. The Woolworth's there is low-roofed and spacious, and in its windows were signs that read, "Announcing Woolworth's ART SHOW. A $500,000 collection of original oil paintings on sale. For your inspection, a group show of catalogued and accredited artists." Inside the store, we made our way past Electro Top Spinners, Crazy Clock Games, and bottles of U-Blow-It Soap Bubbles, and went down to the basement, where an improvised gallery had been allotted some twenty-five hundred square feet of floor space. Thirty or forty people, including several women with children, were browsing among the paintings, which appeared to be mostly landscapes or still-lifes, with a few nudes, Paris street scenes, and huge-eyed gamins thrown in for good measure. A quick survey disclosed no examples of Abstract Expressionism, no Pop, and no Op. Having passed a woman in a fur-collared coat who was saying, "Just look at the colors in this—oh, this one is more springtimey!," we reached a roped-off area, within which the works of the Old Masters stood on easels under the eye of a guard armed with a club.

The van Gogh turned out to be an untitled pastel landscape that bore one tag reading "$1,000" and another tag reading "Sold." Next to it was a large, dark oil attributed to Antonio Canaletto, titled "Nero's Palace on Lake Maggiore, Italy," and priced at sixty-five thousand dollars. Farther on were a small, untitled watercolor by Renoir, at nineteen hundred dollars and also tagged "Sold;" an oil in subdued browns and yellows by Toulouse-Lautrec, titled "The Trotters," at a hundred and twenty thousand dollars; a portrait attributed to Titian and believed to be of his daughter Lavinia, at eight thousand dollars; an oil titled "The Hunter," attributed to Frans Hals; two small watercolors by Whistler, at sixteen hundred and two thousand dollars; a watercolor landscape by Cézanne, at eighteen hundred dollars, which was tagged "Sold;" and a large, very dark oil attributed to Pieter Bruegel the younger and titled "Town Meeting," which, at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, topped the price list.

Beyond a couple of snowcapped mountains, a green-eyed cat, and three views of the Sacré-Cœur, we encountered the store's manager, Fred W. Wenzler, whom the Woolworth spokesman had described on the phone as a "nice, live, vibrant young manager." We found him looking nice, live, vibrant, young, and harried. "We've been averaging well over three thousand people a day," he said. "The women come in the daytime and bring their husbands back at night; we're open till nine-thirty. Last night, the place was so jammed that we had to put up a rope to keep people out. We've brought in three or four art experts to help the customers. I had imagined that some people might think it inconceivable—or, at any rate, presumptuous—for Woolworth's to be doing this, but we've had an amazingly generous reception. Several people have come in to tell us what a great service we are doing the community."

Mr. Wenzler explained that his branch had been chosen for the experiment partly because of its proximity to headquarters, in New York, and partly because it draws customers from a wide social and economic range. The most valuable paintings had been insured for three hundred and ten thousand dollars. "At first, I thought most sales would be around fifty dollars," he said. "Instead, they've been averaging closer to a hundred and fifty, and sales of a thousand dollars or more are not uncommon. A lot of attention has been paid to American painters like Neal A. Greene, Hal Singer, and Maggie Weston. We've had to bring in two hundred and fifty additional paintings since the show opened, and we're trying to round up even more. The Renoir, the Cézanne, and the van Gogh were all sold the first day,



"Well, it'll soon be time to start hating the World's Fair again."

to a lady from Maplewood. We prevailed on her to leave them here, but she calls me every morning and asks, ‘How are my babies?’ ”

From a loudspeaker came the words “Mr. Wenzler—telephone,” and Mr. W. excused himself. When he returned, he said, “I’ve been on the phone to headquarters all day. We had planned on a one-week sale, but the response has been so great that we’ve decided to extend it for another week. We’ve been flooded with inquiries. A London art dealer called, wanting to sell us paintings. A man phoned from Canada to ask about the Titian. A fellow came in here on the second day of the sale and wanted to see a Renoir. When I told him that our one Renoir had already been sold, he got really annoyed, and said, ‘What kind of store is this?’ You would have thought he was shopping for a can opener.”

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THE American Statistical Association, in coöperation with the United States Department of Labor, recently sponsored a conference on “The Dimensions of Poverty.” Included in the agenda was a luncheon. Cost of luncheon: nine dollars a head.

Resurgence

FOR the seventy-ninth consecutive spring, the circus has come to Madison Square Garden, and last week, on the eve of the opening, and two days after the Torres-Pastrano fight, we called on the man in charge, Henry Ringling North, vice-president of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey—the Greatest Show on Earth—and younger brother of John Ringling North, its president, who is in Europe. We saw Mr. North in his suite in the New York Hilton, and, to give us a hand in the interview, we took along an eleven-year-old assistant named Amy, who has been a circus buff for the past two years, and who was wearing, fortuitously, a new circus-red wool suit, along with short white socks, black patent-leather Mary Janes, and white gloves, and was carrying a wheat-colored straw purse—stuffed, we happened to know, with a long list of interview questions. Mr. North, a tall, elegant, distinction-gray-haired, Old World-style man of fifty-five, received us wearing a Paisley silk dressing gown and Peal slippers, and apologized for having a cold, which he said he had got while shopping in a discount house with his Italian-born wife, Gloria, for a toaster-oven, a percolator, and other appliances to go in their Hilton cook-if-you-want-to kitchen. “Gloria makes wonderful breakfasts and *mousse au chocolat*,” Mr. North informed us. “We bought a toaster-oven when we were here last spring, but we sent it to Italy—to Rome, where we live. I’ve had an apartment there, on the Via Gramsci, since 1951. My big brother John keeps an apartment in Zurich. Strangely, neither of us has ever had a home of his own in this country. We lived with our mother in Sarasota until she died, in 1950. We used to pile in with her, along with our wives—everybody. Most of the circus acts come from Europe, and now it’s once more possible to get acts from behind the Iron Curtain. Brother John is busy rounding acts up all over Europe for next year’s circus while I take the show on tour here. The trouble with the circus is that I’ve been able to spend only three days in Rome in the past year and a half, and hardly more than that at Northbrook, our farm in County Galway, Ireland, where our grandfather, Samuel Wade North, was born. Brother John has no children. I have a son, John Ringling North II, who will be twenty-five on July 29th, and a grandson, John Ringling North III, who is two and a half. They’re both at Northbrook, minding the farm, as it were—we hope to turn it into one of those model farms—but my son can’t wait to get to work with the circus, his real love.”

Amy opened her purse and took out her list of questions. “When you were a little boy, what did you want to be?” she asked Mr. North.

“Darling, I *always* wanted to be with the circus,” Mr. North said. “I was born with the circus. I had seven uncles with the circus; five of them were the original Ringling brothers. I had sawdust in my shoes before I started to walk.”

“But what did you want to *be*, in the circus?” Amy asked.

“Just the boss,” Mr. North said. “My big brother and I always knew that someday we’d both be running the circus, just as my son knows that he’ll be continuing the circus. When I was still in school, I used to spend my summers working for the circus, and I went to work for it full-time in 1933, as soon as I graduated from Yale. We have no intention of giving it up. My oldest friend is Pat Valdo, general director of the circus, who is now in his eighties. He’s been with the circus since 1902. He always says, ‘As long as there’s a child and a horse, there will always be a circus.’ The circus is still unique. It’s alive. And the public still seems to want the circus. As a matter of fact, there’s been a resurgence of interest in the circus. For a time, in the early fifties, when television made its first impact, it seemed that children might be more interested in television than in an annual visit to the circus.”

“Oh, *no!*” Amy said, apparently forgetting her role as a detached reporter.

“You’re so right, darling,” Mr. North said to Amy. “Now the enthusiasm we get from the kiddies is like the good old days. Television lost that first, compelling glamour. Furthermore, television actually helps promote the circus, with all those circus acts on television working as teasers to see the real thing. You can’t catch the circus on a twenty-three-inch screen.”

“I love the lion act. It’s scary but good,” Amy said.

“I love the bareback riders and the flying acts,” Mr. North said. He fixed a cigarette in a long holder and lit up.

“My little sister Ellen loves the clowns,” Amy said, talking fast.

“I love all the beauty and the great skill,” Mr. North said. “I love the giraffes, even though they kick. I love the way elephants smell. I’ve smelled it all my life. We used to carry a menagerie on tour, but now every town we play in has its own zoo. However, we still carry the animals used in the show—camels, zebras, llamas, twenty elephants, nine tremendous tigers, lions, chimps, monkeys, bears, and three hundred dogs.”

“Are any of them your own personal pets?” Amy asked.

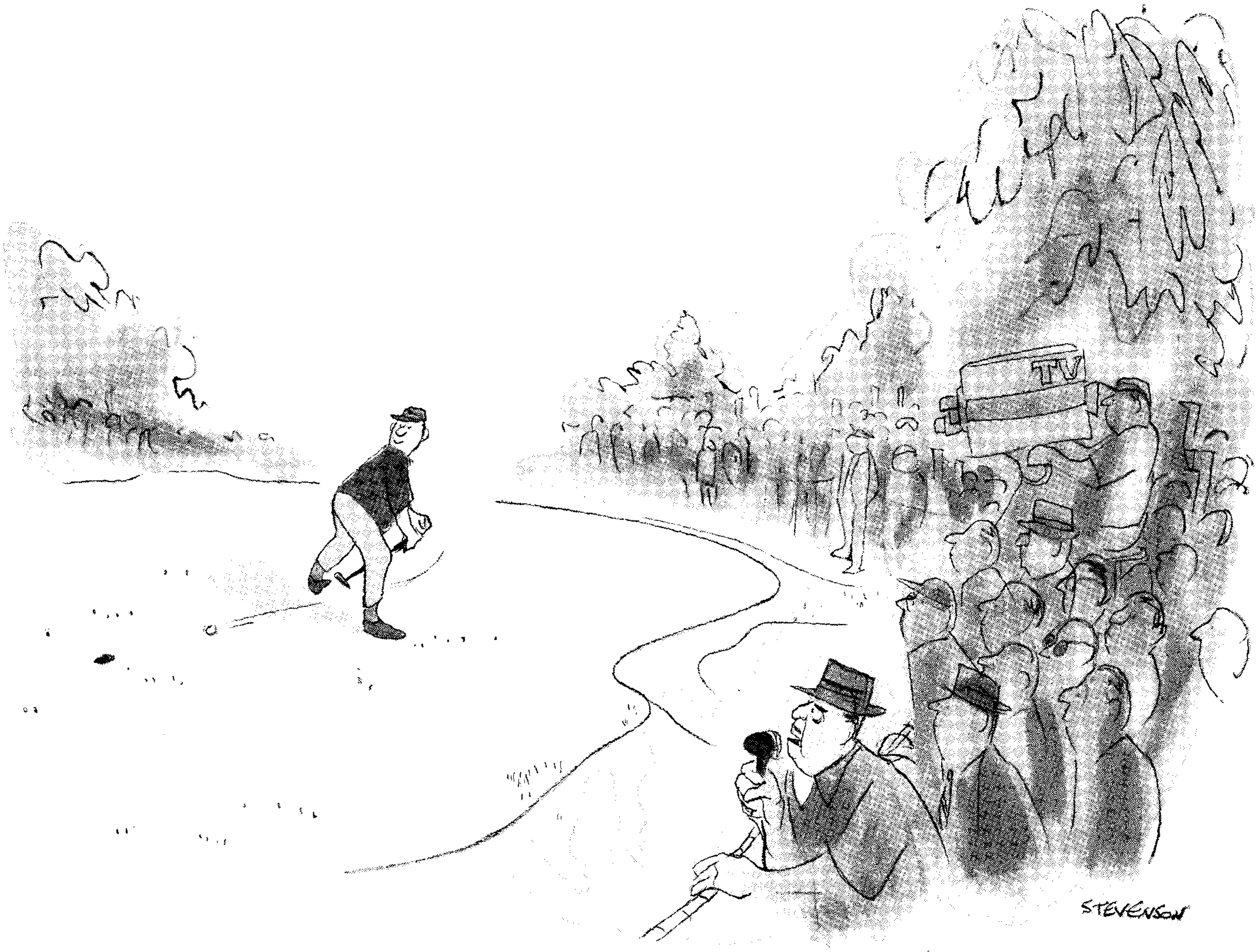
“Bimbo, the chimp, likes to light my cigarettes for me,” Mr. North said. “And Mme. Toto, the lady gorilla, who used to be married to Gargantua I—we now have Gargantua II—is very fond of me.”

We asked Mr. North to give us some idea of business conditions.

He said that during that bad period about ten years ago he and his brother had thought they might not be able to keep the circus going. “And it seemed like the end of the world,” he went on. “But last year we had a good season—well in the black. This season, we’ve been nicely ahead of last year. Our two weeks in Washington, D.C., broke all previous records.”

“Why does the circus have three rings?” Amy asked, consulting her notes.

“Because that’s the way people in



"Rarely, if ever, has any contender in the Masters shown such cool confidence, such assurance, such . . ."

this country want it," Mr. North said. "Brother John took the three-ring circus to Europe, but they didn't go for it. They're not used to it. But if we tried to have one ring here, the way they do, everybody would say, 'What happened to the Greatest Show on Earth?' "

We asked Mr. North how the circus *had* changed from the old days.

"It isn't the tricky thing it used to be," Mr. North said. "We now play in big, air-conditioned auditoriums. We've had to give up that glamorous old impossible routine with all the different tops—setting up the tops in a town, playing two performances, then moving and setting everything up for the next day in another town. On a fine day, it was a wonderful sight. All the tents, Amy, darling, were called tops in those days, except the dining tent, which was called the cookhouse. We had a menagerie top, a horse top, a baggage top, a ring top, a sideshow top, a candy top, a blacksmith top, a wardrobe top, a band top, a Wild West top, and a bull top, for the elephants."

"Did you have doctors travelling with you?" Amy asked.

"Of course—the doctors' top," Mr. North said.

"Doctors for the people?" Amy asked.

"For the animals," Mr. North said. "You could always get the other kind in the towns."

"Did they sell that cotton candy in the candy top?" we asked.

"The concessionaires used to make it for you right in front of your eyes in the candy top," Mr. North said. "Now they do hundreds in advance, and wrap it up in plastic."

"Do *you* eat it?" we asked.

"I should say not," Mr. North said. "I have always had a dreadful fear of sitting down in it."

"They made it right in front of your *eyes*?" Amy asked.

Mr. North took his cigarette holder out of his mouth. "But, Amy, darling, it's all so much more comfortable now," he said. "And, besides, darling, you can't miss what you didn't know."

"Would you say the circus has excitement on a par with the James Bond movies?" we asked Mr. North. "Amy's favorite television program is 'The Man from U.N.C.L.E.,' and she and all the children she knows are crazy about 'Goldfinger.' Can the circus compete with all that?"

"I love 'The Man from U.N.C.L.E.,' " Mr. North said. "I can never follow what's going on."

"I love 'The Man from U.N.C.L.E.,' but not as much as the circus," Amy said.

"If you had to choose between seeing 'Goldfinger' and seeing the circus, which would you choose?" we asked Amy.

"The circus," Amy said.

"Why, God bless you!" said Mr. North.

Neighborly Monolith

THE other day, we spotted this note pasted on a corner of a revolving door at the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance to the Pan Am Building:

MANNY:

If you get home before I do, will you put the meat loaf in the oven? I have to pick up some things at the delicatessen.

LEONA

A FLORAL TRIBUTE

FOR the first time in his life Graham had taken a sleeping pill, which had stunned him for some hours and then dragged him clear away. When he awoke into the dazzling morning, he found that Priscilla had gone from the bed beside him. He heard the two women talking in his mother's room across the landing, and the telephone being picked up.

"No, I'll do it, Ma."

"I'm quite all right, Cilla. Please let me. Bardfield three two. You must let me do things for myself, Cilla."

"Of course, Ma."

It was curious how much their voices had altered since his father's departure for the nursing home three days ago. Before this, Priscilla and his mother had never been easy together; their conversation had been limited to such subjects as babies and clothes and central heating, and even with these they skirted large areas of disagreement, for Graham's sake. Now, in their complicity, they held nothing back; they caressed each other with sentences.

"Wintle's Florists? Mr. Wintle, please. It's Mrs. Corbett."

While Graham cleaned his teeth, he could not hear what his mother was saying. He spat and rinsed his mouth out.

"Oh, the *Telegraph*. We don't take it, but my son must have put the announcement there as well." Now her voice changed its tone and rang with emotion. "Yes, he was a wonderful man, Mr. Wintle. Yes. That was what I was telephoning about. Oh, no, not a wreath. He would have hated anything so . . ."

Graham brushed his hair and put on a dressing gown. When he went across the landing, his mother was still talking.

"We asked for no flowers, only donations to the— Yes, I knew you'd understand. Something really simple, a spray, to go on top of the— Well, what is there? Delphiniums, larkspurs, and— That sounds nice. Something simple. Thank you, Mr. Wintle. And thank Mrs. Wintle, too, will you?"

Priscilla was sitting on the bed beside his mother.

"We've been having such a talk about things," his mother said.

How strange they both looked, shiny-eyed and important. Neither of them, to Graham's knowledge, had wept after the telephone call from the nursing home yesterday evening. He had watched them assume their roles, once it had become clear that his father was to die. Ma was going to be wonderful, and Priscilla was going to be perfectly sweet to her. Evidently there was some glandular secretion that adjusted his women for the encounter with death; in grief they flowered a little, as though they were pregnant. Graham was pleased with them and loved them for this, even though he had felt himself to be excluded. His job was to face facts, and he had none. His mind was in an improper mess. He should know whether his mother had yet wept. He felt guilty about his long, stunned sleep that had allowed him to dodge his own responsibilities to feeling, and now he was watching Priscilla in her nightdress and wondering how soon after the funeral he could make love to her.

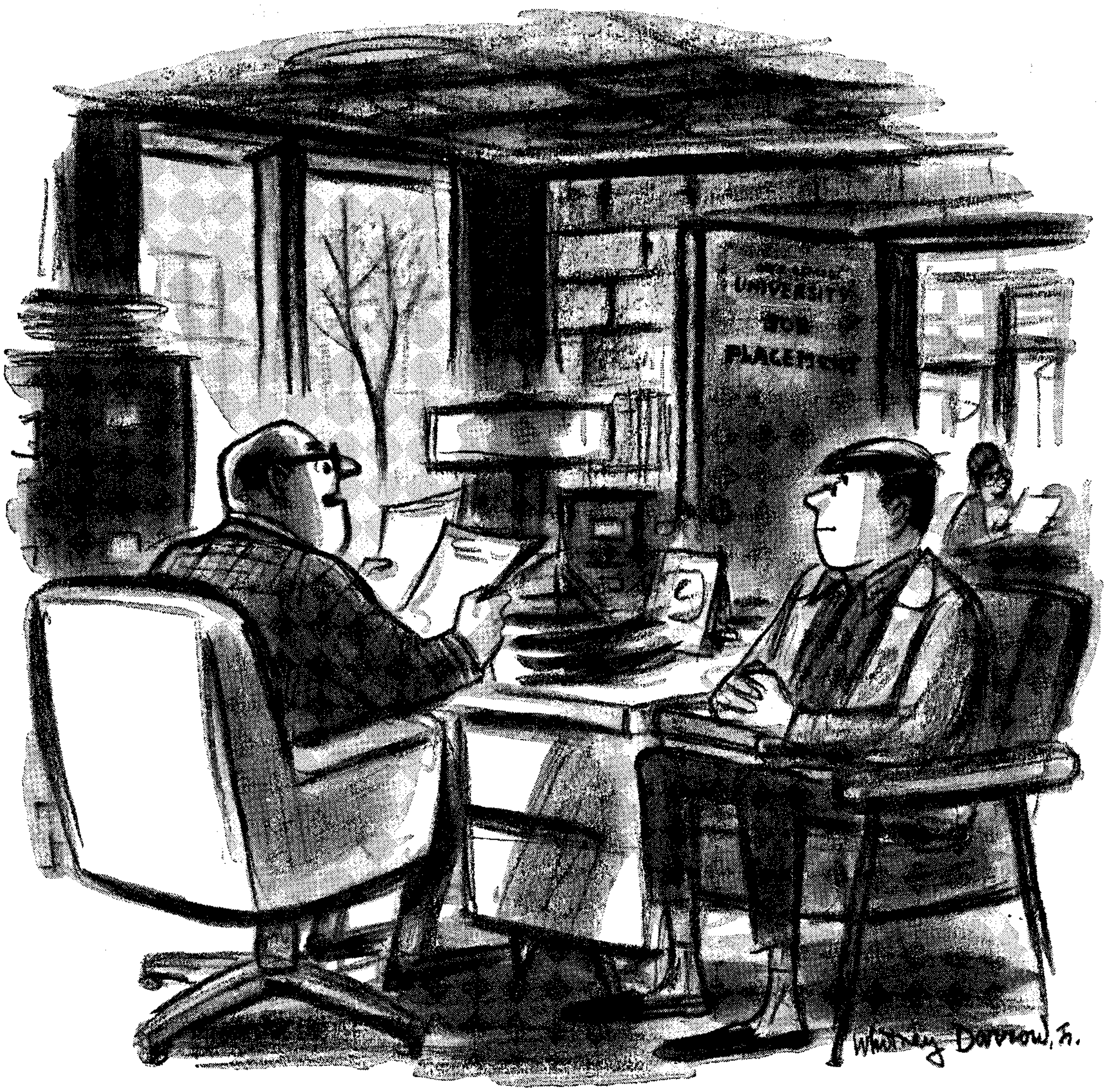
"Ma has decided she prefers not to go to the nursing home this morning," Priscilla announced.

"I want to remember him just as he was," his mother said.

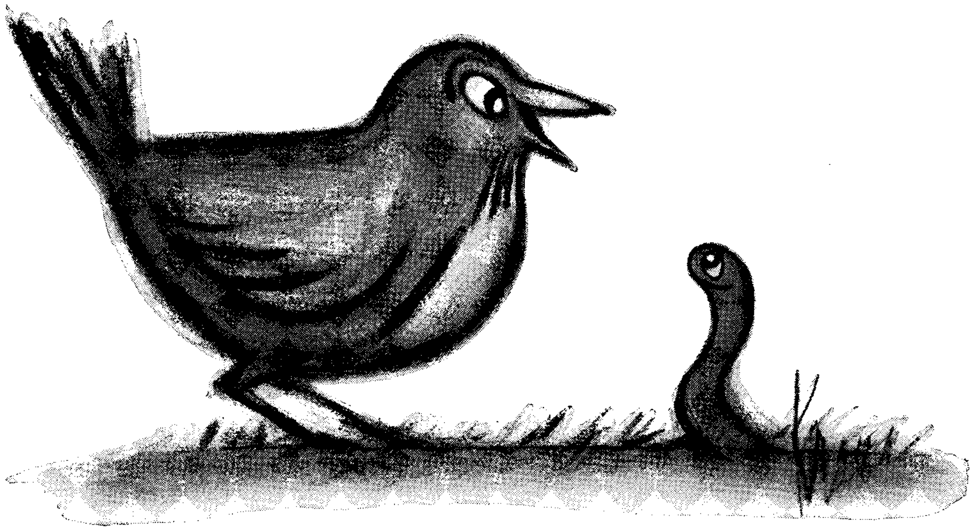
These phrases sounded like quotations from somewhere else—perhaps from some traditional drama. Graham knew he had a role in it, but it seemed he had never learned the words.

"I'll go," he suggested. "I want to go."

This was right and was accepted. But what would they be up to in his absence? In the traditional drama, there would be ritual



"Now, this job will start you at six hundred a month—which, incidentally, happens to be thirty dollars more than I make."



"It's a small world, isn't it? I'm the first robin and you're my first worm."

• •

actions to be followed by the women-folk—the washing and laying out of the body, the drawing of blinds and burning of wild herbs, the ceremonial wailings, and the choice of mourning clothes. Graham wanted to discover what remained of the ritual now that people died alone under hygienic conditions.

"I'll hand in his card at the National Insurance office. There's twenty-five pounds to collect," he said.

This had the power to shock. Priscilla frowned at him, and Mrs. Corbett said, "Oh dear, it seems so—"

"He contributed, didn't he?"

His mother looked miserable. Priscilla, taking charge, made signs for him to leave them. While he dressed, Graham knew that he had spoken too roughly, but he had to make his own facts; born too late for the war, he had reached the age of thirty-four knowing nothing of death.

Before he left, Priscilla came downstairs and kissed him.

"What've you been talking about all this time?" he said.

"Absolutely everything. She's never been like this with me before. She told me all about how she married your father. Apparently, she held out until he left Birmingham and got a partnership near London."

"She always pretended to have a strong influence on him, but I don't think she ever did." Then, seeing Priscilla might be disappointed if these new confidences appeared insignificant, he went on, "He was terribly detached, wasn't he? Sometimes he hardly seemed to be here."

"He was perfectly sweet. You know the children and I adored him."

Perhaps somebody is going to weep now, Graham thought, and he examined her closely. He wondered if the children, at home in Blackheath, were crying. Natalie was eleven and Adrian nine—too young, their parents had decided, really to understand.

Priscilla said, "Gosh, there's his hat still hanging there. I must hide it before she comes down."

PUSHING open the garage doors, Graham still felt ignorant and unprepared for what lay ahead of him. He was reduced to ransacking his memory for a real corpse, and could only find a motorcyclist face down in a ditch after an accident on the Italian Riviera. They would have been sorry for the poor man, Priscilla and Graham decided, driving past, if only they had known what he had looked like alive. They were on their honeymoon—a terrific success—and their confidence was overwhelming. Ten minutes later, they were giggling.

Today he had no confidence at all, and he knew his father would not have blamed him for running out on this particular responsibility. Mr. Corbett had possessed no beliefs, and what he had joked about as "the disposal problem" was to be resolved as undenominationally as possible. As a solicitor, he had known that death gave a lot of trouble, and the instructions in his will had been designed for nothing more than the avoidance of difficulties. Graham's mother was equally undenominational. When questioned, she would mumble something about living on in beautiful memories and gardens. Her gospels were seed catalogues, with their promises of a blossoming future, and the songs of birds. Plenty of birds were around the garage this morning, but their utterances were functional and unmusical, and could not have given his mother much comfort. In any case, she was again talking to Priscilla upstairs.

While he drove through the gleaming countryside, Graham went on bruising his thoughts together. Perhaps death was a mystery, but he could not keep his mind on it. He remembered that he had to write a letter to Natalie's headmistress complaining about her music lessons. Or was he supposed to think that didn't matter now?

In the hallway of the nursing home, he struggled through his little talk with Matron. He was conscious only of a white floating cap and an oddly monolithic bosom, while her voice, refined and musical as the dinner gong on a cruise ship, went chiming on: "Rudge's are our usual firm. I expect you'd like to see them this afternoon, and so I'll be phoning them straightaway. You'll go up for a moment, then?"

Graham nodded, silent.

"He's looking so nice—Nurse and I both agreed."

The windows of the nursing home were shadowed by a mass of leaves. In this place, Graham's tonsils had been removed one December when he was nine years old, and he could remember the winter branches cutting the sky into shapes that were the heads of wolves and storks. In the afternoons, his father would arrive from his office in town to spend half an hour or so in the creaking armchair, while the boy lay in bed hot with embarrassment. There had never been anything to say.

Now he stood in the room, which was green from the tree light outside. Under a sheet, the deliberate shape of the body was an accusation to him: this is what it is like to be dead. He went over to the bed and drew back the sheet. His mind was razed clean. There was no gesture he had been given to make, no approach. He could not kneel. He said to the waxen caricature, "Goodbye," and to himself, "I don't understand." But already he felt there was nothing to understand. He replaced the sheet.

Outside, in the car, Graham lit a cigarette. His buzzing memories had cleared off. Instead, there was an infinite feeling of weight. His fingers were heavy, the steering wheel was rock, the torn cigarette carton on the seat beside him was carved marble. He tried out a sentence to tell Priscilla, "The dead are—" but found he could only end it with the word "dead." There was no other qualification. He had been in the presence not of a mystery but of an unarguable fact. The sheer weight of the fact was so appalling that for the moment he was thankful that neither his mother nor Priscilla was here to learn it.

Shoes creaked on the gravel, and in the corner of his eye white wings were floating. He had forgotten all about Matron. Now he turned his head unwillingly toward her. He didn't want her there at all, for it seemed to him she must be expecting congratulations on the nursing home's completed product, the monstrous effigy that lay upstairs.

"I just caught you," she said, smiling. "Mr. Rudge will be with you at half past three."

She never asked me whether it would be convenient, he thought as he drove off, but then he remembered that there was, after all, nothing important to do.

AT the National Insurance office, Graham received from a clerk with leather-patched sleeves a check for twenty-five pounds, which could be cashed, he was told, at any post office.

He got home to find chops grilling. The women's voices seemed shriller, but their light movements still belonged to a predetermined rhythm of exaltation. Priscilla came out of the kitchen and kissed him. "She's being simply marvellous. I do admire her, really."

"I need a drink."

"I think there's some beer."

"I'm going to have a very dark-brown whiskey."

Priscilla was watching him intently, and he longed for her to question him about this morning. Instead she spoke of the children.

"I telephoned home, and Gabriella said they were being *molto gentili.* Natalie even insisted on going to school just as usual. Wonders will never cease."

Graham sat down in an armchair with his whiskey. Priscilla picked up an ashtray she had seen a hundred times before, stared at it, and put it down again. "Give us a sip, will you?" she said. "Darling, it's rather awful, I didn't want to tell you this, but . . ."

"Yes?"

"It's about Gabriella. I suppose she meant to be helpful, but—well, she asked me where the children's *mourning clothes* were."

"Oh." He stretched out his legs, relaxed. "Probably they all have them where she comes from."

"Well, this isn't Italy. She ought to respect our customs. After all, she's here to learn about English life."

THE MATIN PANDEMONIUMS

Begin before birth with swept-back fins.
Among animals and birds there are no echoes;
They live in an exorbitancy of orchestration.
It is the greatness of nature rides up the air
With such rich morning calls. The fleet shepherd
Lives in love of action; the goat has delicate steps;
The swan is the lord of all he surveys.
He surveys golden pheasant, accomplished tortoise.

One sees from the porch of the imagination
Fabulous oncome and arising of the world,
The get of jets, choiring high and rangy.
What is this talk of separation and anguish,
Where is there deeper secret revelation than among
The early morning pandemoniums of the birds?

—Richard Eberhart

• •

"What did you tell her?"

"A whole lot. But I don't know how much got through. Her English is pretty putrid on the telephone. I said would she please discuss the subject as little as possible with the children. I said I knew Natalie'd be sensible, but Adrian's quite imaginative enough as it is."

"They'll want to know all about it, surely."

"Of course. I said, 'Gabriella, we'll explain all about it to them when we get back.' That was right, wasn't it? Actually, I thought we'd tell them that Grandpa Corbett has gone away somewhere where he's going to be very happy, and they won't see him again."

"But he hasn't gone anywhere," Graham objected. "He's dead."

She glanced suddenly from the glass of whiskey to his face.

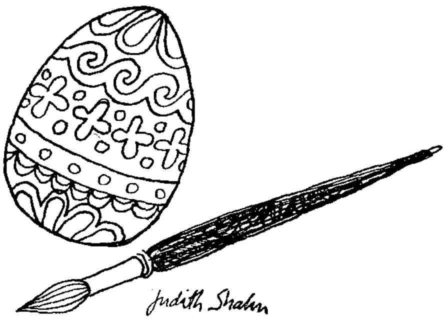
"Very dead indeed and looking awful. You mustn't tell them lies."

"Darling, please don't let me down."

"Why don't you tell them he's gone to Mme. Tussaud's? That's what he reminded me of. The children will understand, because Gabriella took them to Mme. Tussaud's, didn't she?"

"You're getting morbid." When he emptied his glass, she took it from him firmly. "I'll go and see to the chops."

"He certainly isn't happy," he went on stubbornly. "He isn't anything but dead."


Judith Shahn

"What was that, Graham?" his mother called from the stair landing.

"Nothing, Ma," Priscilla said.

To him, in fact, it was everything. But once his mother had appeared downstairs, the chance to explain was gone. Up to now, he had been trying to protect his women, but he began to understand that they were naturally successful at protecting themselves.

HE grew surer of this in the afternoon, when young Mr. Rudge, with black coat, striped trousers, and a socially oppressed manner, came and dangled his professional suggestions in the air like bait. Mrs. Corbett, with Priscilla beside her on the arm of her chair, had to be enticed into confronting them.

"Lined or unlined? Oak is usually preferred."

"We hadn't really thought—"

"And the handles?"

"Whatever is usual. Something really simple."

While Mr. Rudge made notes, the women squeezed hands and gave each other encouraging smiles.

"And about the wreaths and floral tributes—where are they being sent?"

"We asked for *no* wreaths," Priscilla said quickly. "Just a spray."

"A spray on the . . ." Mrs. Corbett began and gave up.

Mr. Rudge retrieved the word. "On the coffin," he said. "That's always nice."

Mrs. Corbett and Priscilla exchanged another glance, and Graham suddenly thought, We ought to have six horses and plumes, hired carriages and mourners, paid Masses for the dead, and Ma and Priscilla helped along, half fainting, drenched in a cloudburst of black

"*Emily! For the love of God!*"

• •

veiling. We ought to shout that my father actually existed, instead of hustling him out of mind with this inexpensive unpretentiousness. But he was far from shouting. The women had taken over, and everything was as it should be.

"And the ashes? To be returned in one of our special caskets?"

"Oh, no." This was far too much for his mother.

"Interred is nice. With an inscribed plaque, set into the grounds of the crematorium."

"We hadn't thought of anything so—"

"Scattered, then?"

"Scattered?"

"In the Garden of Rest. It's such a lovely spot—all birch trees and daffodils."

"I like the thought of the daffodils," Mrs. Corbett said.

"The daffodils are over, anyway." It was the first time Graham had spoken, and they all turned to him, as though he could lead them to decision.

"Which shall it be?" Mr. Rudge's pencil was almost showing impatience.

"Which is usual?" Mrs. Corbett asked.

"Some families like it one way and some the other."

"It's so difficult to decide," Mrs. Corbett moaned.

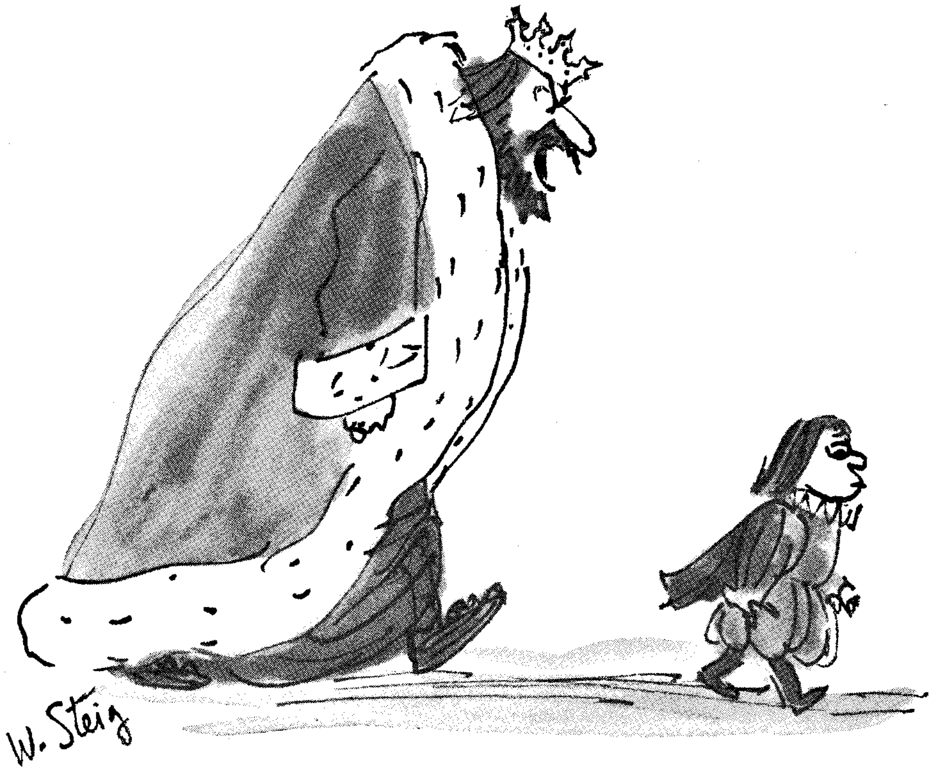
"Scattered," Priscilla said.

We could have tossed for it, Graham thought.

Mr. Rudge recorded the decision and snapped his notebook shut. "Scattered is nice," he said. "Many families favor that these days."

When he left, Mrs. Corbett gasped, "What a nice man!"

Priscilla was making tea, and Graham walked out through the kitchen without looking at her. In heavy sunlight, the garden was full of bees and hovering insects. He made his way toward the sheds. "The broken sheds looked sad and strange" was one of his favorite lines of verse, and among the apparatus and smells of gardening—carborundum and tarred string, yellowed newspapers and boxes of withered corms—he could mourn his father without tears, without words, without



"Who's a tyrant?"

• •

grief even, by remembering the arrogant wax mask in the nursing home, the nostrils plugged with cotton wool, the feet jutting at an unreal angle. He muttered his next thought, as though he was practicing a speech to somebody: "We have lived too long with our genteel procrastinations." His father must always have known the truth; like a parent who is accompanying schoolchildren to the cinema, he had watched a second-rate performance, which he *had no intention or expectation* of enjoying.

Graham smashed a flowerpot and said aloud, "Father"—though in life, according to the custom of their class, he had been "Daddy"—"I know what it is like." But he was too late. His father communicated more this morning by the fact of lying there dead than he had done in all the later years of his life.

THAT night, Graham swallowed another of Priscilla's sleeping pills, but this time he dreamed. He dreamed of endless conversations that led nowhere and hurried explanations that were given far too late, like instructions shouted to someone who is driving off in his car. Occasionally he groaned and woke Priscilla, but then slept on with his mouth open. When the doorbell rang in the early morning, he was still heavily asleep.

"Graham!"

He made an odd noise. Before he could speak, he had to reclaim those parched areas in his mouth that had dried out during the night.

"Come down, please."

"Why?"

"Come quickly."

In a dressing gown, he joined her at the open front door. "It must be a mistake," she was muttering. "I'm certain it's a mistake."

A deliveryman stood in the drive, concealed by one of the largest wreaths Graham had ever seen. Into a vast wheel of cypress, interwoven with gold and silver tinsel and maidenhair, were wired a dozen cabbage roses, rubbery and half deflated, like balloons on the morning after a party. The wheel was backed with palm fronds, and across its diameter was strung a banner with "In Loving Memory" on it in gilt Gothic script.

"There's an envelope attached, Madam."

"Very well."

Priscilla, signing the receipt, appeared to be furiously insulted about something. Since there was no perceptible evidence of grief in this household, the deliveryman drove off whistling.

For a second only, Graham experienced the odd feeling that he himself had ordered, during his garrulous dreams, this most extravagant of floral tributes, to fill a gap in the ceremonies attendant on his father's death. He opened the envelope; Priscilla and he read the card together.

"Oh, *no!*" she breathed. "How dreadful!"

Graham's eyes smarted with unshed tears.

She gave him a fierce look. "Whatever happens, we mustn't let Ma know."

"What do you propose to do with it?" Graham asked. Propped on the ground against his hand, the wreath looked the least disposable of objects. Stiff and creaking on its wire framework, it glittered in the early light.

"Get rid of it. Out in the shed. I'll take some of the best roses and put them in a bowl."

In the shed, he looked at the card again. "Poor little things!" he said. "I wonder how they afforded it? It must have cost the earth. Do you think it was Gabriella's money?"

"No fear. She sends every penny back home. It's their birthday money. They'd been saving for an aquarium."

Priscilla's nails disentangled the roses from their wiring and pulled the cypress foliage away from the frame. "We must hurry. Ma is bound to have heard the doorbell." He watched her kneeling there working away furiously; in a short time, she was surrounded by wreckage. She crushed the frame to her until it was no longer a circle but a half moon. At length she stopped, exhausted, and her head sank down. He put his arms round her. She was trembling. Her breath sobbed as though she was nearing the end of a race. "I'll kill Gabriella!" she cried. "How dare she? How dare she?"

He held her more tightly, resting his chin on the top of her head. From the door of the shed, he could see almost the entire garden. The herbaceous borders were coming into bloom; that would mean a lot to his mother. In his arms, Priscilla buried her face against him and went on crying and crying.

—FRANK TUOHY

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ALTON, ILL.—Clyde Wiseman, a candidate for mayor, was a very unusual politician today. He was keeping his mouth shut.

Wiseman, news director of a local radio station (WOKZ), broke his jaw while doing a household chore last week. His doctors wired the jaw shut and said he would have to remain silent for at least three weeks.

Wiseman is continuing to write campaign speeches and having a friend deliver them.

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—*Boston Traveler.*

Quiet, Wiseman!

JOHNNIE BREWER

IT was nine years since Johnnie Brewer last saw his grandmother and his Great-Aunt Miranda. Then he was a boy, and a visitor from Australia. Now he was a young man—and a returning exile. They had remained two old ladies, two typical old English ladies, living in a country house whose lawn had daisies on it. The lawn he looked down on from the guest-room window was smaller than he remembered; but he was larger, which accounted for this. There was the lawn roller, just where it used to be, its handle sunk in the laurel bush. Probably the same toad lived behind it. Toads live to a great age. Spring after spring they amble out into the same patch of sunlight and snap at this year's flies on the same warm wall. Year after year—while he in the antipodes had been substantiating his nostalgia for a country he had barely seen, and poring over maps and guidebooks and poetry and manuals on British birds and British wild flowers, and plastering his bedroom walls with photographs from National Trust calendars—the two old dames below had been leading their rich English lives, going out to pick the first snowdrops, watching their pears ripen, seeing the first swallows arrive and the last swallows depart.

He bounded downstairs for tea and burst in on them as they sat with a wood fire burning and yet the window open on the April garden, and the smooth fresh faces of old family portraits looking over their heads, and the silver teapot and the green-and-white tea set on the damask cloth. The thought of their accumulated good fortune overwhelmed him, and he exclaimed, "Oh, you lucky old darlings, you've been here all the time!"

"Dear Johnnie! I hope you won't see many changes," said his great-aunt.

His grandmother said, "At any rate, it's the same chocolate cake. We've still got old Woodie, you know."

"I know you have. I've been hugging her in the kitchen, behind your backs."

Their light English laughter was like something out of a musical-box.

"You mustn't make us jealous," said his grandmother. "I hope you had a pleasant drive here."

"It was a wonderful drive. I lost my way."

"Oh dear!"

"And I got into the most amazing valley, with pear trees in bloom all the way along it. Very narrow, very winding, with steep sides—and pear trees everywhere. Would they be wild, do you think? Or old orchards? And a stream with an old humped stone bridge. And a ruin."

"Goodness! I wonder where this was."

"He must have got into the old Monmouth road."

"I don't remember any ruins there. More likely the road to Pentrice. We used to go that way to the Watsons'."

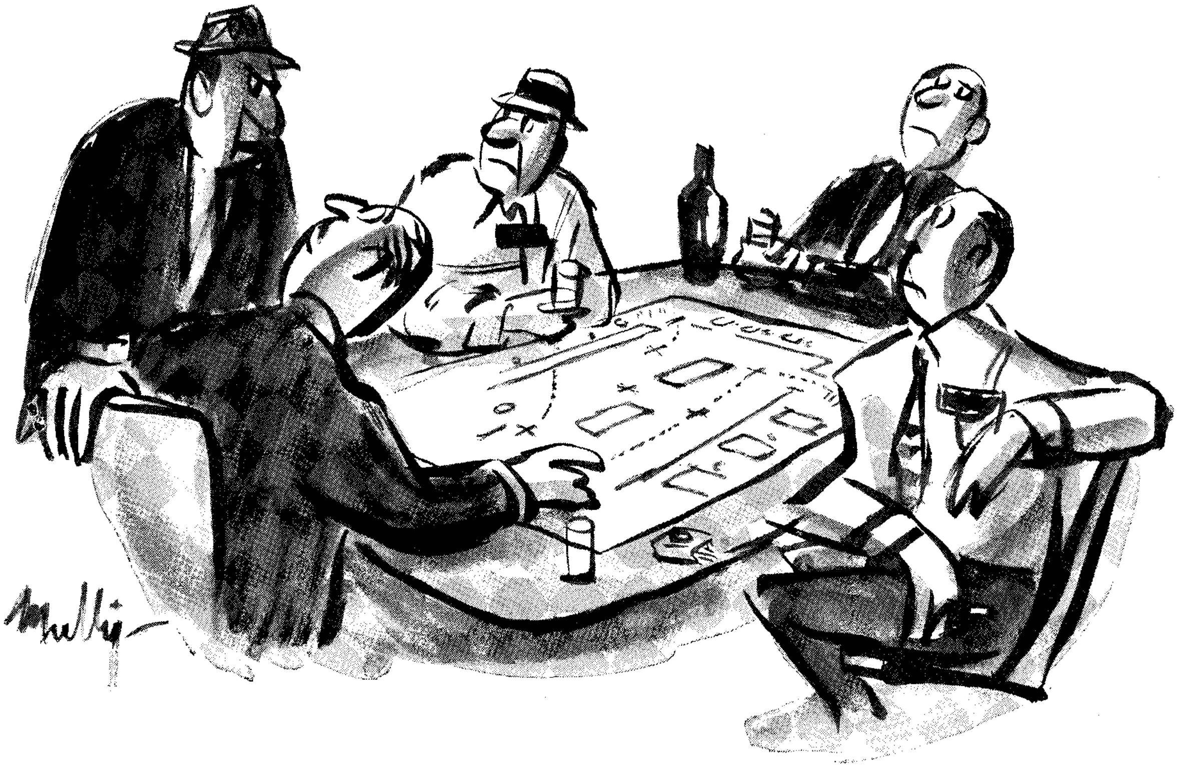
"We never went over a bridge."

They argued with animation, and he sat remembering the green-and-white hillsides he would remember all his life, the stream rattling over the stones, the birds singing. He had halted the car, and got out, and drunk the cold stream water from his cupped hands, saying to himself, "Now it will always fetch me back." And the chill, the delicate pure chill of the watery valley had made him quiver with ecstasy.

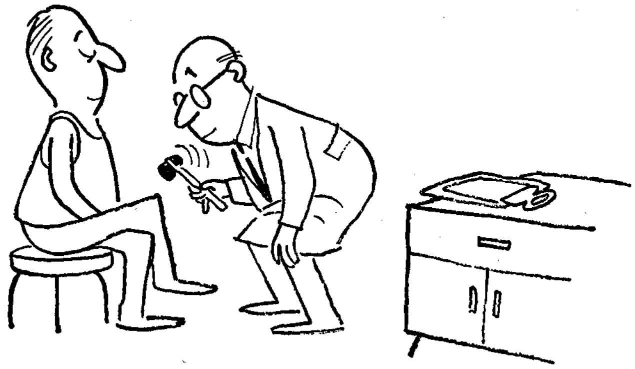
The car was a hired one. His father had said, "Now, mind. The legacy's your own; you can do what you like with it. But two things you are not to do. You are not to buy any English investments, and you are not to buy a car." He could not prohibit marrying an English wife, since he had done so himself.

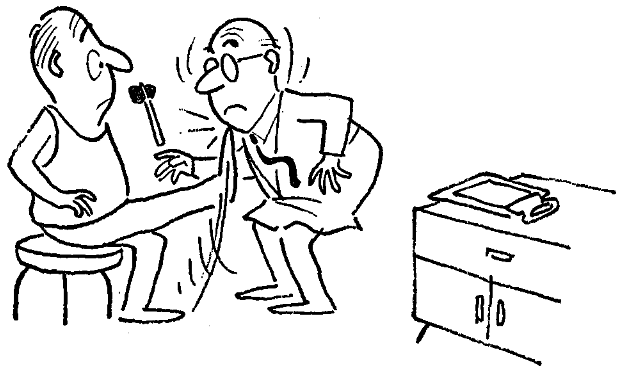
Johnnie worked his passage as a deck steward, made a good haul of tips, and arrived at Tilbury Docks when April was there. Climbing onto a bus, he went to Greenwich, where he saw Greenwich Hospital, and Greenwich Observatory, and sat in Greenwich Park looking at the curve of the river. Then, as it was still early in the day, he went on to St. Paul's.

By the end of a week, Johnnie was a Londoner. By the end of the following week, he was so much a Londoner that he felt he must spend a weekend in the country. He hired a car and drove into Oxfordshire. There, in a mild rain, he sat on a grass bank and looked at primroses. He also ate bread and cheese at an inn with a faded Charles I on its swinging sign (where a commercial traveller came in, saying he had heard the first cuckoo) and attended evensong—with more primroses—in a village church. England had forty-one counties. He would visit them all. Having done this, he would be in a better position to decide where he would ultimately live. England also contained castles, cathedrals, an unknown number of the oldest yew trees in England, Devil's Dykes, Devil's Cheese Rings,



"I got news for you guys. We own that bank."





Stonehenge, and his grandmother. In his pocket was a letter from his mother saying, "Whatever else you do, don't forget to go and see Grannie. But ask her beforehand. Her address, in case you've forgotten it . . ." He hadn't forgotten it. Bodkins, Dishpole St. Mary's, Herefordshire. That earlier visit had been in August. It rained a lot, but he went fishing, and played beggar-my-neighbor with Woodie in the warm spicy kitchen while his mother sat talking to Grandmother and Aunt Miranda. At the time, it all seemed rather tame, but now he would know how to appreciate it—a night or perhaps a couple of nights in a gentle English home where the sheets would smell of lavender. It would be a change from sleeping in hotels, too; and afterward he would drive on and explore Wales. He wrote suggesting himself, and was told in reply that any date that suited him would suit them, and that he was to stay as long as he liked.

"No, Hester, I've got it. He must have come by the road that turns off just after Dunnock's Cross. And that ruin must be the old Congregationalist chapel. Somebody or other told me that it had fallen down last winter; the roof gave way under the snow."

"Did you have a lot of snow here, Grandmother?"

"Far too much. We were snowed up for over a week. We nearly went out of our minds trying to feed the birds. We soon ran out of bread, of course, but we chopped up all the apples and carrots and potatoes. Miranda said she'd toboggan down to the village. So she sat on the kitchen tea tray and Woodie and I gave her a good shove off. Have a cigarette?"

"No, thank you, Grandmother. I don't smoke."

"But she ran into a tree and tore all the skin off her leg, and the tea tray went on without her. They found it in the churchyard, after the thaw. And that was the end of her girlish dreams, poor Miranda!"

"But didn't anyone come to your help?"

"In the end. But they had to dig the animals out first. Naturally."

"The truth is," said Aunt Miranda, "it's damned silly for two old hags like Hester and me to go on living here. We ought to be in a home for decayed gentlewomen. Have a cigarette?"

"No, thank you, Aunt Miranda. I don't—"

"He doesn't smoke," said his grandmother. "You're getting deaf, Miranda. He said so not a minute ago."

When Woodie came in to clear away, he glanced at his watch. It was earlier than he thought. He would take himself out for a walk—an English stroll.

His grandmother noticed the glance and said, "What would you like to do between now and dinner, dear boy?"

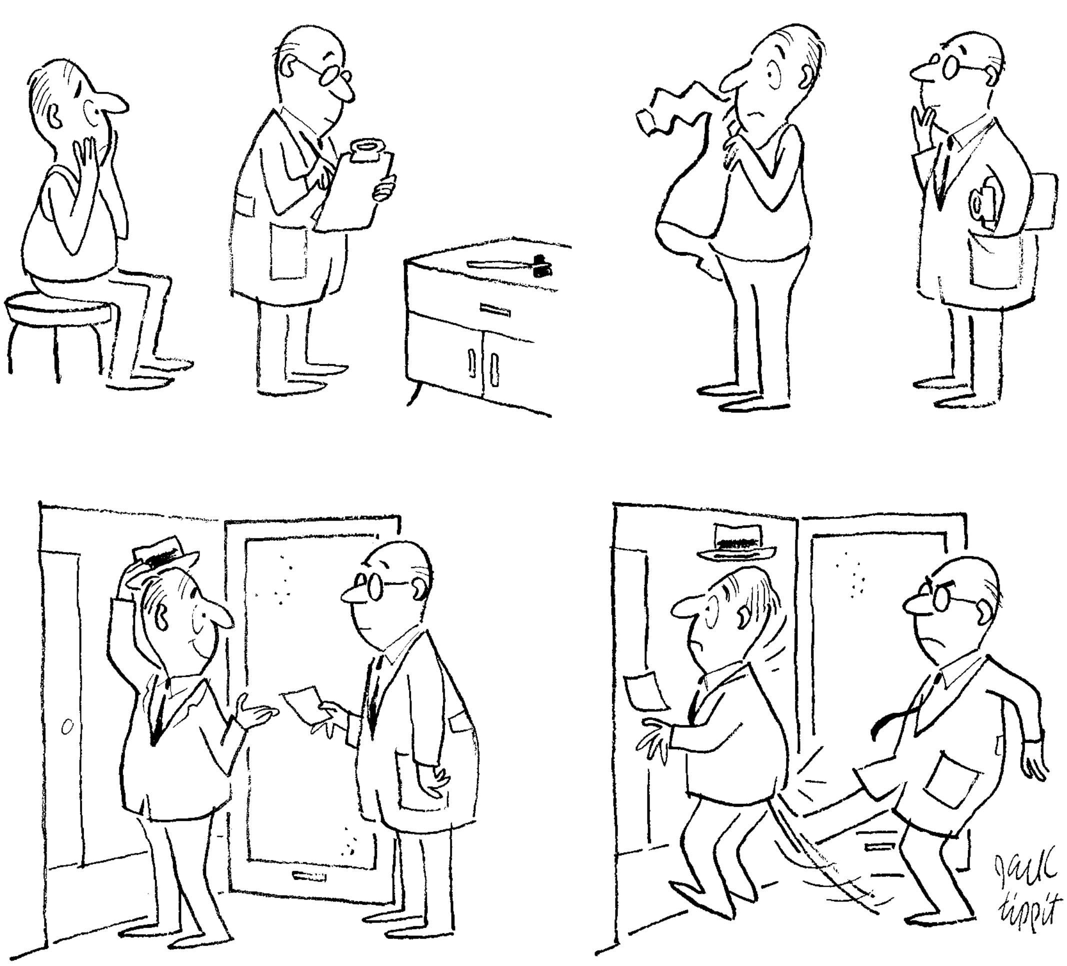
"I'd rather like to— Here, Woodie! I'll carry that tray."

Out in the passage, Woodie said, "Do you know what you ought to do, Master Johnnie? You ought to offer to take them for a drive."

HE had expected them to go upstairs and reappear in bonnets, but they unhitched some wraps from a stand in the hall and came out hatless, though pulling on gloves. He gave a hasty tidy to the back of the car and held open the rear door, ready to help them in. Miranda got nimbly into the front seat. "Miranda's always sick in the back of a car," his grandmother explained. Miranda smirked as though he had been told something to her credit.

He said they must direct him where to go, and once again they began to argue about roads. Now the argument involved a debate as to whether they could get to Hereford in time to do some shopping, and feeling the lovely spring evening slipping away while they bandied possibilities he asserted, "I shall just drive." Instantly they agreed.

As he drove down the village street, houses, clipped yews, names on shopfronts assaulted him with their familiarity. He could have sworn that a white cat sitting on a gatepost had not moved from its position since some unidentifiable encounter nine years ago. He drove on. A name on a signpost, meaningless then but now dipped in the melancholy lustre of "A Shropshire Lad," drew him into a succession of lanes. Beyond the hedges, the meadows, starred with kingcups and cuckoopint, were like jewels displayed in small compartments. Lambs were feeding in orchards, black-and-white farmhouses sent up tendrils of smoke into the sharp green of newly leafed sycamores, steeples came twirling toward him as the lanes twisted, houses of Victorian gentility stood among conifers. After a while, the name out of "A Shropshire Lad" did not recur. Miranda and his grandmother kept up a succession of anecdotes about people of the locality, and he was intermittently conscious that they were trying to entertain him. As for the beauty of the evening, they seemed blind to it, though they must have noticed where he was driving them, since when he pointed to a beechwood, an apparition of river, the lovely slope of a hillside, they promptly supplied its name. He could have wished they had not smoked so much, and so often set each other right over details—for really it could not matter to him whether a Captain Jones had died in 1955 or 1957. But it was a wonderful drive, and a foretaste of what it would be like when he drove alone. He had given them pleasure, too. Miranda, turning to the back seat, had suddenly exclaimed, "Hester! Isn't this fun?" And his grandmother had replied, "Glorious! Scrumptious!" and then, more explicitly, "I can't tell you, Johnnie, what a treat it is to have an unexpected outing like this. We shall talk about it for months." Her gratitude touched him, and he said, "I hope I'm not driving too fast for you." They assured him that driving fast was part of the fun; but the jolting in the back seat must have tired his grandmother, for she had to be helped out and sup-



ported up the path, clinging to his arm and saying he was a dear boy, her dear boy.

"So sweet of you to come all this way to see us!"

It was the tone in which one adulates a child. He felt he was being made over into the Johnnie of that first visit—and didn't like it.

"It wasn't far out of my way at all," he said.

Miranda passed them and went upstairs whistling. When she came down, she was wearing earrings.

During dinner, his grandmother remarked, "You wouldn't think that Miranda was five years older than me, would you?"

"I don't know that I ever think much about old age," he replied. In case this did not fulfill all demands on tactfulness, he went on to ask how old Woodie was.

"You had better ask her yourself," said his grandmother.

"All we know is that she's been lying about it for years," added Miranda.

Johnnie laughed. There was something cronyish and releasing about his Aunt Miranda. Of the two, it was she he preferred. She was easier to talk to, asking him questions about himself; she did not weigh on his senses, as his grandmother did. Yet obviously his grandmother had the greater tenderness for him (as was natural), and he felt rather uncivil in preferring his great-aunt. To tell the truth, he did not like either of them as much as he had intended to. They were no duller than he remembered, and considerably more attentive. But they had not kept step with his increasing regard for them; they were not the two wonderful old English ladies, dwelling in the dignified past, who had lent their actuality to his vision of a country he would come back to from half a world away, and whom, only a meal ago, he had hailed with his "You've been here all the time!" At best, they were two typically English old things, dwelling with childish excitement on that one winter in nine when they had tossed up for the last cigarette and, starving themselves, gone out in blizzards to feed birds. Yes, that was how they would figure in his memories: two gallant, bird-loving old English eccentrics, sitting below family portraits and eating small warm fragments of smoked haddock on squares of moist toast—for by now dinner had reached that English phenomenon the savory. He had met it already in a hotel, under the name of Canapé Ivanhoe.

He realized that he had fallen silent and that they both were looking at him. He began to ask questions about the family portraits, and Miranda offered to show him one in her bedroom which was almost certainly a Lawrence. But at that moment Woodie announced that coffee was served in the drawing room, and after coffee he found himself drawn down onto his grandmother's sofa to look at snapshots of his mother as a little girl, smiling the same gapped smile on beaches in Norfolk, moors in Scotland, and as an attendant on Britannia in a school play. Her second teeth must have been unusually slow in coming—his had been, too; it must be a family thing. He was not able to pursue this, for now his grandmother had opened another album, going back to the days of her own youth: his great-grandfather, winter-sporting; Miranda with dachshunds; his grandmother playing tennis on a grass court, smiling in a hammock, throwing a snowball. She seemed to be snowballing behind smoked glass, for she had turned the pages backward, and the snapshots were increasingly yellowed and shadowy.

"Which winter was that?" asked Miranda, who had come to look over their shoulders. His grandmother turned back another page, and would have flipped it over, but Miranda's hand came down on it. "And do you know who these are?" It was a professional photograph, and its glossy efficiency made it look far more outdated than the snapshots. It showed two little girls. One sat bolt upright, her hands tightly folded on her lap, her long plaits falling over her shoulders; the other, a younger child, had been arranged by the photographer to nestle against her. Both glared resentfully at the camera. "That's Hester." Miranda's finger stabbed at the child with the plaits. "The other one's me. And would you believe it—I was three years younger than your grandmother then."

His grandmother said, "That's

TO CARRY THE CHILD

To carry the child into adult life
Is good? I say it is not.
To carry the child into adult life
Is to be handicapped.

The child in adult life is defenseless
And, if he is grown up, knows it,
And the grownup looks at the childish part
And despises it.

The child, too, despises the clever grownup,
The man-of-the-world, the frozen,
For the child has the tears alive on his cheeks,
And the man has none of them,

As the child has colors, and the man sees no
Colors or anything,
Being easy only in things of the mind;
The child is easy in feeling—

Easy in feeling, easily excessive,
And, in excess, powerful,
For instance, if you do not speak to the child,
He will make trouble.

You would say the man had the upper hand
Of the child (if a child survive),
But I say the child has fingers of strength
To strangle the man alive.

Oh, it is not happy, it is never happy,
To carry the child into adulthood.
Let children lie down before full growth
And die in their infanthood,
And be guilty of no one's blood.

—STEVIE SMITH

• •

enough!" and shut the album with a bang. The movement tilted her up against him; she was so close that her explosion of anger seemed to spatter him like a hot wave. Suddenly feeling affronted, he got to his feet and said without forethought of what he was saying, "Do you mind if I go to bed?"

Together, they accompanied him to his room, talking about the long day's driving, the effects of country air. They made sure there was a hot-water bottle in his bed, biscuits on the bedside table; they offered him hot milk, they explained that there were extra blankets in the bottom drawer of the bureau, and that the coffin-shaped stain on the ceiling was where the snow had seeped through during the thaw. When they had gone, he threw open the casement window and leaned out, listening for a nightingale. There was an old English saying about nightingales: "East of the Severn, south of the Trent." He was west of the Severn, so it was vain to listen for a nightingale, but the saying itself was a kind of music. He knew it, and could apply it; and that morning he had crossed the Severn at Gloucester, where the east window in the cathedral, a great wall of heraldic glass, commemorates the knights who fought at the Battle of Crécy. By this time tomorrow night he would be in Wales, where road gradients are one in four and the last wolf was killed. For he would not change his mind and stay another night at Bodkins. It had been built in 1753, and they were his English relatives, and he would certainly come back another time. But he needed to go away before he could reconcile himself to their being so unlike his expectations—smoking so many cigarettes, eating so greedily, and taunting each other with age and infirmity.

Down in the village a church clock chimed out the hour, and from far away in the calm night another church clock repeated it at a slower pace. He undressed and got into bed, catching his breath at the fineness of the linen sheets.

It seemed to him that he had scarcely fallen asleep before his eyes opened on a light—the little gliding moon shed by an electric torch. "Are you all right, my dear? I thought I heard you call. I thought perhaps you wanted something."

It was his Aunt Miranda.

"Or did you have a bad dream?"

A board creaked; the small moon lurched nearer, its shaft falling across his clothes on a chair. Suddenly the door was flung open, the ceiling light switched on. His grandmother stood on the threshold. "Miranda! Are you walking in your sleep?"

"I thought I heard Johnnie call out."

"Did you call?" his grandmother asked, turning to him.

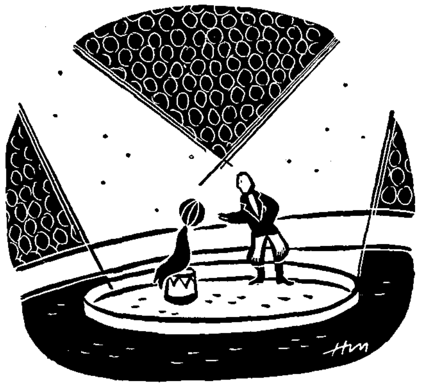
"Not that I know of. I don't think I called."

"Is there anything you want?"

"No, no! I've got everything I want, everything, thank you."

"Well, then—we'll leave you alone. Hurry up, Miranda."

Motionless, she watched Miranda trail out of the room. Shutting the door on her, she advanced to his bedside. "Are you sure you're all right, Johnnie?" All the bark and briskness had gone out of her manner; she seemed to be imploring him to feel a little unwell, to need an aspirin or a clean handkerchief.



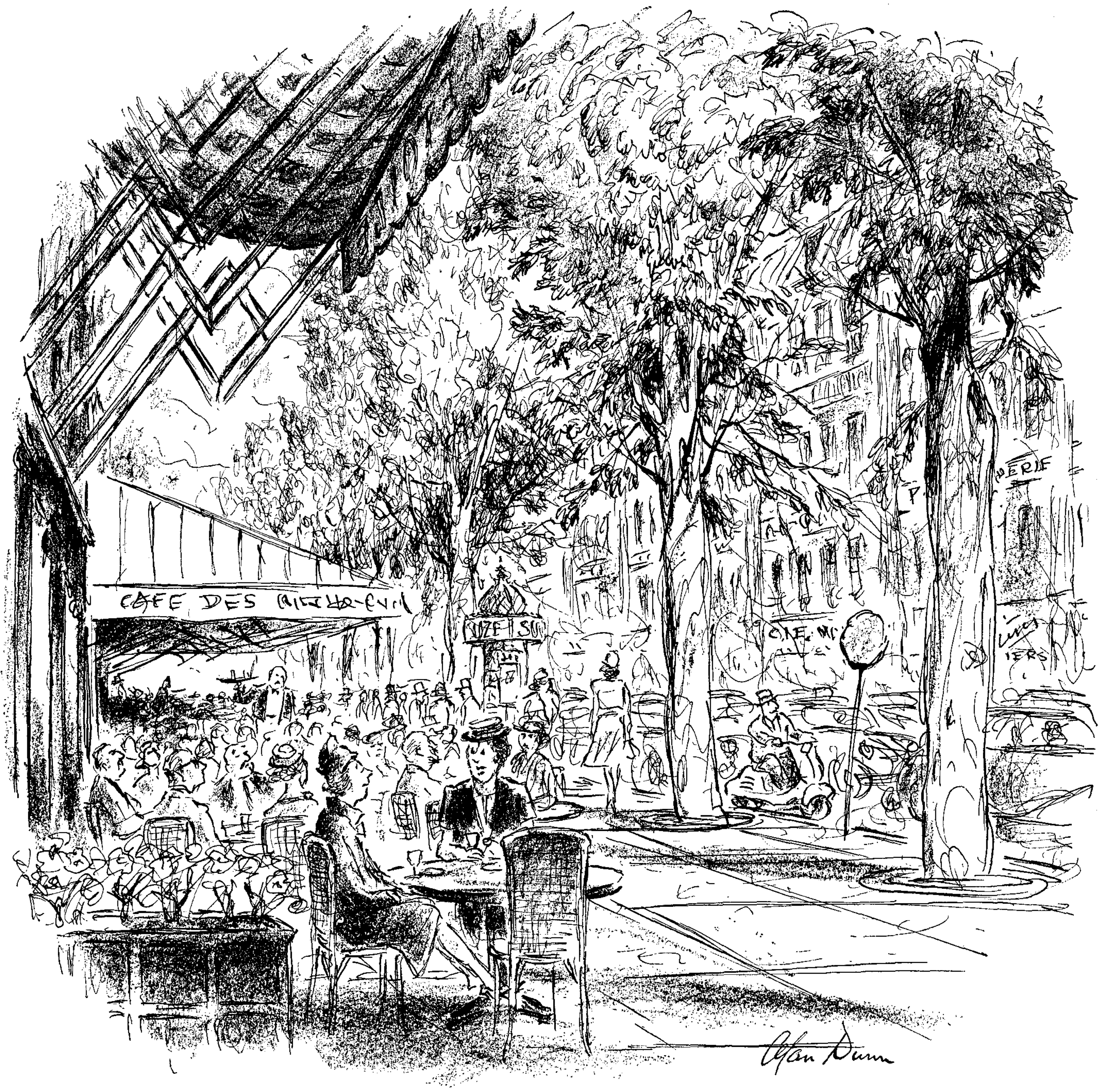
"Perfectly all right, Grandmother. I'm sorry if I caused all this disturbance." She stood there, looking down on him, and he suddenly became conscious of the lowness of his divan bed.

"Do you miss your mother, Johnnie?"

He hadn't been aware of missing his mother, but he knew he ought to say something appropriate. "Well—yes. I suppose I do."

She bent downward, swaying and toppling. Spreading her hands on his pillow to support herself, she leaned closer and closer. The ends of her two short bristling pigtails descended on him. He blinked, and she settled her lips on his cheek in a kiss. "There! That's from her."

She was so breathless from the effort



"Oh, come on, Louise! It's April. It's Paris. To hell with the gold balance! Let's blow ourselves to another apéritif!"

• •

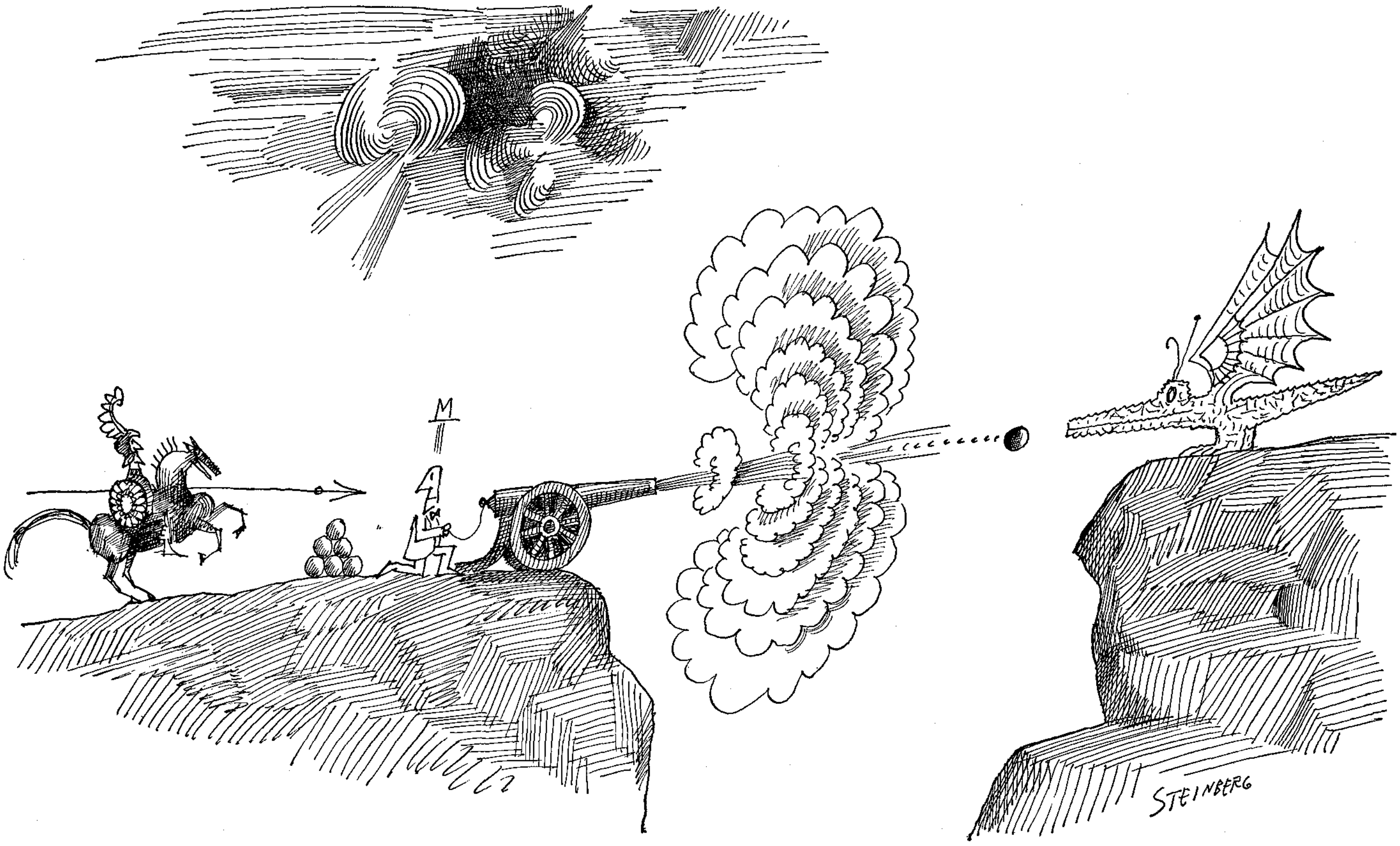
of stooping that he had to take her by the shoulders and push her upward. But she walked firmly to the door, opened it, switched off the light, reappeared in silhouette. "*Fais dodo!*" she said in an artificial, chirruping voice, and closed the door gently behind her.

He pulled himself together as one does after a bad dream and almost immediately fell asleep again.

He slept so deeply that he woke not knowing where he was—only that it was broad day, and must be somewhere in the country, for a cuckoo was calling. Then he remembered the narrow valley, and the pear trees blooming along its green windings. Though unforgettably lovely, it was only the beginning of his westward journey. He looked at his watch and saw he must get up at once if he was not to be late for breakfast and delayed in starting. He was half dressed when Woodie came in with a tray: porridge, sausages and bacon, marmalade—a real English breakfast. She set it on a table by the window and stayed to pour out his coffee. "Will you be stopping for lunch?" she asked. He shook his head—and then interrogated her face. Her expression was sad and displeased. Perhaps she had cooked something special—he didn't want to slight her. "Do you think I ought?"

"No, Master Johnnie. Much better not. The ladies ought to take things quietly today, after all the excitement of looking forward to you. They're not so young as they were. But they'll both be down to see you off."

The garden was so filled with the scent and toss of daffodils, the ribes was so pink and resonant with bees, the sun shone so affectionately on the house and on the farewelling group—his grandmother and Aunt Miranda side by side, Woodie a little behind—and everything looked so exactly as it should, and so



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like Jane Austen in its gentle sprightliness, that he almost decided to change his mind and stay, as he was begged to do, for lunch. But little clouds were rising, the pure weather might not last, he did not want his first sight of the Welsh mountains to be checkered by a windshield wiper—which anyhow did not work very well; so he said his good-byes, and kissed them all, and promised to come again, and got into the car.

"*Bon voyage!*" cried his grandmother. It was the same false, chirruping sweetness of that "*Fais dodo!*" the night before.

"Good-by-ee!" he shouted, emphasizing its colonial heartiness and vulgarity, and started the car with a roar. That performance in his bedroom had somehow disgraced him, belittled him. He wanted to get away and forget about it as soon as possible.

"A NICE lad, didn't you think?" said Miranda, rather stiffly. "A pity he didn't want to stay."

The only acknowledgment of this was a brief, scornful laugh.

"Of course he was bored to extinction," Miranda said. "Never mind; he's done his duty by us. Duty done, cut and run."

"I don't wonder he bolted, after the way you chased him," said her sister. "Leaping into the car to sit next to him, making eyes at him all through dinner, using that hideous old Bishop Mainwaring, who was no relation at all, as a pretext to get him to yourself—and then, when all else failed, sneaking into his bedroom, only waiting to put on your best dressing gown. Poor boy, no wonder he fled while he could!"

"I wished you had put on your best dressing gown, too. That old one is getting very shabby. And rather smelly—not to put too fine a point on it."

Woodie stood in the kitchen, hearing their voices snap and snarl as they tore at each other's self-respect. They quarrelled continually—it helped pass the time for them. But this quarrel was bound to be worse than usual, because of all the excitement and looking forward. They would get over it, though, poor old cats—there was nothing else they could do. Meanwhile, she must think about cooking lunch, and how best to dispose of the remains of that grand dinner—the big chicken, the expensive asparagus, all that cream. It wouldn't do to serve up the chicken cold, reminding them. *Rissoles* would be best; *rissoles* don't suggest anything out of the ordinary. And for the evening, an asparagus soup and some creamed rice.

Johnnie slackened his foot on the accelerator. That first escaping burst of speed had rinsed his mind; now he could drive at his own pace, looking about him, following byroads, stopping to admire. After a brief shower, the sun had come out again, brighter and more enhancing than ever. Trees seemed to be rushing into leaf; the bluebells that grew along the roadside made a perspective of sapphire. And there, shaping out of the distance and quite unmistakable, was Skirrid Fawr—the mountain that split asunder at the moment when Christ died on the Cross. The day was before him, and his own, and time was his to do what he pleased with, and he hadn't the slightest idea where he would spend the night. —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

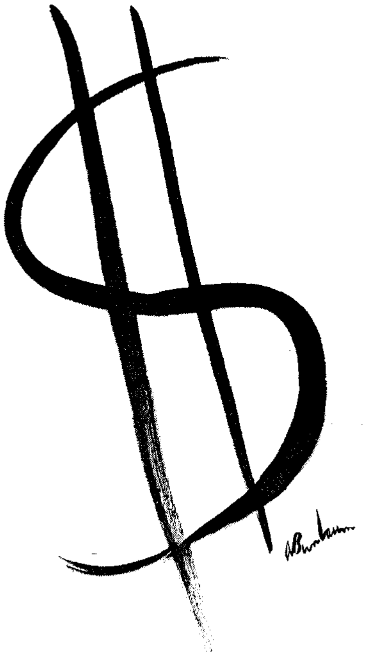
•

The house, quite obviously, is a privileged entity for a phenomenological study of the intimate values of inside space, provided, of course, that we take it in both its unity and its complexity, and endeavor to integrate all the special values in one fundamental value. For the house furnishes us dispersed images and a body of images at the same time. In both cases, imagination augments the values of reality. A sort of attraction for images concentrates them about the house. Transcending our memories of all the houses in which we have found shelter, above and beyond all the houses we have dreamed we lived in, can we isolate an intimate, concrete essence that would be a justification of the uncommon value of all of our images of protected intimacy?—*Landscape.*

Not until we find a plunger and free this drain.

PROFILES

THE TAX—II



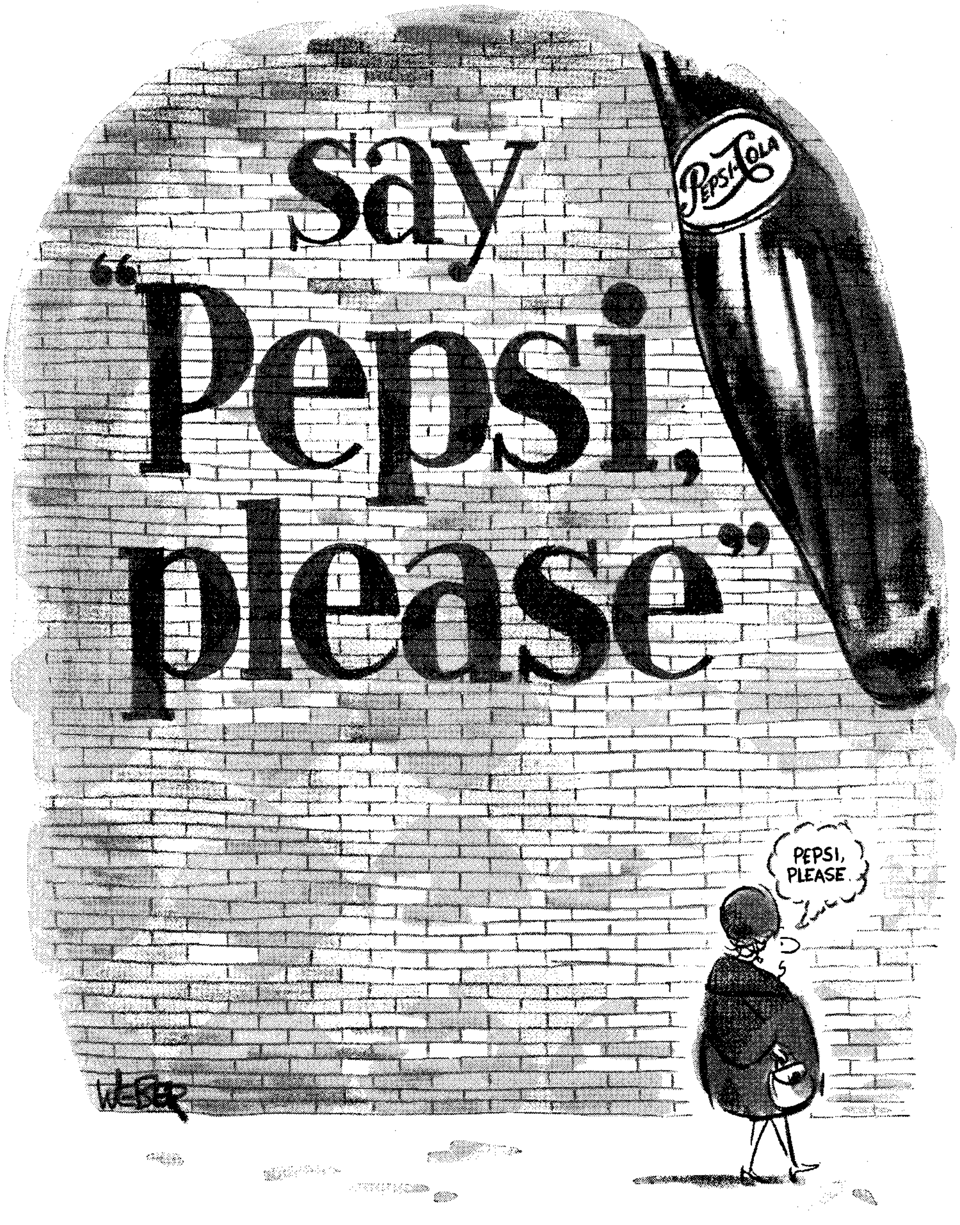
"EVERY nation has the government it deserves," the French writer and diplomat Joseph de Maistre declared in 1811. Since the primary function of government is to make laws, the statement implies that every nation has the laws it deserves, and if the doctrine may be considered at best a half truth in the case of governments that exist by force, it does seem persuasive in the case of governments that exist by popular consent. Perhaps the single most important law now on the statute books of the United States is the income-tax law, which brings in some three-quarters of the roughly one hundred billion dollars a year that our government needs to carry out its present activities. Much of the voluminous discussion of the income-tax law in recent years has centered on plain violations of it, among them the deliberate padding of tax-deductible business-expense accounts, the matter of taxable income that is left undeclared on tax returns, fraudulently or otherwise—a sum estimated at as high as twenty-five billion dollars a year—and the matter of corruption within the ranks of the Internal Revenue Service, which some authorities believe to be fairly common, at least in large cities. Such forms of outlawry, of course, reflect timeless and worldwide human frailties. The law itself, however, has certain characteristics that are more closely related to a particular time and place, and if de Maistre was right, these should reflect national characteristics; the income-tax law, that is, should be to some extent a national mirror. How does the reflection look?

THE United States has imposed income taxes on individuals and corporations steadily since 1913, but the basic law under which they are now imposed is the Internal Revenue Code of 1954, as amplified by innumerable regulations issued by the Internal Revenue Service, interpreted by innumerable judicial decisions, and amended by several Acts of Congress, including the Revenue Act of 1964, which embodied the biggest tax cut in our history. The Code proper, as distinct from the regulations, decisions, and amendments, fills eleven hundred closely printed pages, and is phrased—inevitably, perhaps—in the sort of jargon that stuns the mind and disheartens the spirit; a fairly typical sentence, dealing with the definition of the word "employment," starts near the bottom of page 564, includes more than a thousand words, nineteen semicolons, forty-two simple parentheses, three parentheses within parentheses, and even one unaccountable interstitial period, and comes to a gasping end, with a definitive period, near the top of page 567. Not until one has penetrated to the part of the Code dealing with export-import taxes (which fall within its province, along with estate taxes and various other federal imposts) does one come upon a comprehensible and diverting sentence like "Every person who shall export oleomargarine shall brand upon every tub, firkin, or other package containing such article the word 'Oleomargarine,' in plain Roman letters not less than one-half inch square." Yet a clause on page 2 of the Code, though it is not a sentence at all, is as clear and forthright as one could wish; it sets forth without ado the rates at which the incomes of single individuals are to be taxed: 20 per cent on taxable income of not over $2,000; 22 per cent on taxable income of over $2,000 but not over $4,000; and so on up to a top rate of 91 per cent on taxable income of over $200,000. (Back among the amendments, one finds that the rates for 1964 run from 16 per cent to 77 per cent.) Right at the start, then, the Code makes its declaration of principle, and, to judge by the rate table, it is implacably egalitarian, taxing the poor relatively lightly, the well-to-do moderately, and the very rich at levels that verge on the confiscatory.

But, to repeat a point that has become so well known that it scarcely needs repeating, the Code does not live up to its principles very well. For proof of this, one need look no further than some of the recent score sheets of the income tax—a set of volumes entitled *Statistics of Income*, which are published annually by the Internal Revenue Service. For 1960, individuals with gross incomes of between $4,000 and $5,000, after taking advantage of all their deductions and personal exemptions, and availing themselves of the provision that allows married couples and the heads of households to be taxed at rates generally lower than those for single persons, ended up paying an average tax bill of about one-tenth of their reportable receipts, while those in the $10,000-$15,000 range paid a bill of about one-seventh, those in the $25,000-$50,000 range paid a bill of not quite a quarter, and those in the $50,000-$100,000 range paid a bill of about a third. Up to this point, clearly, we find a progression according to ability to pay, much as the rate table prescribes. However, the progression stops abruptly when we reach the top income brackets—that is, at just the point where it is supposed to become most marked. For 1960, the $150,000-$200,000, $200,000-$500,000, $500,000-$1,000,000, and million-plus groups each paid, on the average, less than 50 per cent of their reportable incomes, and when one takes into consideration the fact that the richer a man is, the likelier it is that a share of his money need not even be reported as gross taxable income—all income from certain bonds, for example, and half of all income from long-term capital gains—it becomes evident that at the very top of the income scale the percentage rate of actual taxation turns downward. The evidence is confirmed by the *Statistics of Income* for 1961, which breaks down figures on payments according to bracket, and which shows that although 7,487 taxpayers declared gross incomes of $200,000 or more, fewer than five hundred of them had net income that was taxed at the rate of 91 per cent. Throughout its life, the rate of 91 per cent was a public tranquillizer, making everyone in a lower bracket feel fortunate not to be rich, and not hurting the rich very much. And then, to top off the joke, if that is what it is, there are the people with more income than anyone else who pay less tax than anyone else—that is, those with annual incomes of a million dollars or more who manage to find perfectly legal ways of paying no income tax at all. According to *Statistics of Income*, there were eleven of them in 1960, out of a national total of three hundred and six million-a-year men, and seventeen in 1961, out of a total of three hundred and ninety-eight. David T. Bazelon, in his book "The Paper Economy," sums up the matter by declaring that although the Code "pronounces radically democratic rates" featuring steep upward progression as income levels rise, our income taxes are in practice "hardly progressive at all."

The explanation of this disparity between appearance and reality, so huge that it lays the Code open to a broad accusation of hypocrisy, is to be found in the detailed exceptions to the standard rates which lurk in its dim depths—exceptions that are usually called special-interest provisions or, more bluntly, loopholes. ("Loophole," as all fair-minded users of the word are ready to admit, is a somewhat subjective designation, for one man's loophole may be another man's lifeline—or perhaps, at some other time, the same man's lifeline.) Loopholes were noticeably absent from the original 1913 income-tax law, which was progressive at rates ranging from 1 per cent to 7 per cent and provided next to no exceptions to them. How the loopholes came to be law and why they remain law are questions involving politics and possibly metaphysics, but their actual workings are relatively simple, and are illuminating to watch. By far the simplest method of avoiding income taxes—at least for someone who has a large amount of capital at his disposal—is to invest in the bonds of states, municipalities, port authorities, and toll roads; the interest paid on all such bonds is unequivocally tax-exempt. Since the interest yield on high-grade tax-exempt bonds is usually around three per cent, a man who invests ten million dollars in them can collect $300,000 a year tax-free without putting himself or his tax lawyer to the slightest trouble; if he had been foolish enough to sink the money in ordinary investments yielding, say, five per cent, he would have had a taxable income of $500,000, and at the 1964 rate, assuming that he was single, had no other income, and did not avail himself of any dodges, he would have to pay taxes of almost $367,000. The exemption on state and municipal bonds has been part of our income-tax law since its beginnings; it was based originally on Constitutional grounds and is now defended on the ground that the states and towns need the money. Most Secretaries of the Treasury have looked on the exemption with disfavor, but not one has been able to accomplish its repeal.

Probably the most important special-interest provision in the Code is the one that concerns capital gains. The staff of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress wrote in a report issued in 1961, "Capital gains treatment has become one of the most impressive loopholes in the federal revenue structure." What the provision says, in essence, is that a taxpayer who makes a capital investment (in real estate, a corporation, a block of stock, or whatever), holds on to it for at least six months, and then sells it at a profit is entitled to be taxed on the profit at a rate much lower than the rate on ordinary income; to be specific, the rate is half of that taxpayer's ordinary top tax rate or twenty-five per cent, whichever is less. What this means to anyone whose income would normally put him in a very high tax bracket is obvious: he must find a way of getting as much as possible of that income in the form of capital gains. Consequently, the game of finding ways of converting ordinary income into capital gains has become very popular in the past decade or so. The game is often won without much of a struggle. On television one evening a year or so ago, David Susskind asked six assembled multimillionaires whether any of them considered tax rates a stumbling block on the highroad to wealth in America. There was a long silence, almost as if the notion were new to the multimillionaires, and then one of them, in the tone of someone explaining something to a child, mentioned the capital-gains provision



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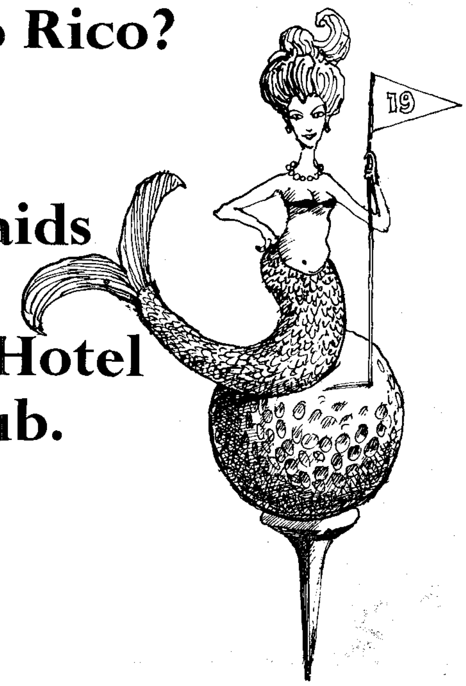
and said that he didn't consider taxes much of a problem. There was no more discussion of high tax rates that night.

If the capital-gains provision resembles the exemption on certain bonds in that the advantages it affords are of benefit chiefly to the rich, it differs in other ways. It is by far the more accommodating of the two loopholes; indeed, it is a sort of mother loophole capable of spawning other loopholes. For example, one might think that a taxpayer would need to have capital before he could have a capital gain. Yet a way was discovered—and was passed into law in 1950—for him to get the gain before he has the capital. This is the stock-option provision. Under its terms, a corporation may give its executives the right to buy its shares at any time within a stipulated period—say, five years—at or near the open-market price at the time of the granting of the option; later on, if, as has happened so often, the market price of the stock goes sky-high, the executives may exercise their options to buy the stock at the old price, may sell it on the open market some time later at the new price, and may pay only capital-gains rates on the difference, provided that they go through these motions without unseemly haste. The beauty of it all from an executive's point of view is that once the stock has gone up substantially in value, his option itself becomes a valuable commodity, against which he can borrow the cash he needs in order to exercise it; then, having bought the stock and sold it again, he can pay off his debt and have a capital gain that has arisen from the investment of no capital. The beauty of it all from the corporations' point of view is that they can compensate their executives partly in money taxable at relatively low rates. Of course, the whole scheme comes to nothing if the company's stock goes down, which does happen occasionally, or if it simply doesn't go up, but even then the executive has had a free play on the roulette wheel of the stock market, with a chance of winning a great deal and practically no danger of losing anything—something that the tax law offers no other group.

By favoring capital gains over ordinary income, the Code seems to be putting forward two very dubious notions—that one form of unearned income is more deserving than any form of earned income, and that people with money to invest are more deserving than people without it. Hardly anyone contends that the favored treatment of capital gains can be justified on the



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ground of equity; those who consider this aspect of the matter are more apt to agree with Professor Jerome Hellerstein, of the New York University Law School, who has written, "From a sociological viewpoint, there is a good deal to be said for more severe taxation of profit from appreciation in the value of property than from personal-service income." The defense, then, is based on other grounds. For one, there is a respectable economic theory that supports a complete exemption of capital gains from income tax, the argument being that whereas wages and dividends or interest from investments are fruits of the capital tree, and are therefore taxable income, capital gains represent the growth of the tree itself, and are therefore not income at all. This distinction is actually embedded in the tax laws of some countries—most notably in the tax law of Britain, which in principle does not tax capital gains, though in practice it has been cutting deeper and deeper into the exemption in recent years. Another argument—this one purely pragmatic—has it that the capital-gains provision is necessary to encourage people to take risks with their capital. (Similarly, the advocates of stock options say that corporations need them to attract and hold executive talent.) Finally, nearly all tax authorities are agreed that taxing capital gains on exactly the same basis as other income, which is what most reformers say ought to be done, would involve formidable technical difficulties.

Particular subcategories of the rich and the well-paid can avail themselves of various other avenues of escape, including corporate pension plans, which, like stock options, contribute to the solution of the tax problems of executives; tax-free foundations set up ostensibly for charitable and educational purposes, of which some fifteen thousand are currently easing the tax burdens of their benefactors, though the charitable and educational activities of some of them are more or less invisible; and personal holding companies, which, subject to rather strict regulations, enable persons with very high incomes from personal services like writing and acting to reduce their taxes by what amounts to incorporating themselves. Of the whole array of loopholes in the Code, however, probably the most widely loathed is the so-called percentage depletion allowance on oil. As the word "depletion" is used in the Code, it refers to the progressive exhaustion of irreplaceable natural resources, but as used on oilmen's tax returns, it proves to mean a miraculously

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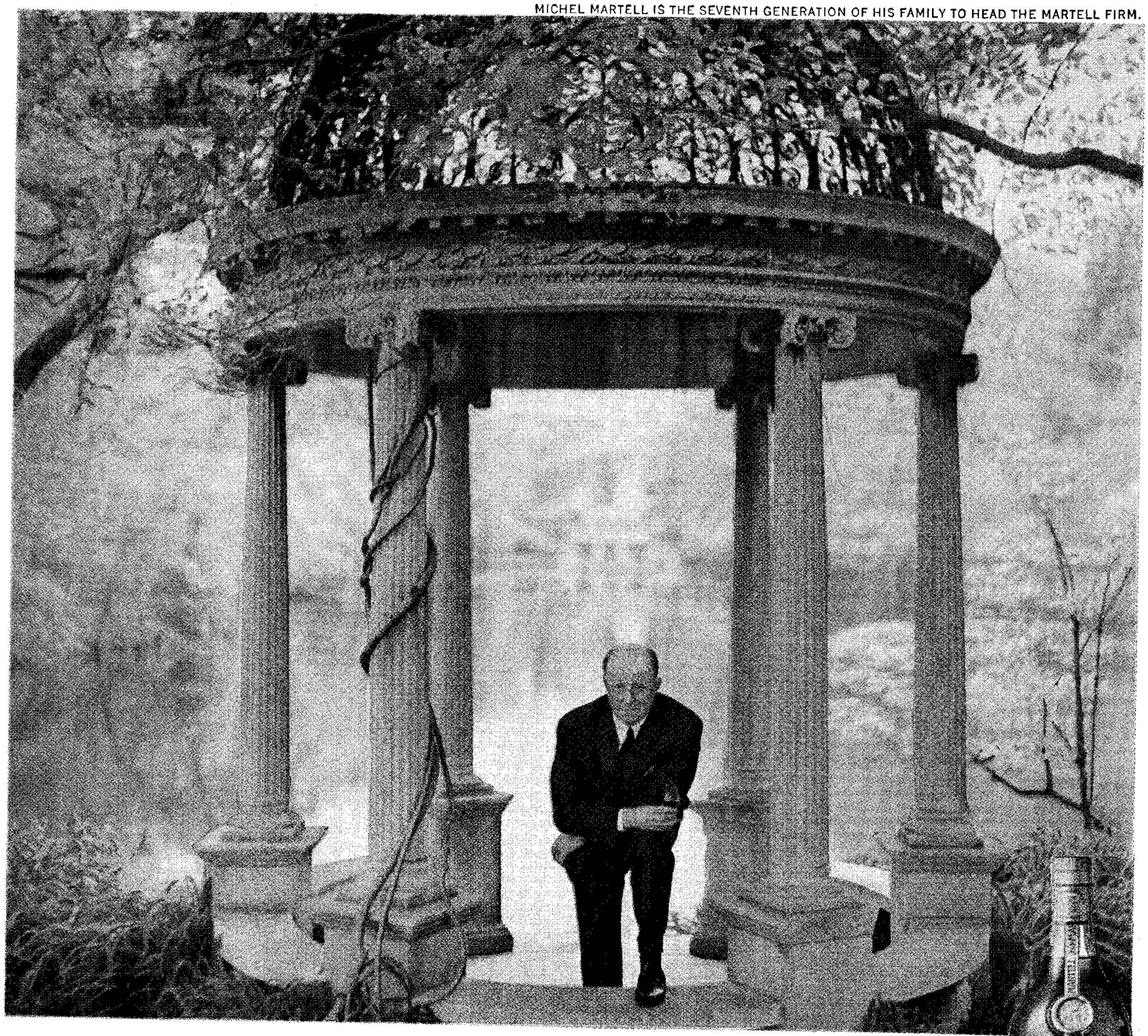

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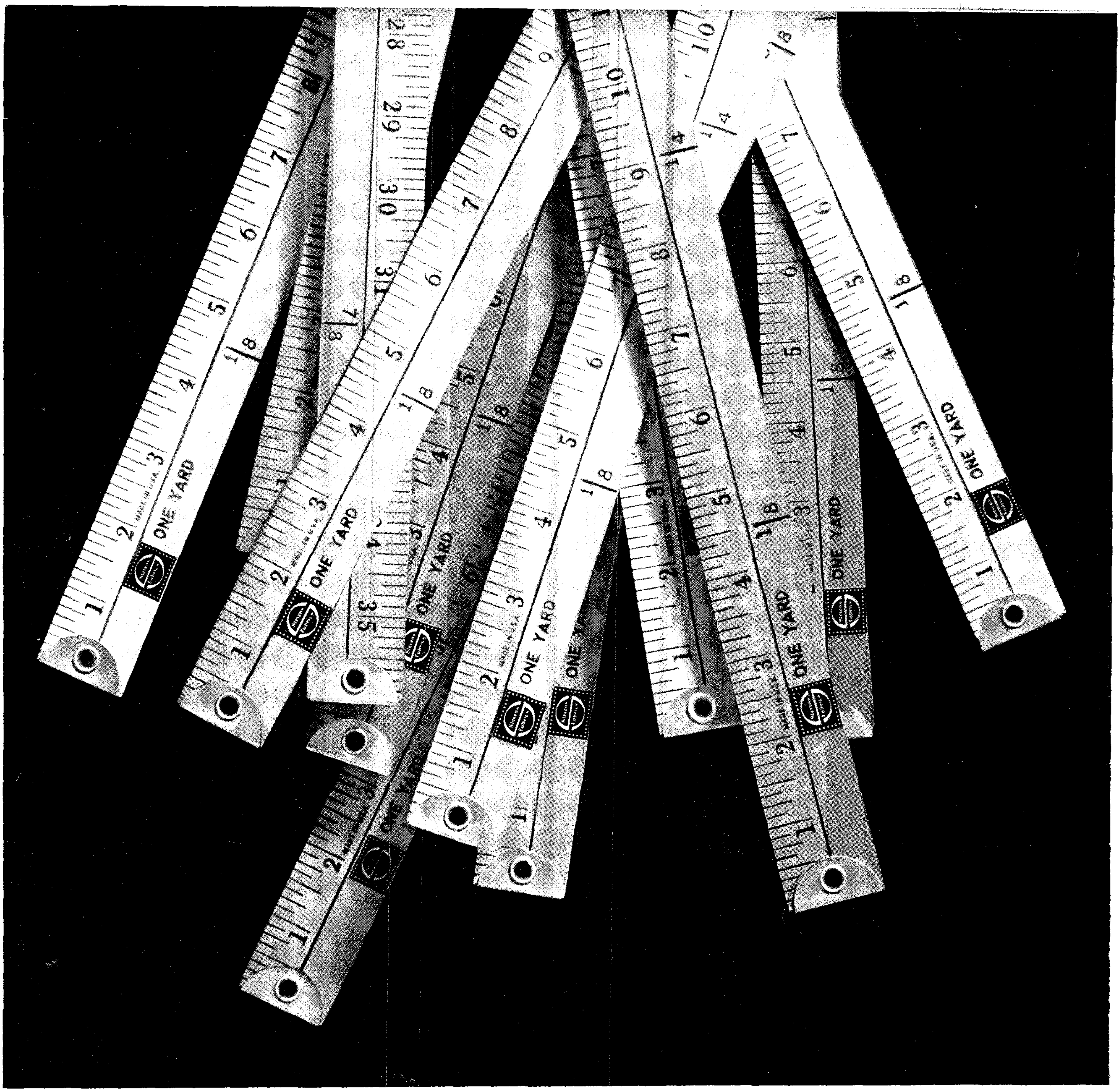

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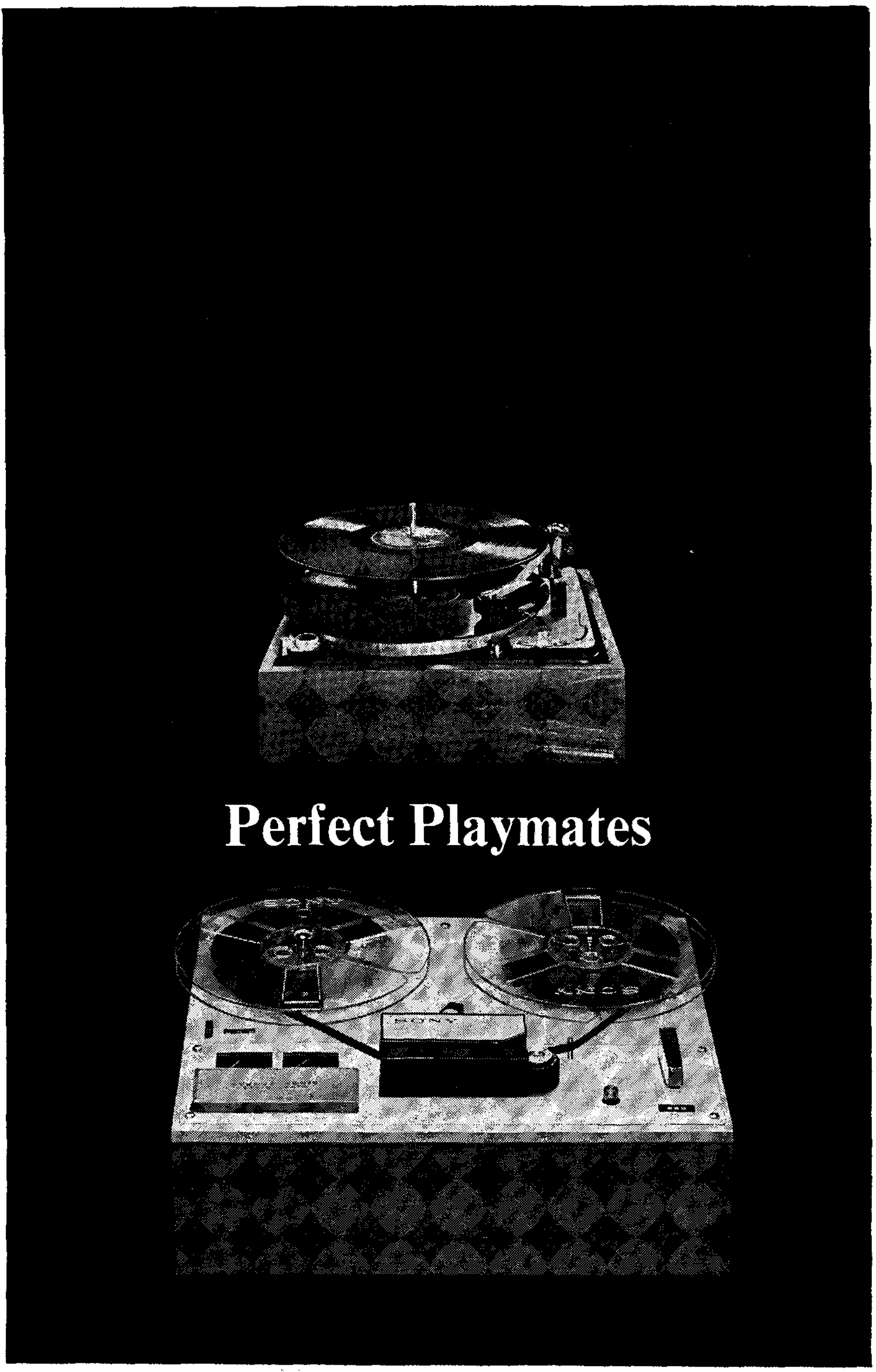
glorified form of what is ordinarily called depreciation. Whereas a manufacturer may claim depreciation on a piece of machinery as a tax deduction only until he has deducted the original cost of the machine—until, that is, the machine is theoretically worthless from wear—an individual or corporate oil investor, for reasons that defy logical explanation, may go on claiming percentage depletion on a producing well indefinitely, even if this means that the original cost of the well has been recovered many times over. The oil-depletion allowance is 27.5 per cent a year up to a maximum of half of the oil investor's net income (there are smaller allowances on other natural resources, such as 23 per cent on uranium, 10 per cent on coal, and 5 per cent on oyster and clam shells), and the effect it has on the taxable income of an oil investor, especially when it is combined with the effects of other tax-avoidance devices, is truly astonishing; for instance, over a recent five-year period one oilman had a net income of fourteen and a third million dollars, on which he paid taxes of $80,000, or six-tenths of one per cent. Unsurprisingly, the percentage-depletion allowance is always under attack, but, also unsurprisingly, it is defended with tigerish zeal—so tigerish that even President Kennedy's 1961 and 1963 proposals for tax revision, which, taken together, are generally considered the broadest program of tax reform ever put forward by a chief executive, did not venture to suggest its repeal. The usual argument is that the percentage-depletion allowance is needed in order to compensate oilmen for the risks involved in speculative drilling, and thus insure an adequate supply of oil for national use, but many people feel that this argument amounts to saying, "The depletion allowance is a necessary and desirable federal subsidy to the oil industry," and thereby scuttles itself, since granting subsidies to individual industries is hardly the proper task of the income tax.

THE 1964 Revenue Act does practically nothing to plug the loopholes, but it does make them somewhat less useful, in that the drastic reduction of the basic rates on high incomes may lead some high-bracket taxpayers simply to quit bothering with the less convenient or effective of the dodges. Insofar as the new bill reduces the disparity between the Code's promises and its performance, that is, it represents a kind of adventitious reform. (One way to cure *all* income-tax eva-



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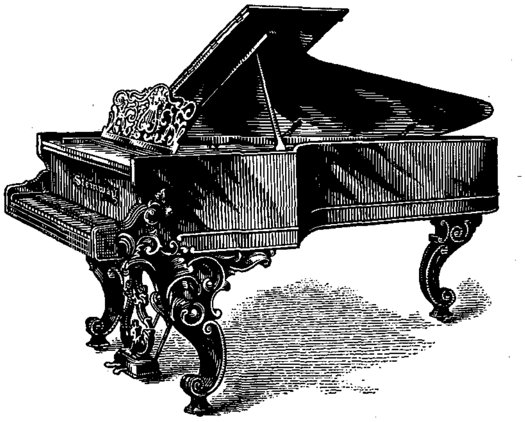

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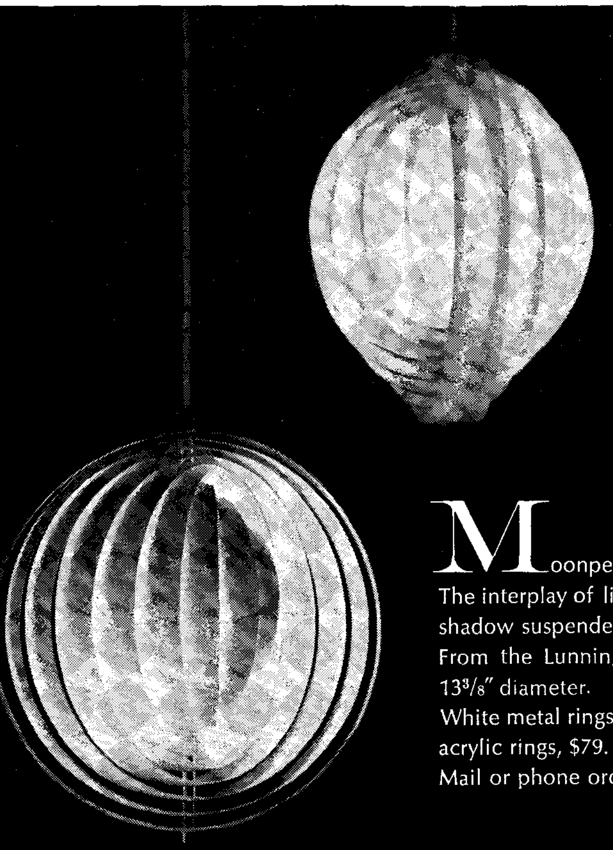

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sion, of course, would be to repeal the income tax.) However, quite apart from the sophistry—now happily somewhat lessened—that the Code embodies, it has certain discernible and disturbing characteristics that have not been changed and may be particularly hard to change in the future. Some of them have to do with its methods of allowing and disallowing deductions for travel and entertainment expenses by persons who are in business for themselves, or by persons who are employed but are not reimbursed for their business expenses—deductions that are estimated at between five and ten billion dollars a year, with a resulting reduction in federal revenue of between one and two billion. The travel-and-entertainment problem—or the T & E problem, as it is customarily called—has been around a long time, and has stubbornly resisted various attempts to solve it. One of the crucial points in T & E history occurred in 1930, when the courts ruled that the actor and songwriter George M. Cohan—and therefore anyone else—was entitled to deduct his business expenses on the basis of a reasonable estimate even if he could not produce any proof of having paid that sum or even produce a detailed accounting. The Cohan rule, as it came to be called, remained in effect for more than three decades, during which it was invoked every spring by thousands of businessmen as ritually as Moslems turn toward Mecca. Over those decades, estimated business deductions grew by leaps and bounds as the estimators became bolder, with the result that the Cohan rule and other flexible parts of the T & E regulations were subjected to a series of attacks by would-be reformers. Bills that would have virtually or entirely eliminated the Cohan rule were introduced in Congress in 1951 and again in 1959, only to be defeated—in one case, after an outcry that T & E reform would mean the end of the Kentucky Derby—and in 1961 President Kennedy proposed legislation that not only would have swept aside the Cohan rule but, by reducing to between four and seven dollars a day the amount that a man could deduct for food and beverages, would have all but put an end to the era of deductibility in American life. Loud and long wails of anguish instantly arose, from businessmen and also from hotels, restaurants, and night clubs, and many of the Kennedy proposals were soon abandoned. Nevertheless, through a series of amendments to the Code passed by Congress in 1962

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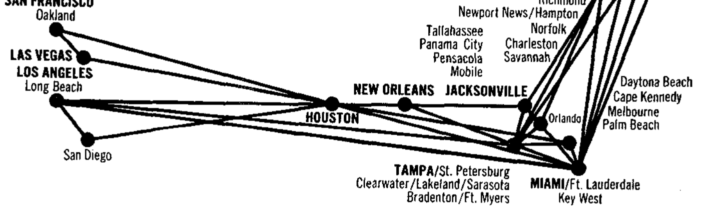
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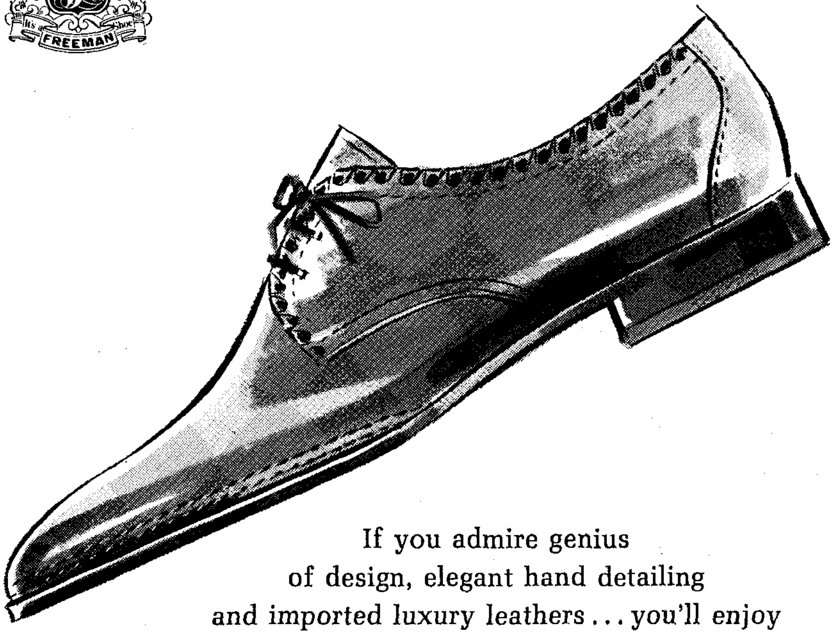

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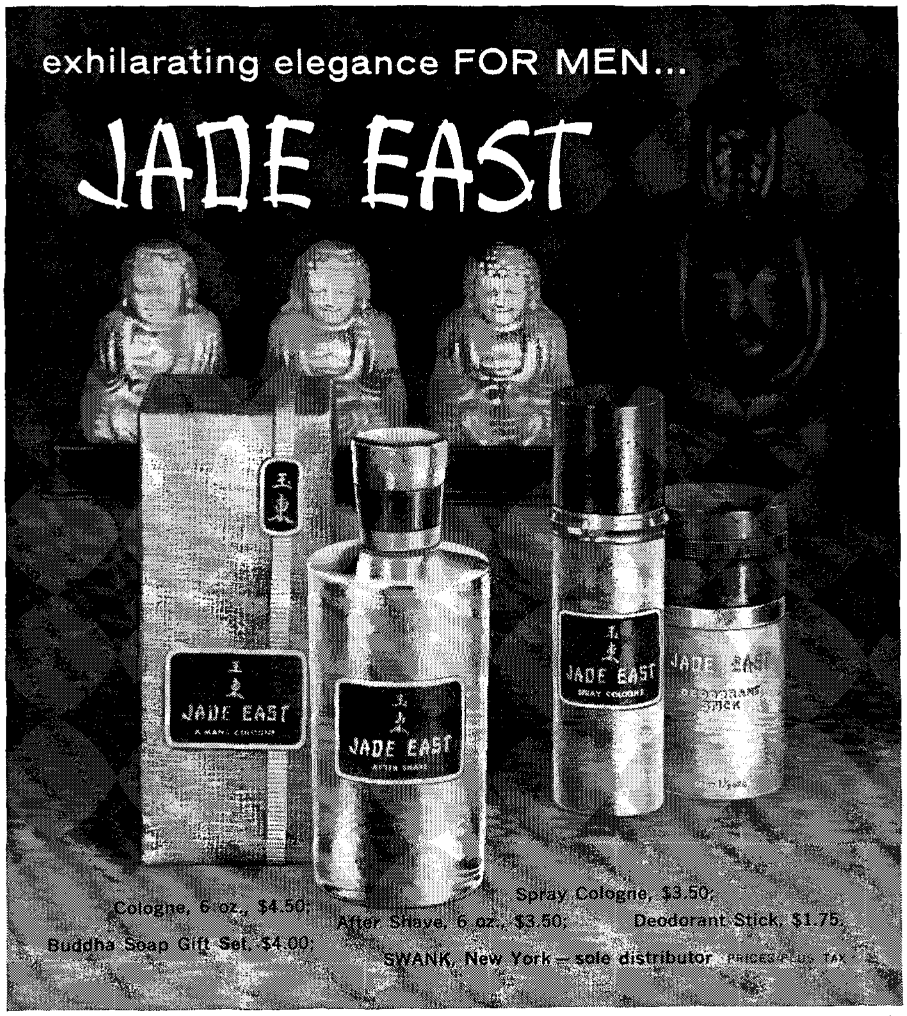
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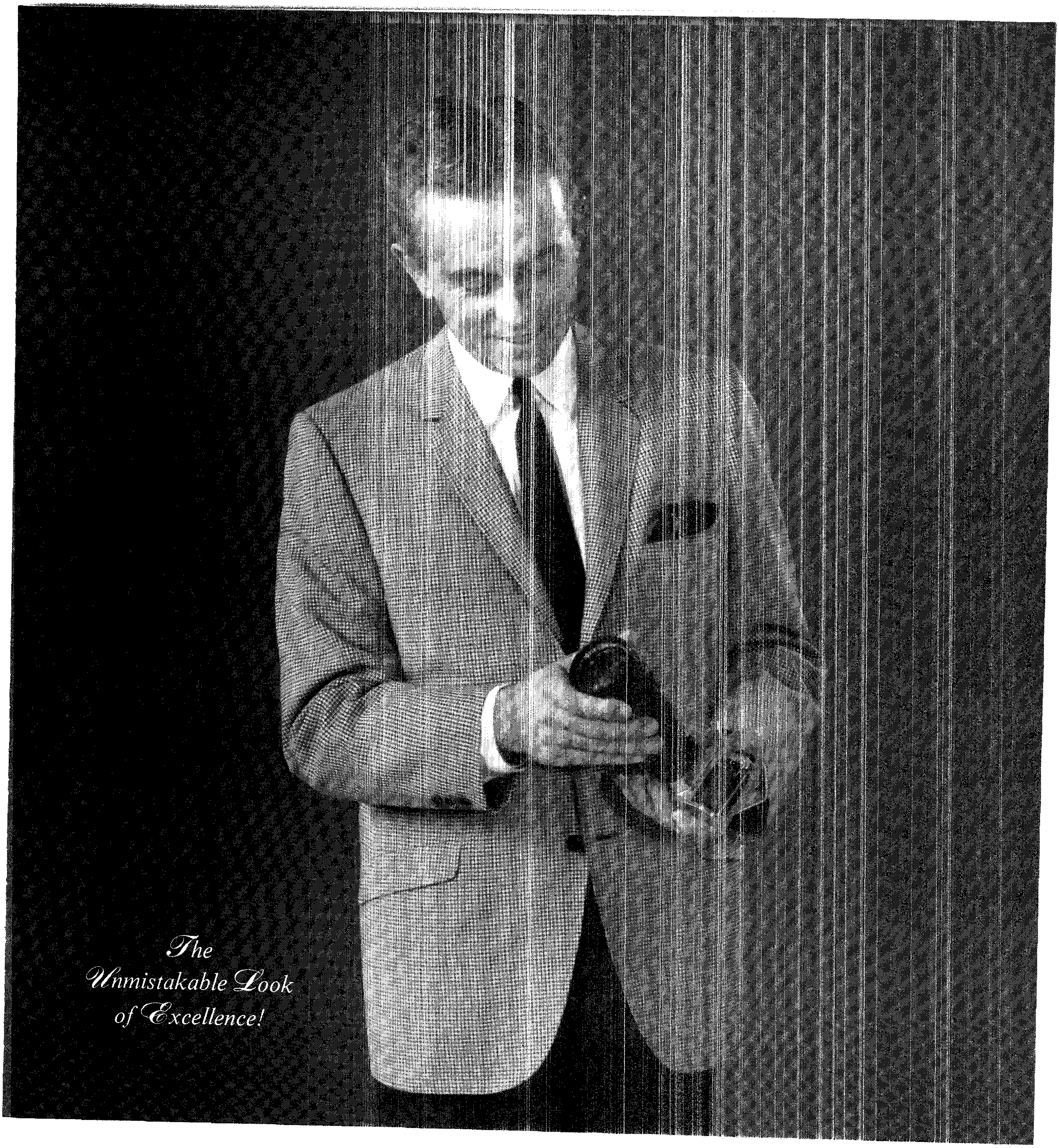
and put into effect by a set of regulations issued by the Internal Revenue Service in 1963, they did lead to the abrogation of the Cohan rule, and the stipulation that, generally speaking, all business deductions, no matter how small, would thenceforward have to be substantiated by records, if not by actual receipts.

Yet even a cursory look at the law as it now stands shows that the new, reformed T & E rules fall somewhat short of the ideal—that, in fact, they are shot through with absurdities and underlaid by a kind of philistinism. For travel to be deductible, it must be undertaken primarily for business rather than for pleasure and it must be "away from home"—that is to say, not merely commuting. The "away-from-home" stipulation raises the question of where home is, and leads to the concept of a "tax home," the place one must be away from in order to qualify for travel deductions; a businessman's tax home, no matter how many country houses, hunting lodges, and branch offices he may have, is the general area—not just the particular building, that is—of his principal place of employment. As a result, marriage partners who commute to work in two different cities have separate tax homes, but, fortunately, the Code continues to recognize their union to the extent of allowing them the tax advantages available to other married people; although there have been tax marriages, the tax divorce still belongs to the future.

As for entertainment, now that the writers of I.R.S. regulations have been deprived of the far-reaching Cohan rule, they are forced to make distinctions of almost theological nicety, and the upshot of the distinctions is to put a direct premium on the habit—which some people have considered all too prevalent for many years anyhow—of talking business at all hours of the day and night, and in all kinds of company. For example, deductions are granted for the entertainment of business associates at night clubs, theatres, or concerts only if a "substantial and bona fide business discussion" takes place before, during, or after the entertainment. (One is reluctant to picture the results if businessmen take to carrying on business discussions in great numbers during plays or concerts.) On the other hand, a businessman who entertains another in a "quiet business setting," such as a restaurant with no floor show, may claim a deduction even if little or no business is actually discussed, as long as the meeting has a business purpose. Generally speaking,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the noisier and more confusing or distracting the setting, the more business talk there must be; the regulations specifically include cocktail parties in the noisy-and-distracting category, and, accordingly, require conspicuous amounts of business discussion before, during, or after them, though a meal served to a business associate at the host's home may be deductible with no such discussion at all. In the latter case, however, as the J. K. Lasser Tax Institute cautions in its popular guide "Your Income Tax," you must "be ready to prove that your motive . . . was commercial rather than social." In other words, to be on the safe side, talk business anyhow. Hellerstein has written, "Henceforth, tax men will doubtless urge their clients to talk business at every turn, and will ask them to admonish their wives not to object to shop talk if they want to continue their accustomed style of living."

Entertainment on an elaborate scale is discouraged in the new rules, but, as the Lasser booklet notes, perhaps a little jubilantly, "Congress did not specifically put into law a provision barring lavish or extravagant entertainment." Instead, it decreed that a businessman may deduct depreciation and operating expenses on an "entertainment facility"—a yacht, a hunting lodge, a swimming pool, a bowling alley, or an airplane, for instance—provided he uses it more than half the time for business. Last year, in a booklet entitled "Expense Accounts 1963," which is one of many publications for the guidance of tax advisers that are issued periodically by Commerce Clearing House, Inc., the rule was explained by means of the following example:

> A yacht is maintained . . . for the entertainment of customers. It is used 25% of the time for relaxation. . . . Since the yacht is used 75% of the time for business purposes, it is used primarily for the furtherance of the taxpayer's business and 75% of the maintenance expenses . . . are deductible entertainment facility expenses. If the yacht had been used only 40% for business, no deduction would be allowed.

Here, surely, the law, like a parent trying to adjudicate between children, has been led by its quest for equity into pedantic nonsense. The method by which the yachtsman is to measure business time and pleasure time is not prescribed. Presumably, time when the yacht is in drydock or is in the water with only her crew aboard would count as neither, though it might be argued that the owner sometimes derives pleasure simply from watching her swing at anchor. The time to be apportioned, then, must be the time when he and

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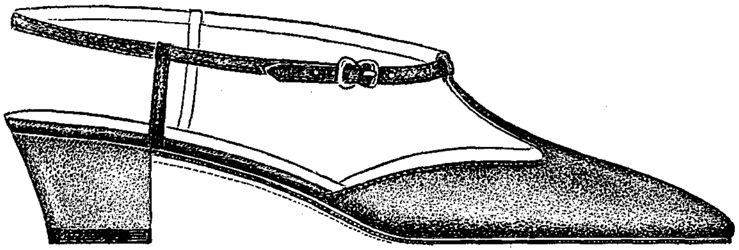

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some guests are aboard her, and perhaps his most efficient way of complying with the law would be to install two stopwatches, port and starboard, one to be kept running during business cruising and the other during pleasure cruising. Perhaps a favoring westerly might speed a social cruise home an hour early, or a September blow delay the last leg of a business cruise, and thus tip the season's business time above the crucial fifty-per-cent figure. Well might the skipper pray for such timely winds, since the deductibility of his yacht could easily double his after-tax income for the year.

Some experts feel that the new T & E regulations represent a gain for our society because quite a few taxpayers who may have been inclined to fudge a bit under general provisions like the Cohan rule will not have the stomach or the heart to put down specific fraudulent items. But what has been gained in the way of compliance may have been lost in a certain debasement of our national life. Scarcely ever has any part of the tax law tended so energetically to compel the commercialization of social intercourse, or penalized so particularly the amateur spirit, which, Richard Hofstadter declares in his book "Anti-Intellectualism in American Life," characterized the founders of the republic. Perhaps the greatest danger of all is that, by claiming deductions for activities that are technically business but actually social—that is, by complying with the letter of the law—a man may cheapen his life in his own eyes. One might argue that the founders, if they were alive today, would scornfully decline to mingle the social and the commercial, the amateur and the professional, and would disdain to claim any but the most unmistakable expenses. But, under the present tax laws, the question would be whether they could afford such a lordly overpayment of taxes, or should even be asked to make the choice.

IT has been maintained that the Code discriminates against intellectual work, the principal evidence being that while depreciation may be claimed on all kinds of exhaustible physical property and depletion may be claimed on natural resources, no such deductions are allowed in the case of exhaustion of the mental or imaginative capacities of creative artists and inventors—even though the effects of brain fag are sometimes all too apparent in the later work and incomes of such persons. (It has also been argued that professional athletes are discriminated against, in

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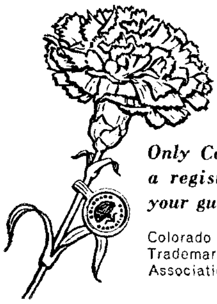

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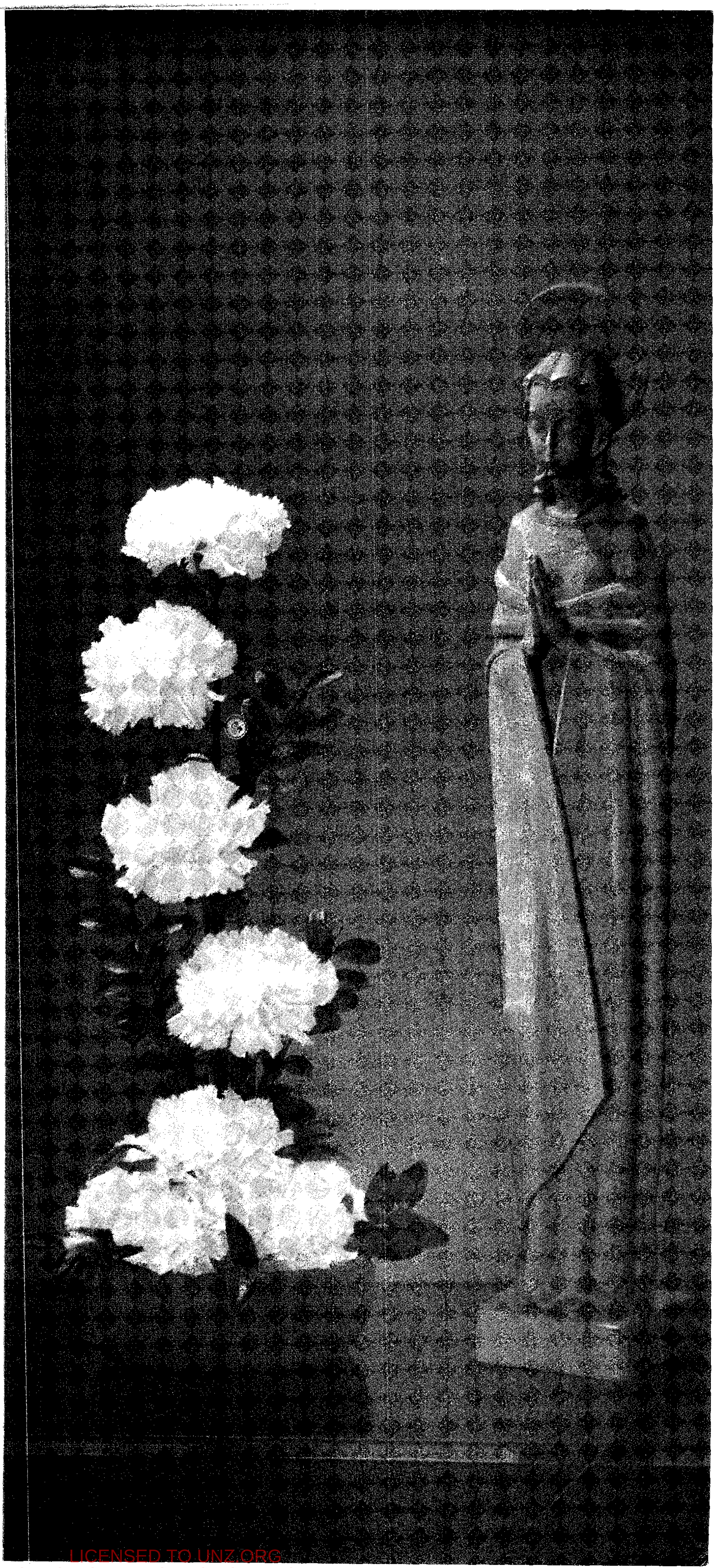

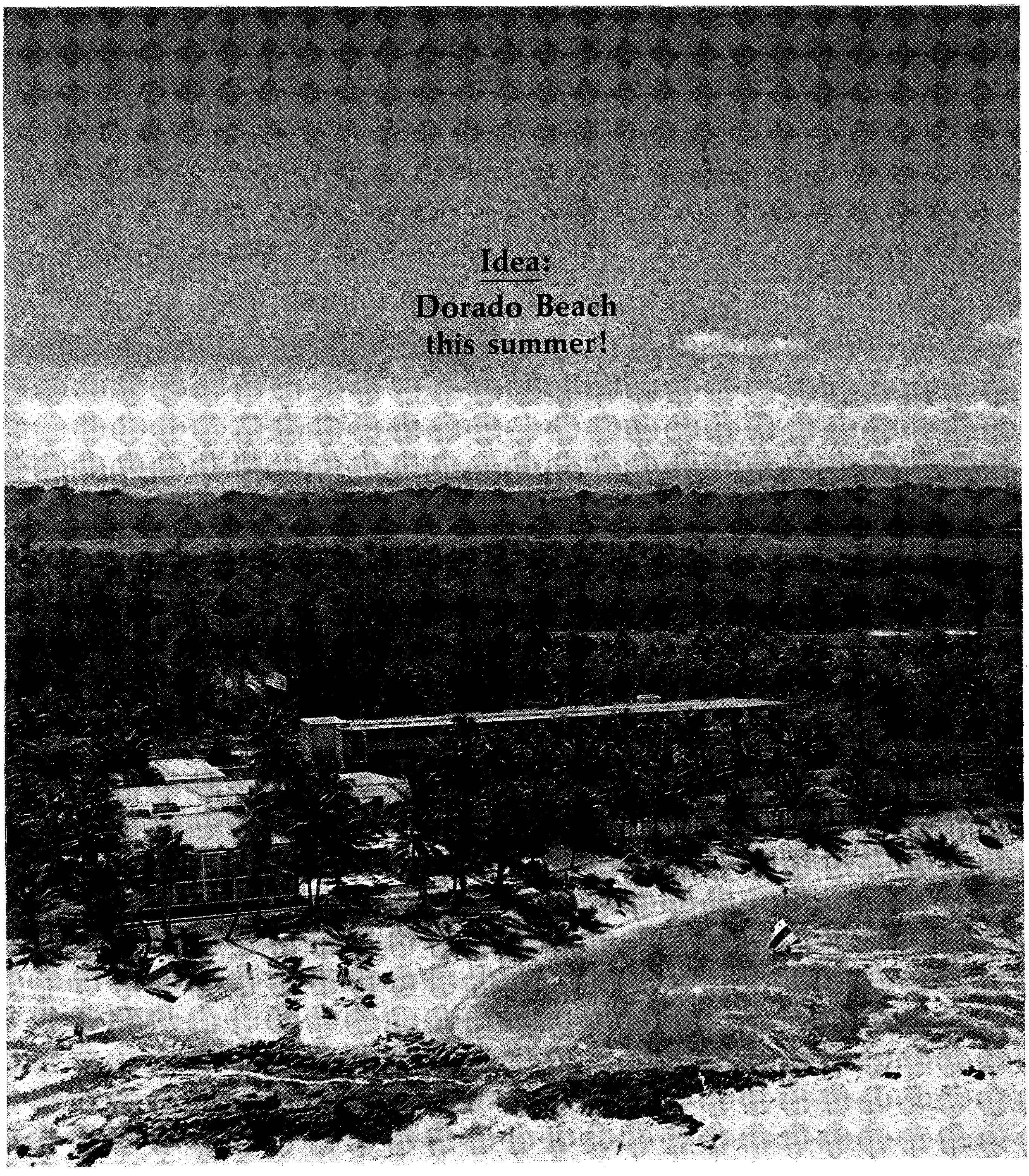

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that the Code does not allow for depreciation of their bodies.) Organizations like the Authors League of America have contended, further, that the Code is unfair to authors and other creative people whose income, because of the nature of their work and the economics of its marketing, is apt to fluctuate wildly from year to year, so that they are taxed exorbitantly in good years and are left with too little to tide them over bad years. A provision of the 1964 bill that is intended to take care of this situation provides creative artists, inventors, and other receivers of sudden large income with a four-year averaging formula to ease the tax bite of a windfall year.

But if the Code *is* anti-intellectual, it is probably so only inadvertently—and is certainly so only inconsistently. By granting tax-exempt status to charitable foundations, it facilitates the award of millions of dollars a year—most of which would otherwise go into the government's coffers—to scholars for travel and living expenses while they carry out research projects of all kinds. And by making special provisions in respect to gifts of property that has appreciated in value, it has—whether advertently or inadvertently—tended not only to force up the prices that painters and sculptors receive for their work but to channel thousands of works out of private collections and into public museums. The mechanics of this process are by now so well known that they need be merely outlined: a collector who donates a work of art to a museum may deduct on his income-tax return the fair value of the work at the time of the donation, and need pay no capital-gains tax on any increase in its value since the time he bought it. If the increase in value has been great and the collector's tax bracket is very high, he may actually come out ahead on the deal. Besides burying some museums under such an avalanche of bounty that their staffs are kept busy digging themselves out, these provisions have tended to bring back into existence that lovable old figure from the pre-tax past, the rich dilettante. In recent years, some high-bracket people have fallen into the habit of making serial collections—Post-Impressionists for a few years, perhaps, followed by Chinese jade, and then by modern American painting. At the end of each period, the collector gives away his entire collection, and when the taxes he would otherwise have paid are calculated, the adventure is found to have cost him practically nothing.

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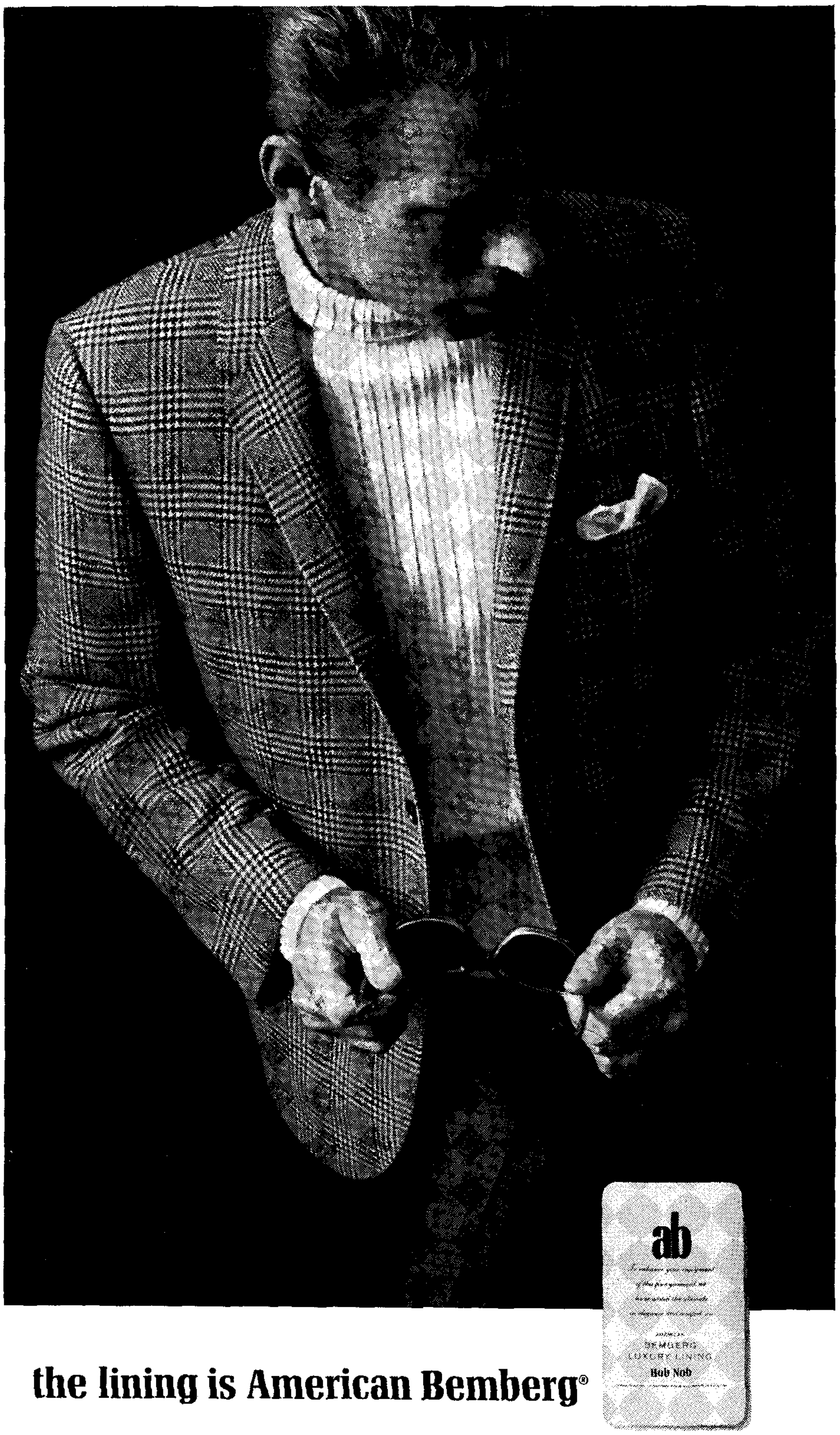

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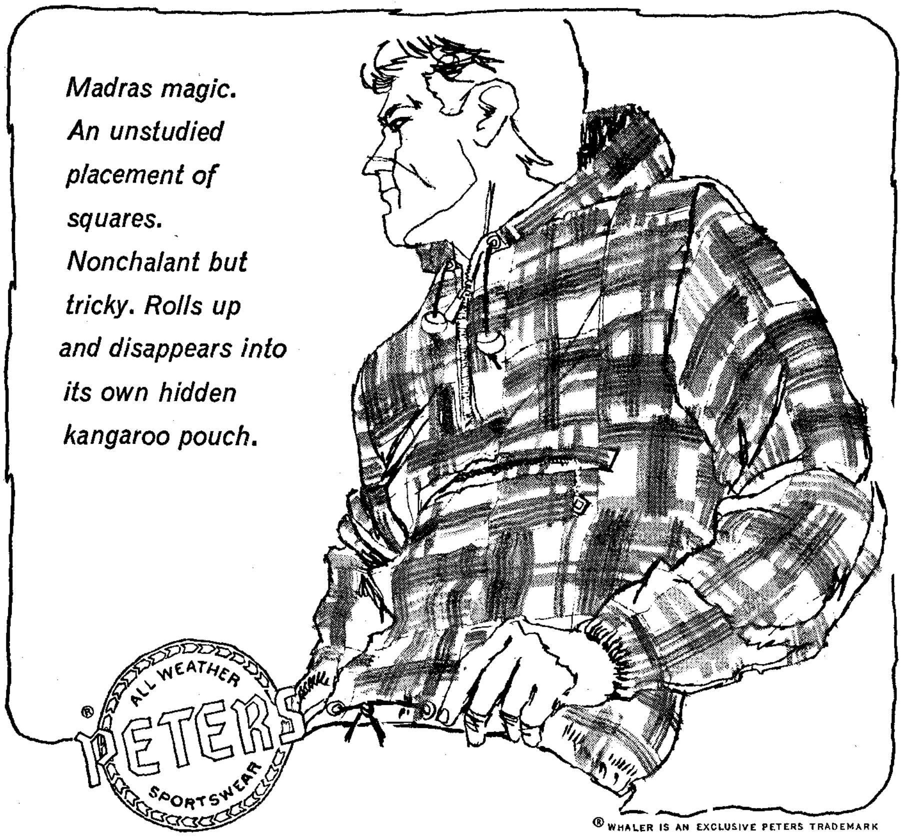
ple's charitable contributions, whether in the form of works of art or simply in the form of money and other property, is one of the oddest fruits of the Code. Of approximately five billion dollars claimed annually as deductible contributions on personal income-tax returns, by far the greater part is in the form of assets of one sort or another that have appreciated in value, and comes from persons with very high incomes. The reasons can be made clear by a simple example: A man with a top bracket of 20 per cent who gives away $1,000 in cash incurs a net cost of $800. A man with a top bracket of 60 per cent who gives away the same sum in cash incurs a net cost of $400. If a man gives $1,000 in the form of stock that he originally bought for $200, he incurs a net cost of $200. It is the Code's enthusiastic encouragement of large-scale charity that has led to most of the cases of million-dollar-a-year men who pay no tax at all; under one of its provisions, anyone whose income tax and contributions combined have amounted to nine-tenths or more of his taxable income for eight out of the ten preceding years is entitled by way of reward to disregard in the current year the usual restrictions on the amount of deductible contributions, and can escape the tax entirely.

Thus the Code's provisions often enable mere fiscal manipulation to masquerade as charity, substantiating a frequent charge that the Code is morally muddleheaded, or worse. The provisions also give rise to muddleheadedness in others. The appeal made by large fund-raising drives, for example, has been uneasily divided between a call to good works and an explanation of the tax advantages to the donor. An instructive example is a commendably thorough booklet entitled "Greater Tax Savings . . . A Constructive Approach," which was used by Princeton in its recent capital-funds drive. (Similar, not to say nearly identical, booklets have been used by Harvard, Yale, and many other institutions.) "The responsibilities of leadership are great, particularly in an age when statesmen, scientists, and economists must make decisions which will almost certainly affect mankind for generations to come," the pamphlet's foreword starts out, loftily, and goes on to explain, "The chief purpose of this booklet is to urge all prospective donors to give more serious thought to the manner in which they make their gifts. . . . There are many different ways in which substantial gifts can be made at comparatively low cost to the donor. It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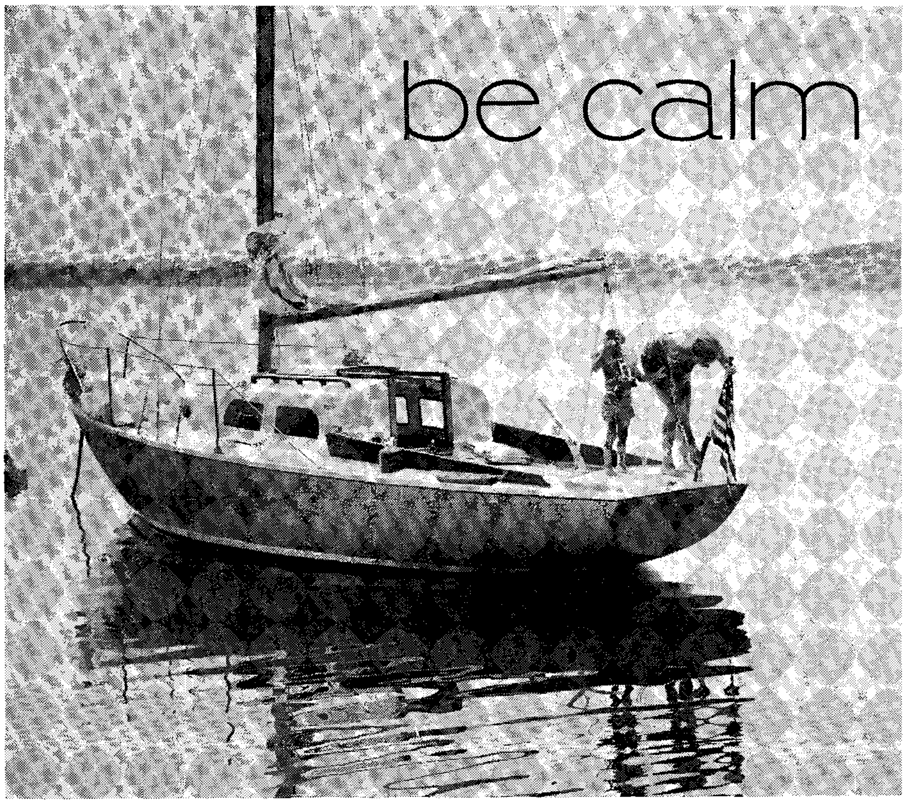

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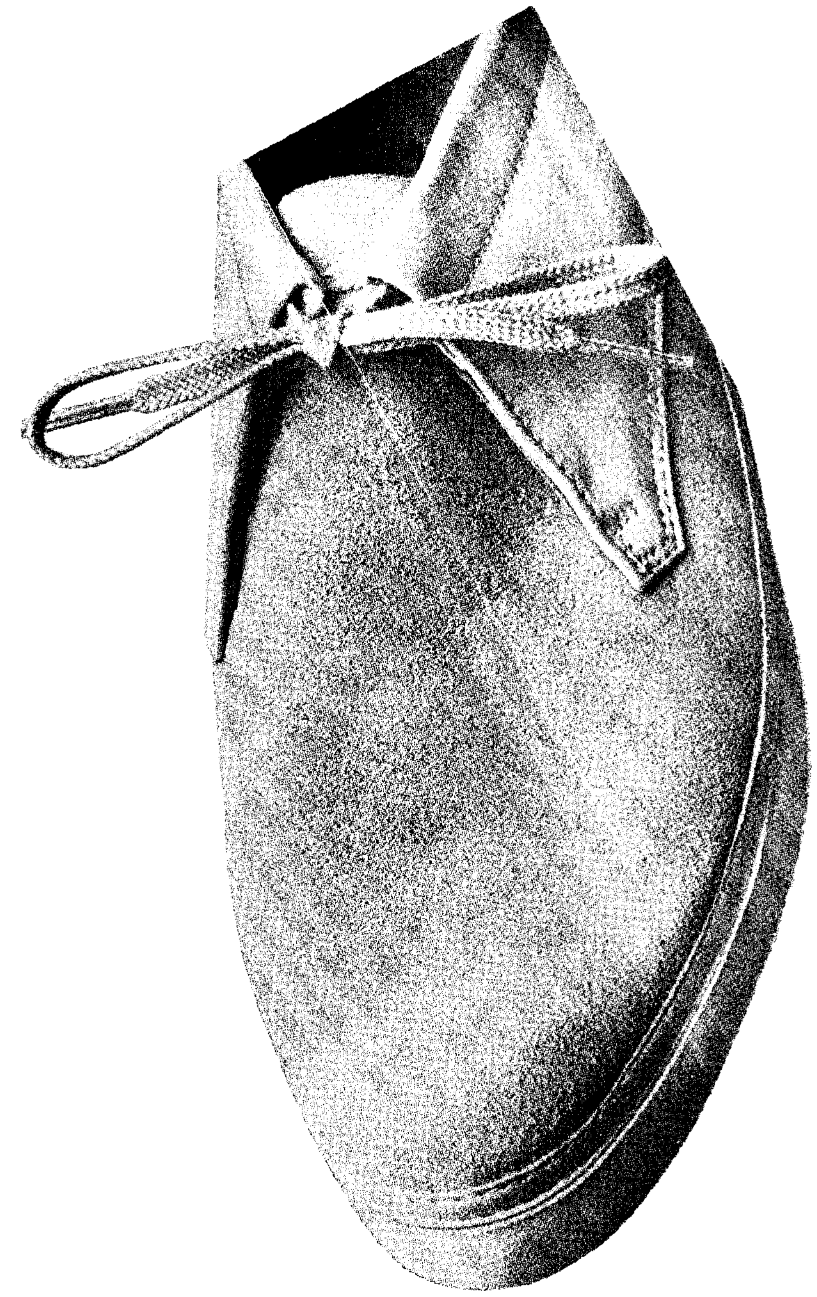

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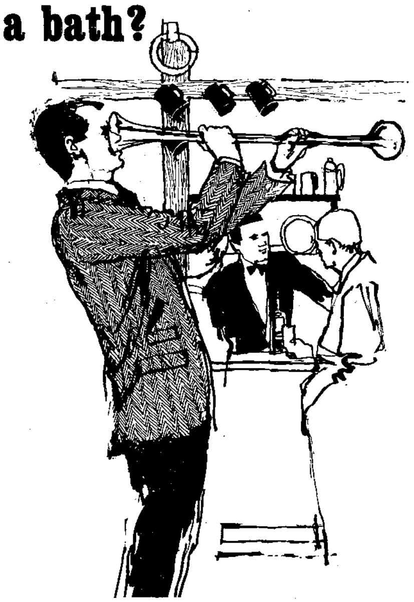

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is important that prospective donors acquaint themselves with these opportunities." The opportunities expounded in the subsequent pages include ways of saving on taxes through gifts of appreciated securities, industrial property, leases, royalties, jewelry, antiques, stock options, residences, life insurance, and inventory items, and through the use of trusts ("The trust approach has great versatility"). At one point, the suggestion is put forward that, instead of actually giving anything away, the owner of appreciated securities may wish to *sell* them to Princeton, for cash, at the price he originally paid for them; this might appear to the simple-minded to be a commercial transaction, but the booklet points out, accurately, that in the eyes of the Code the difference between the securities' current market value and the lower price at which they are sold to Princeton represents pure charity, and is fully deductible as such. "While we have laid heavy emphasis on the importance of careful tax planning," the final paragraph goes, "we hope no inference will be drawn that the thought and spirit of giving should in any way be subordinated to tax considerations." Indeed it should not, nor need it be; with the heavy substance of giving so deftly minimized, or actually removed, its spirit can surely fly unrestrained.

ONE of the most marked traits of the Code—to bring this ransacking of its character to a close—is its complexity, and this complexity is responsible for some of its most far-reaching social effects; it is a virtual necessity for many taxpayers to seek professional help if they want to minimize their taxes legally, and since first-rate advice is expensive and in short supply, the rich are thereby given still another advantage over the poor, and the Code becomes even more undemocratic in its action than it is in its provisions. (And the fact that fees for tax advice are themselves deductible means that tax advice is one more item on the long list of things that cost less and less to those who have more and more.) All the free projects of taxpayer education and taxpayer assistance offered by the Internal Revenue Service—and they are extensive and well meant—cannot begin to compete with the paid services of a good independent tax expert, if only because the I.R.S., whose first duty is to collect revenue, is involved in an obvious conflict of interest when it sets about explaining to people how to avoid taxes. The fact that about half of all the revenue de-

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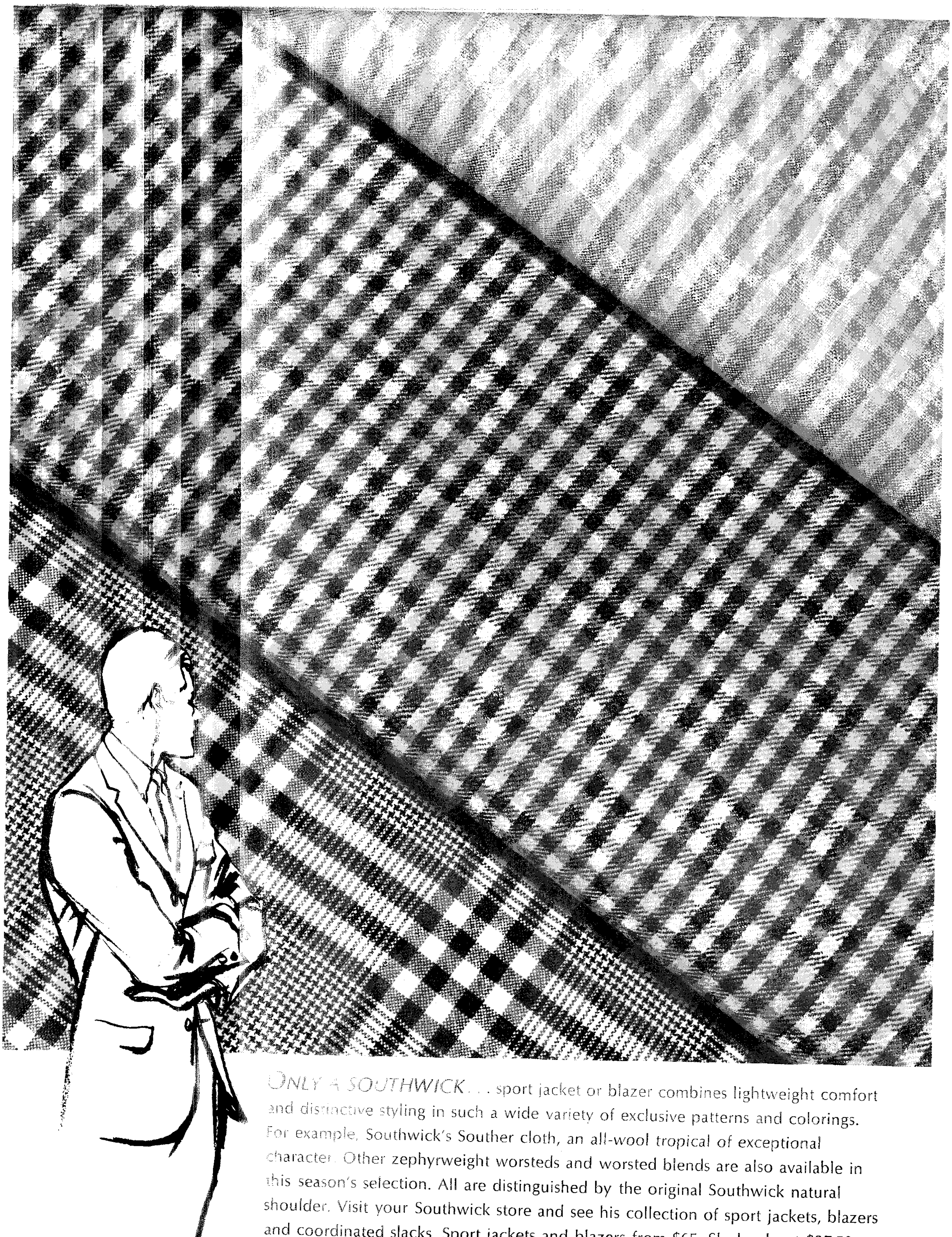

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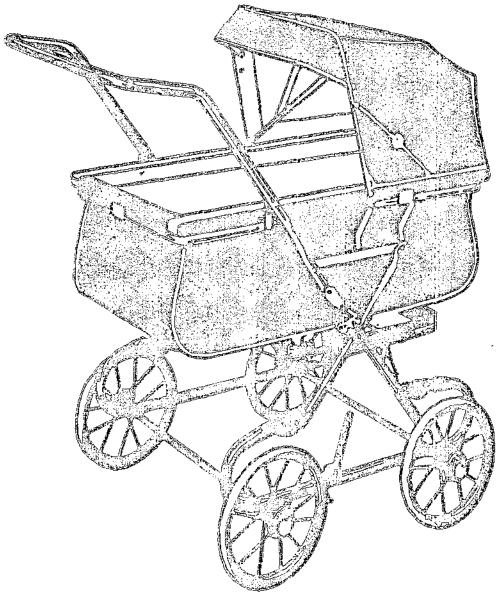

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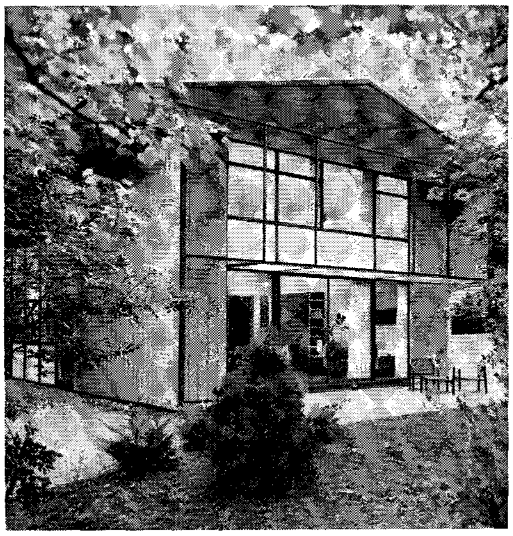

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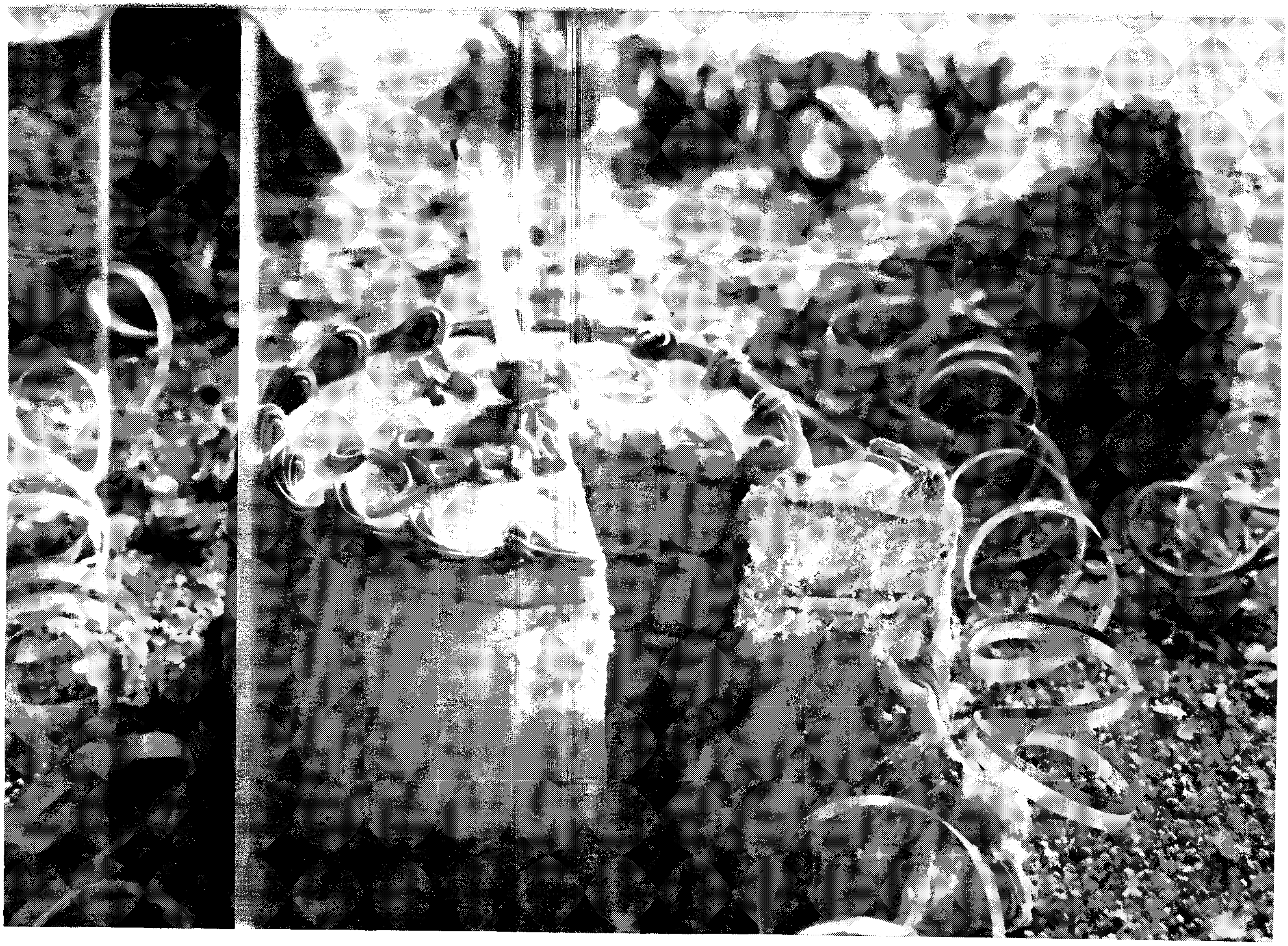
rived from individual returns for 1960 came from adjusted gross incomes of $9,000 or less is not attributable entirely to provisions of the Code; in part, it results from the fact that low-income taxpayers cannot afford to be shown how to pay less.

The huge army of people who give tax advice—"practitioners," they are called in the trade—is a strange and disturbing side effect of the Code's complexity. The exact size of this army is unknown, but there are a few guideposts. Some eighty thousand persons, most of them lawyers, accountants, and former I.R.S. employees, hold cards, granted by the Treasury Department, that officially entitle them to practice the trade of tax adviser and to appear as such before the I.R.S.; in addition, there is an uncounted host of unlicensed, and often unqualified, persons who prepare tax returns for a fee—a service that anyone may legally perform. As for lawyers, the undisputed plutocrats, if not the undisputed aristocrats, of the tax-advice industry, there is scarcely a lawyer in the country who is not concerned with taxes at one time or another during a year's practice, and every year there are more lawyers who are concerned with *nothing* else. The American Bar Association's taxation section, composed mostly of nothing-but-tax lawyers, has some nine thousand members; in the typical large New York law firm one out of five lawyers devotes all of his time to tax matters; and the New York University Law School's tax department, an enormous brood hen for the hatching of tax lawyers, is larger than the whole of an average law school. The brains that go into tax avoidance, which are generally recognized as including some of the best legal brains extant, constitute a wasted national resource, it is widely contended—and this contention is cheerfully upheld by some leading tax lawyers, who seem only too glad to affirm, first, that their mental capacities are indeed exceptional, and, second, that these capacities are indeed being squandered on trivia. "The law has its cycles," one of them explained recently. "In the United States, the big thing until about 1890 was property law. Then came a period when it was corporation law, and now it's various specialties, of which the most important is taxes. I'm perfectly willing to admit that I'm engaged in work that has a limited social value. After all, what are we talking about when we talk about tax law? At best, only the question of what an individual or a corporation should fairly pay in support of



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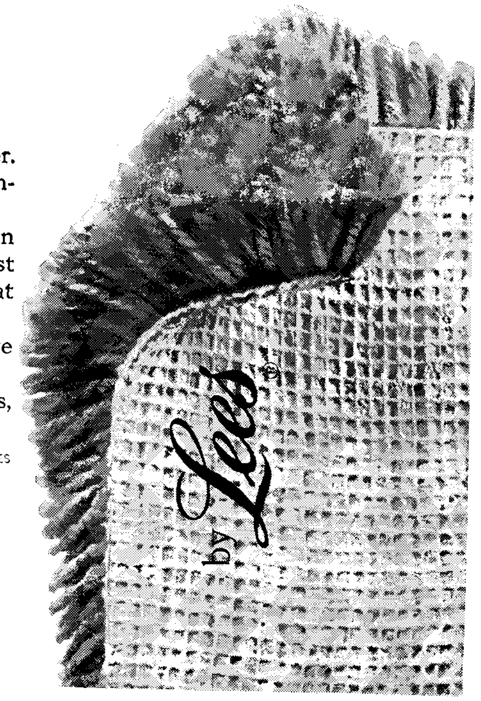
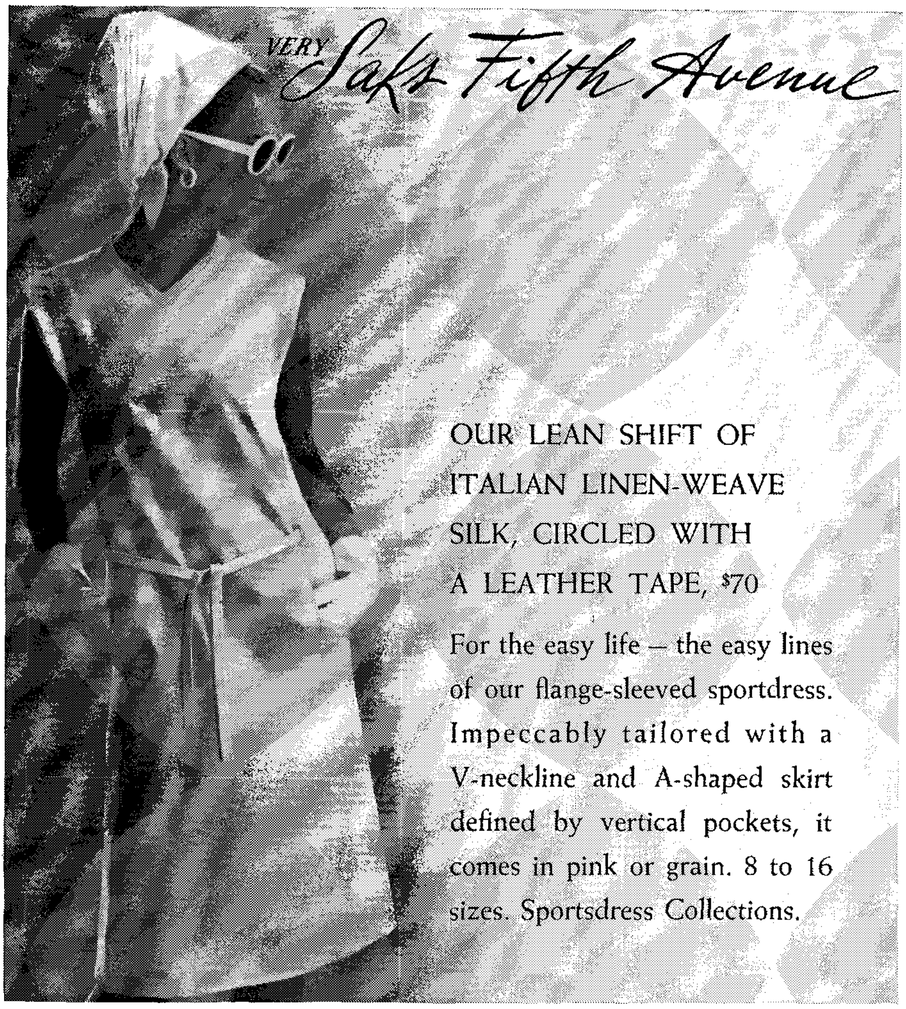


the government. All right, why do I do tax work? In the first place, it's a fascinating intellectual game—along with litigation, probably the most intellectually challenging branch of the law as it is now practiced. In the second place, although it's specialized in one sense, in another sense it isn't. It cuts through every field of law. One day you may be working with a Hollywood producer, the next day with a big real-estate man, the next with a corporation executive. In the third place, it's a highly lucrative field."

HYPOCRITICALLY egalitarian on the surface and systematically oligarchic underneath, unconscionably complicated, whimsically discriminatory, specious in its reasoning, pettifogging in its language, demoralizing to charity, an enemy of discourse, a promoter of shop talk, a squanderer of talent, a rock of support to the property owner but a weighty onus to the underpaid, an inconstant friend to the artist and scholar—if the national mirror-image is all these things, it has its good points as well. Certainly no conceivable income-tax law could please everybody, and probably no equitable one could entirely please anybody; Louis Eisenstein notes in his book "The Ideologies of Taxation," "Taxes are a changing product of the earnest effort to have others pay them." With the exception of its more flagrant special-interest provisions, the Code seems to be a sincerely written document—at worst misguided—that is aimed at collecting unprecedented amounts of money from an unprecedentedly complex society in the fairest possible way, at encouraging the national economy, and at promoting worthy undertakings. When it is intelligently and conscientiously administered, as it has been of late, our national income-tax law is quite possibly as equitable as any in the world.

But to enact an unsatisfactory law and then try to compensate for its shortcomings by good administration is, clearly, an absurd procedure. One solution that is more logical—to abolish the income tax—is proposed chiefly by some members of the radical right, who consider any income tax Socialistic or Communistic, and who would have the federal government simply stop spending money, though abolition is also advanced, as a theoretical ideal rather than as a practical possibility, by certain economists who are looking around for alternative ways of raising at least a significant fraction of the sums now produced by the income tax. One such alternative, said to be considered



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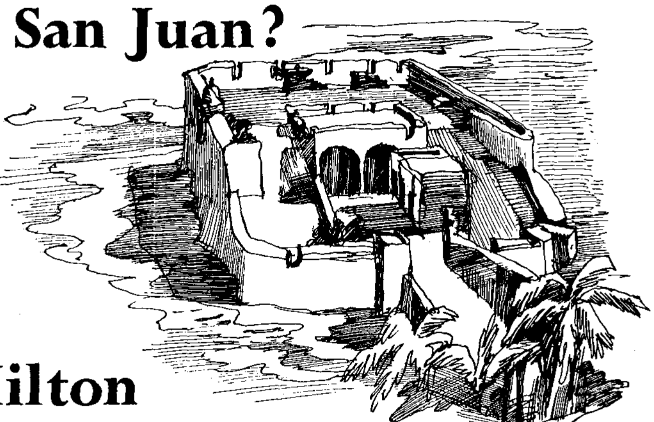

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elegant in economic circles at the moment, is a value-added tax, under which manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers would be taxed on the difference between the value of the goods they bought and that of the goods they sold; among the advantages claimed for it are that it would spread the tax burden more evenly through the productive process than a business-income tax does, and that it would enable the government to get its money sooner. Several countries, including France and Germany, have value-added taxes, though as supplements rather than alternatives to income taxes, and the State of Michigan has a small one, but no federal tax of the sort is more than remotely in prospect in this country. Other suggested means of lightening the burden of the income tax are to increase the number of items subject to excise taxes, and apply a uniform rate to them, so as to create what would amount to a federal sales tax; to increase user taxes, such as tolls on federally owned bridges and recreation facilities; and to enact a law permitting federal lotteries, like the lotteries that were permitted from colonial times up to 1895, which helped finance such projects as the building of Harvard, the fighting of the Revolutionary War, and the building of many schools, bridges, canals, and roads. One obvious disadvantage of all these schemes is that they would collect revenue with relatively little regard to ability to pay, and for this reason or others none of them stand a chance of being enacted in the foreseeable future. Indeed, as far as the excise tax is concerned, all the current talk is about early and large cuts.

A special favorite of theoreticians, but of hardly anyone else, is something called the expenditure tax—the taxing of individuals on the basis of their total annual expenditures rather than on their income. The proponents of this tax—diehard adherents of the economics of scarcity—argue that it would have the primary virtue of simplicity; that it would have the beneficial effect of encouraging savings; that it would be fairer than the income tax, because it would tax what people took out of the economy rather than what they put into it; and that it would give the government a particularly handy control instrument with which to keep the national economy on an even keel. Its opponents contend that it wouldn't really be simple at all, and would be ridiculously easy to evade; that it would cause the rich to become richer, and doubtless stingier as well; and, finally, that by putting a penalty on spending it would

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promote depression. In any event, both sides concede that its enactment in the United States is not now politically practicable. An expenditure tax was seriously proposed for the United States by Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., in 1942, and for Britain by a Cambridge economist (now a special adviser to the National Treasury) named Nicholas Kaldor, in 1951, though neither proponent asked for repeal of the income tax. Both proposals were all but unanimously hooted down. "The expenditure tax is a beautiful thing to contemplate," one of its admirers said recently. "It would avoid almost all the pitfalls of the income tax. But it's a dream." And so it is, in the Western world; such a tax has been put in effect only in India and Ceylon.

With no feasible substitute in sight, then, the income tax seems to be here to stay, and any hope for better taxation seems to lie in its reform. Since one of the Code's chief flaws is its complexity, reform might well start with that. *Efforts at simplification* have been made with regularity since 1943, when Secretary Morgenthau set up a committee to study the subject, and there have been occasional small successes; simplified instructions, for example, and a shortened form for taxpayers who wish to itemize deductions but whose affairs are relatively uncomplicated were both introduced during the Kennedy administration. Obviously, though, these are mere guerrilla-skirmish victories. One obstacle to any victory more sweeping is the fact that many of the Code's complexities were introduced in no interest other than that of fairness to all, and apparently cannot be removed without sacrificing fairness. The evolution of the special family-support provisions provides a striking example of how the quest for equity sometimes leads straight to complexity. Up to 1948, the fact that some states had and some didn't have community-property laws resulted in an advantage to married couples in the community-property states; those couples, and those couples only, were allowed to be taxed as if their total income were divided equally between them, even though one spouse might actually have a high income and the other none at all. To correct this clear-cut inequity, the federal Code was modified to extend the income-dividing privilege to all married persons. Even apart from the resulting discrimination against single persons without dependents—which remains enshrined and unchallenged in the Code today—this correction of one inequity led to the creation of another, the correction of

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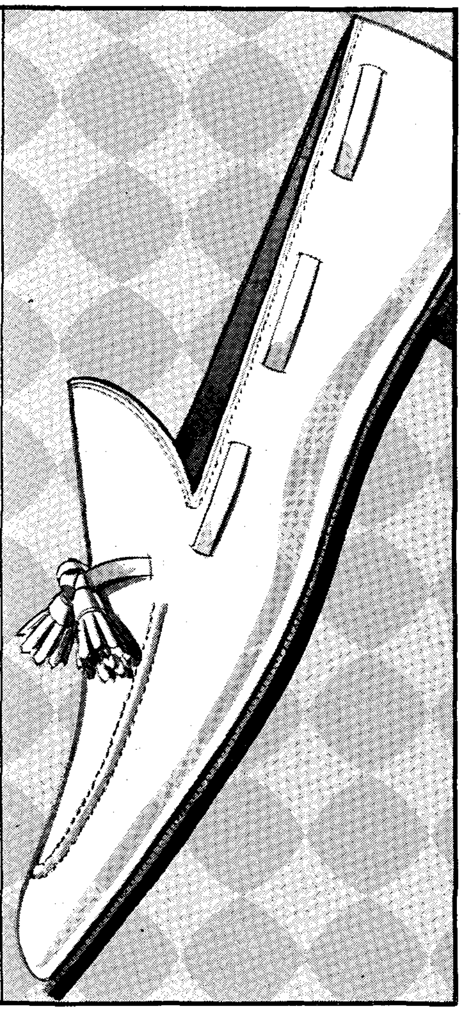

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which led to still another; before the Chinese-box sequence was played out, account had been taken of the legitimate special problems of persons who had family responsibilities although they were not married, then of working wives with expenses for child care during business hours, and then of widows and widowers. And each change made the Code more complex.

The loopholes are another matter. In their case, complexity serves not equity but its opposite, and their persistent survival constitutes a puzzling paradox; in a system under which the majority presumably makes the laws, tax provisions that blatantly favor tiny minorities over everybody else would seem to represent the civil-rights principle run wild—a kind of anti-discrimination program for the protection of millionaires. The process by which new tax legislation comes into being—an original proposal from the Treasury Department or some other source, passage in turn by the House Ways and Means Committee, the whole House, the Senate Finance Committee, and the whole Senate, followed by the working out of a House-Senate compromise by a conference committee, followed by repassage by the House and the Senate and, finally, followed by signing by the President—is indeed a tortuous one, at any stage of which a bill may be killed or shelved. However, though the public has plenty of opportunity to protest special-interest provisions, what public pressure there is is apt to be greater in favor of them than against them. In a book on tax loopholes called "The Great Treasury Raid," Philip M. Stern points out several forces that seem to him to work against the enactment of tax-reform measures, among them the skill, power, and organization of the anti-reform lobbies; the diffuseness and political impotence of the pro-reform forces within the government; and the indifference of the general public, which expresses practically no enthusiasm for tax reform through letters to congressmen or by any other means, perhaps in large part because it is stunned into incomprehension and consequent silence by the mind-boggling technicality of the whole subject. In this sense, the Code's complexity is its impenetrable elephant hide. Thus the Treasury Department, which, as the agency charged with collecting federal revenues, has a natural interest in tax reform, is often left, along with a handful of reform-minded legislators, like Senators Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, Albert Gore of Tennessee, and Eugene J. McCarthy of Minnesota, on a lonely and indefensible salient.

OPTIMISTS believe that some "point of crisis" will eventually cause specially favored groups to look beyond their selfish interests, and the rest of the country to overcome its passivity, to such an extent that the income tax will come to give back a more flattering picture of the country than it does now. When this will happen, if ever, they do not specify. But the general shape of the picture hoped for by some of those who care most about it is known. The ideal income tax envisioned for the far future by many reformers would be characterized by a short and simple Code with comparatively low rates and with a minimum of exceptions to them. In its main structural features, this ideal tax would bear a marked resemblance to the 1913 income tax—the first ever to be put in effect in the United States in peacetime. So if the unattainable visions of today should eventually materialize, the income tax would be just about back where it started.

—JOHN BROOKS

(*This is the second of two articles on the income tax.*)

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN CONCEPTS DEPARTMENT

I believe it was La Rochefoucauld or Chamfort, one of those two great French moralists—it must be La Rochefoucauld, it always is—who said that a man talks about women until he is 17, then stops talking and begins again when he is in his 50's.—*From "Twilight of the Goddess?," by Romain Gary, Ladies' Home Journal, March, 1965.*

Was it La Rochefoucauld or Chamfort who said that selflessness is running away from yourself? It must have been La Rochefoucauld. It always is.—*From "The Ski Bum," by Romain Gary, 1965.*

•

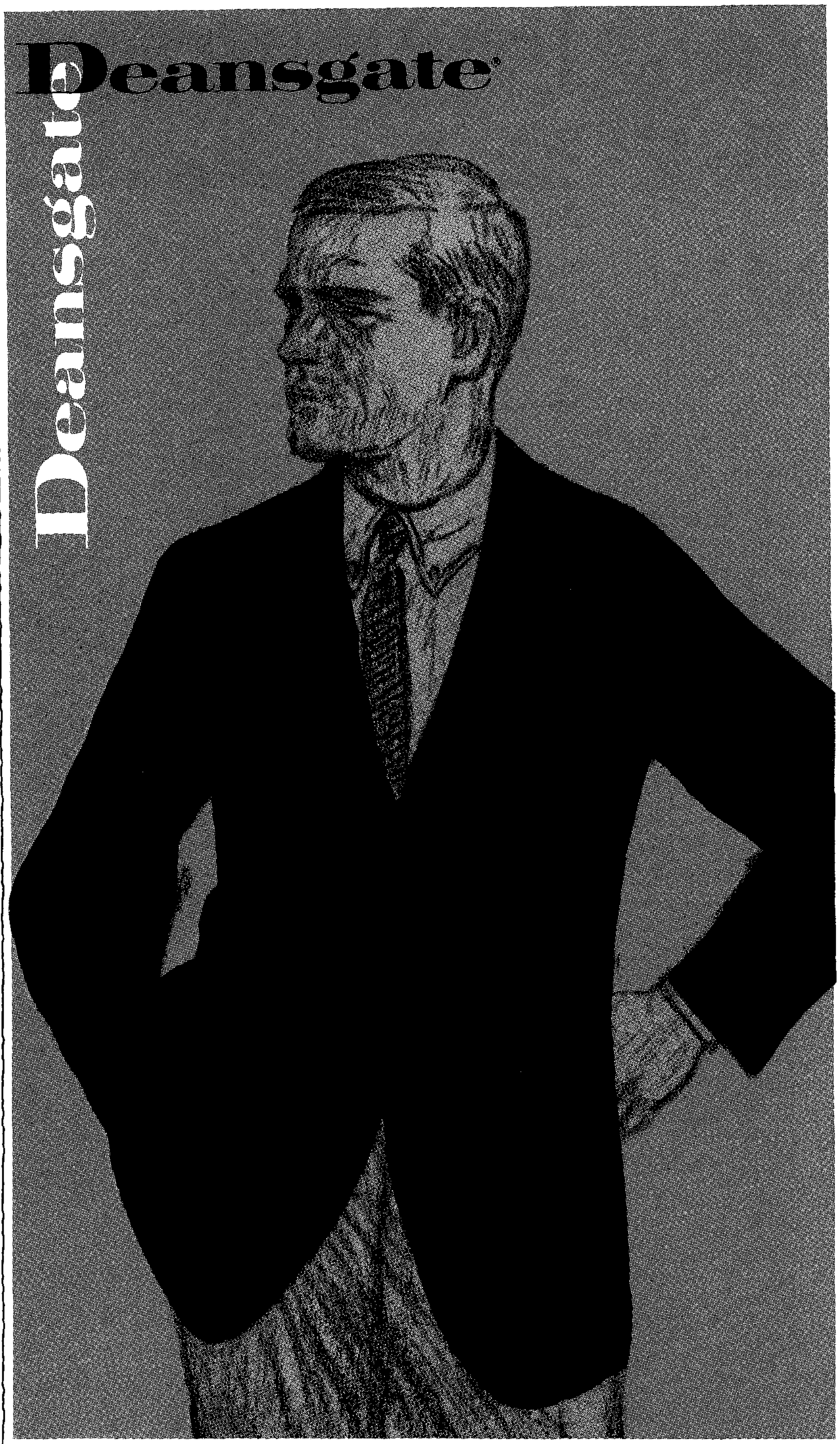
Graceful, fluid hand and arm movements are the finishing touches to grace.

When reaching for an object your arm should extend from the shoulder in a graceful arc with the wrist leading.

Your hand should pass over the object, then come toward you to grasp it.

The motion is almost like a caress. Never should your arm be stiff with a rigid elbow and wrist, and never should you clutch at things fingers first. Watch a ballerina's arm movements, and you'll see this same silken motion.—*Arlene Dahl in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Try it on the subway, Arlene, doll.



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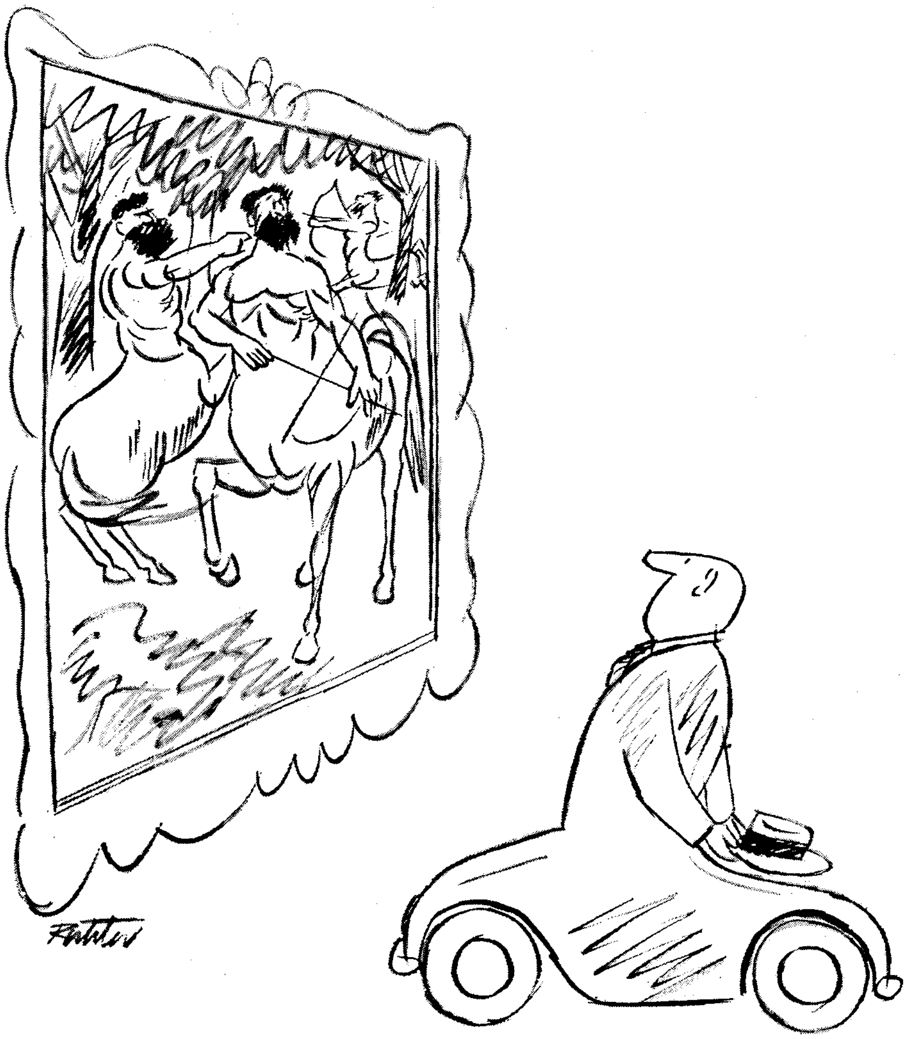
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"Matty and the Moron and Madonna," by Herbert Lieberman, is a disagreeable, cluttered, and frequently confusing melodrama about a small boy in a New York tenement who is on the run from his insane mother and yet is so bound to her—partly by love and partly by a feeling that he somehow deserves her murderous attacks on him—that he cannot quite escape from her. His father, who packs his bag and leaves home shortly after the curtain rises, tries to persuade the boy to come with him but gets nowhere. While the father is not the brightest or strongest man on earth, it must be said, in all justice, that he does not realize the extent of the danger his son is in. Most of the other characters, bogus to a man, are fellow-tenants, including a well-meaning but misguided rabbi, a bullying young hoodlum, a warmhearted prostitute, a man with a scarred, damaged face who delivers a brief dissertation on the hopelessness of everything, and a Puerto Rican woman and her defective son. The two last are the madonna and moron of the title, but since they don't appear to be any more important than anybody else, one can conclude only that they were put there simply for purposes of alliteration. The play could have been sad or frightening or perhaps both, but in its current production at the Orpheum, under José Quintero's direction, it is neither. Just pretentious. There is a chance (though who can tell?) that director and playwright were working at cross-purposes, with Mr. Quintero aiming at nightmare while Mr. Lieberman was trying for significance and, Heaven help him, credibility. The overwrought production is loaded with "effects" of the kind that are often referred to as "good theatre" by people who don't know good theatre from bad—thunder and lightning at strategic moments but at no other time, sudden encounters, and a group of wispy ladies, billed as "Fantasies," who drift around in chiffon acting out the madwoman's reveries. The script is full of mysterious and, as far as I could tell, unwarranted references to the Children's Crusade and—in keeping with a deplorable tendency that originated, I think, in television—bits of psychological data, in a mistaken attempt to make what is essentially eerie seem reasonable. It does no good that I can see to be told that the mother—a knife-wielding, hatchet-swinging maniac and frenetic rocking-chair rocker—had a tough time in childbirth and was abnormally attached to her own mother. Being snapped back and forth from Grand Guignol to the clinic like this gets awfully trying. You can't have it both ways.

The play, which seems endless, is a series of episodes, most of them set in the apartments and hallways of the building. The best of the episodes—the only even pretty good one—takes place in a neighborhood bar, where the father again tries, and fails, to get through to the boy and persuade him to leave the house. Maybe it only seemed pretty good because of the performances of Felice Orlandi and Glenn Scimonelli as the father and son. Under the circumstances, neither of them can exactly be called believable, but both come close. Young Scimonelli, who is only ten years old, sustains the character from beginning to end—not an easy feat when one considers the character. The scenery, designed by David Hays, who also did the lighting, is a permanent double-decker structure of platforms and steps and what looked from Row J like vertical metal pipes. It is certainly useful and effective, although I found it hard at times to figure out just where the actors were meant to be.

—Edith Oliver



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Oil in the Ears

P. W. writes: I use camphorated oil in my ears. Recently I noticed that the label says "For External Use Only—Do Not Use in Your Ear." What harm could this cause?

Reply

The outer ear is external. I am surprised you didn't read the label when the solution was purchased. "For external use only" is a label warning the user not to swallow the product.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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It is our pleasure to also enclose some sample swatches (a carefully chosen "*hors d'œuvres*") of what awaits you in forthcoming issues of EXQUISE.

THE EDITORS

A Glimpse of England's Newest Angry Men

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Lord Misseldine, brooding heir to the Misseldine Steel dominions who lives alone with his two-hundred-year-old tortoise in a Dover Square flat that is a symphony of studied disorder (he will not allow the char to make his bed, as he enjoys "the wonderfully 'real' smell of sour linen"). As to women, he prefers "very young blonde things, titillatingly bowlegged." He is currently engaged in writing an exposé of Addison which he claims will "rock the literary Neanderthals to their foundations and send them scurrying into their webby corners." His favorite foods: truffles and tinned spaghetti served up to the right people at odd hours of the night beside a blazing fire of teakwood chips. His most prized possession: a fragment of the breastbone of Catherine de Médicis kept in a crystal case on his bedstand. His ambition: to do absolutely nothing but to do it well. . . .

Ezra Gordon Teasdale, twenty-nine-year-old playwright who tore the theatre asunder with his first dramatic effort, "The Crackle and the Crocks," which he wrote nights in the public library. (He worked days as a chestnut salesman, sometimes sleeping in Hyde Park.) At present, he lives with the famous old potter Babbelique aboard a houseboat they have had moved onto

Italy's favorite drink

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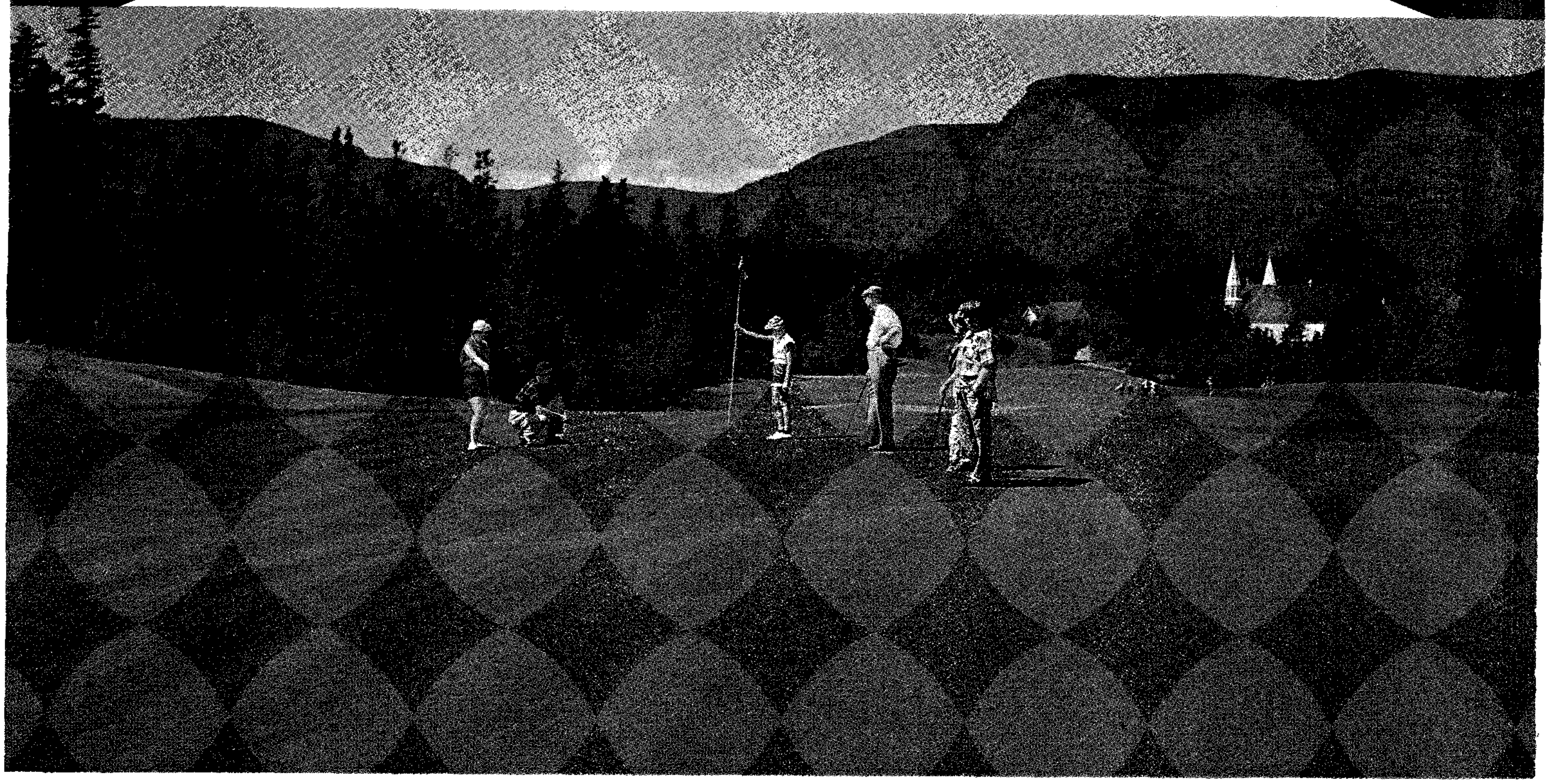

There are 252 glorious holes of golf in Nova Scotia

A pleasant way to get a good look at the splendors of the Nova Scotia scene is to play the province's golf courses. Many command an ocean view, where the sea-conditioned climate helps keep fairways green and in top playing condition, a fact confirmed by this illustration of the famous 6,600 yard National Park course, located in the highlands of Cape Breton.

True to their traditions, Nova Scotians enjoy their golf; after all, the game was invented in Scotland. One highlight of the golf calendar is the Kilted Tournament at the Antigonish Golf and Country Club, July 14. (Borrow a kilt, and you, too, may qualify.)

This distinctive Canadian province is one of the most compact playgrounds on the continent. When visitors to this sea-girt province aren't golfing, or fishing for tuna, pollock, swordfish, trout or salmon, they're sailing, surf-bathing, beach-combing or cooking-out along its shores.

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land in Hampstead (over the protests of neighbors), where they reside without ostentation but with a good many cats. Juju, a blue Maltese, sat on his shoulder making great gashes down her master's face throughout our interview. Ezra barely noticed as he enthusiastically outlined his next play, a protest against Mother Love, which is as yet untitled but which will go into rehearsal come fall. His favorite foods: a concoction called Applesauce-Upside-Down, which he makes himself in an enormous tin pot on his hot plate, and sparrow pie. His favorite possession: an early edition of "Dr. Faustus" found in a culvert right after a blitz. A minor ambition: to revive the game of hot cockles. . . .

Eighteen-year-old Piggie Wellington, distant relation of the Duke of Droden and the baby genius of the group, whose passion for Nile-green kilts and unborn-ocelot shoes (he once wore them to a Palace reception) would make him *unique* even if he were not the son of one of the richest men in the Empire and an already famous epic poet. His initial achievement, "Red, Red, Red," was praised by the critics and met with instantaneous success. It was followed by a slim volume of love lyrics dedicated simply "Max." He cares little for young women and "the vulgarity of their too ambitiously outlined eyes and mouths," but he did cause a stir last season by being seen constantly in the company of sixty-nine-year-old Lady Vera Ommley; however, upon Lady Vera's subsequent illness and confinement in a nursing home, he has turned with even more fury to his work. His favorite dish: eel and chives. His avocation: designing zipperless ski pants "that at last really fit." The line has just been bought up by a leading London clothier.

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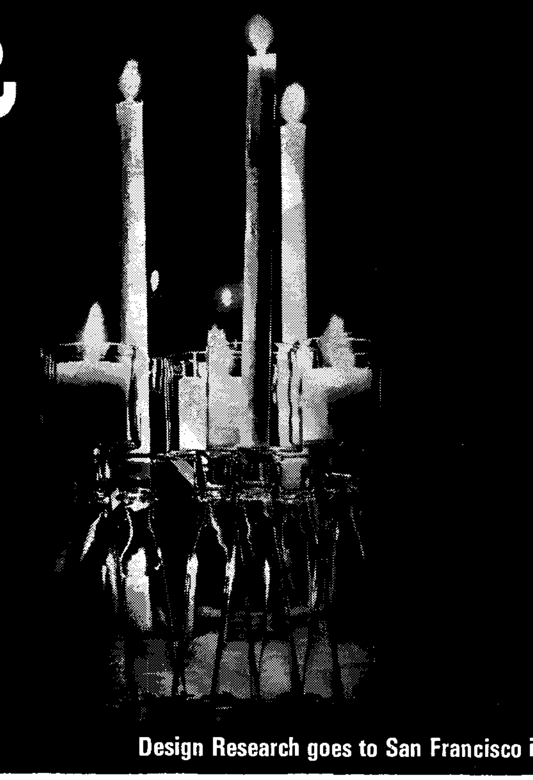

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extraordinary. For the more bold, a brilliant blue or fiery red liner with the X ends extending right to the hairline and straight down to the proud chin. The topoff: a sprinkling of silver dust! If the Man you know (husband, friend, or employer) doesn't take note, we'll be annoyed.

EXQUISE'S *Exquisite of the Month*

MRS. CHATTERTON O'MALLEY, former model and U.N. translator who together with her horse-breeder husband Sean and triplet sons occupies the Irish great house in Riordan County, Tooleylaire, which is perched on the rim of a forest as intensely green as pressed parsley and as delicately tangled as a milkmaid's hair. . . .

Everywhere in the house there is evidence of Mrs. O'Malley's ingenious hand, from the deliberately careless array of ancient valentines, riding crops, and antique whaling harpoons that grace the twelve-foot-high great-hall fireplace to the towering heaps of Penny Dreadfuls and Easter Eggs which she keeps colorfully stacked on every table in the lower rooms, together with her husband's prize collection of turnstiles painstakingly gathered by him when he was in America. In the nursery, yards upon yards of yellowed lace and small rare tapestries (once belonging to the Baroness von Wigestad, a stepaunt of Mr. O'Malley) brought down from the attic regions have been pressed into service as bibs and diapers and receiving blankets for the O'Malley young. But nowhere is Mrs. O'Malley's capacity for innovation more in evidence than in the huge pantries and kitchens with their earthen floors ("one never has to go about sweeping"), rows of herbs and mushrooms growing around the baseboards, and brightly painted stalls for live goats and poultry ("the household feathery people," as a seventeenth-century neo-classicist referred to them). Mrs. O'Malley's interests in addition to domesticity? "Just one consuming one": whittling incredibly miniature animals (some barely visible to the naked eye) out of potatoes and delivering them in her gig behind one of Mr. O'Malley's dancing thoroughbreds to the shut-in children of nearby St. Lucy's Orphanage.

Fashion's Summer Dazzle

EXQUISE models were whisked to an unspoiled *plage* on the Sea of Galilee to preview the truly perfect collection of Figoroni's new golden garments. His brainchildren this time: relentless shafts of saffron, tangerine, and broc-

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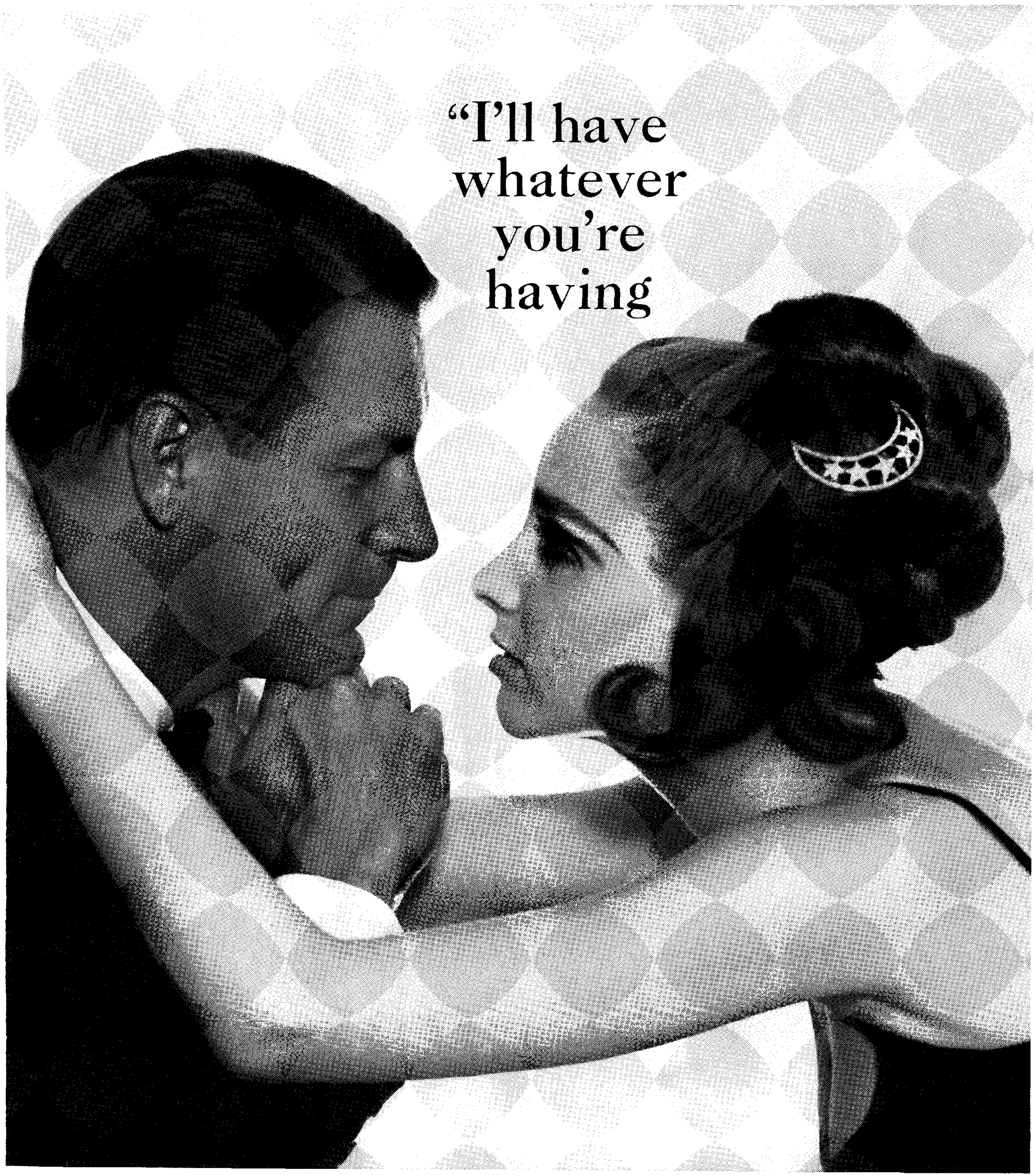

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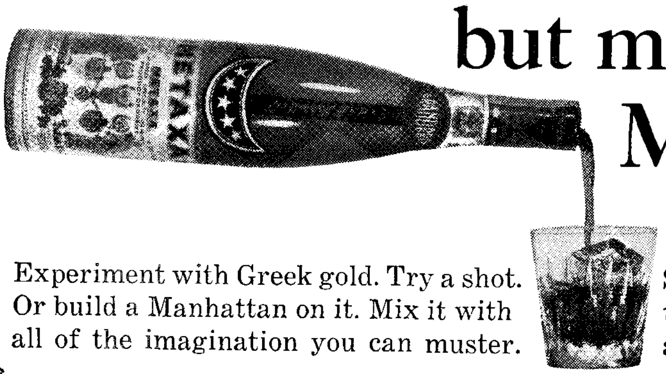

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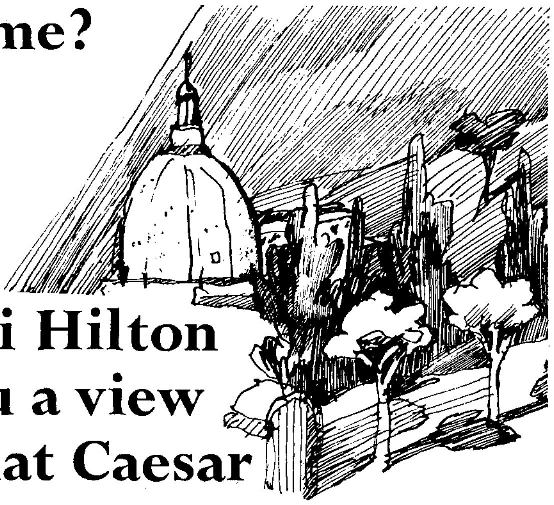

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In Our Next Issue's "Bulletin" Column:

WHAT Manhattan Aerie-Dwellers Are (or Ought to Be) Dwelling Upon: The penetrating and inflammable "Conversations of Great Claus and Little Claus" set to music with a devastation that cuts to the bone by the young Latin "One Man Tempest" Xavier Pinto, dished up nightly at the Bert Williams Theatre. . . . The surprisingly palatable mock steaks of meadow clover and seasoned lentils that prima ballerina Nadja Inyasmitchouna served up to dressing-room guests after the initial performance of the Dnepropetrovsk Company here. An old culinary delight, she claimed, loved by a sixteenth-century czarina. . . . A new and provocative *discothèque* to night-prowl: the Frenzy, which hosted two grand openings, the first by invitation only. Society's favorites received in their mail tiny shock-treatment apparatuses in alligator surgical bags, their names imprinted in gold upon the handles. The feast was a blast, with some of our most renowned dancing until four the next afternoon and then stretching out on down-padded litters thoughtfully provided by the management. . . . "Carburetor Filters," the trade film produced by the G. & J. Machine Parts Corp., which outshocks the now over-stylized "underground" art movies with its brutal realism, currently being run once daily at the Lew Dockstader Cinema Guild. Even the most eloquent of descriptions dilutes its essence. It must be viewed *alone*. . . . Young and amazingly inventive Spanish "coiffeur-architect" Truderro, whose recently launched black-and-yellow salon (he works wearing only a jet monokini, a trained canary perched on his shoulder) has attracted EVERYONE. Most of his tricks are top secret, but there is one he has released: the rinsing of his patrons' hair in heavy water and honey. . . .

—COLLEEN BROOKS

•

"I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it!"—Bartlett.—*West Lorne (Ont.) Sun.*

Bartlett was a pinko.

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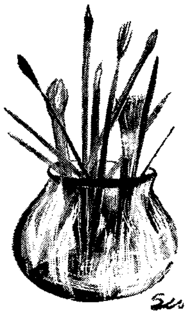
THE ART GALLERIES

Women, Women!



THE Newark Museum, now a fairly venerable institution (it was founded in 1909), is also an unusually enterprising one. Like a good many regional museums, it is a kind of all-purpose affair, combining a natural-history section, featuring not only exhibits of local flora and fauna but some more exotic examples (including, at the moment, a live animal that looks like a koala), with sections on decorative and applied arts, a Junior Museum with special activities for the children, and—this is a rather recent development—a planetarium. It is the paintings and sculptures section that concerns us, however, and here, it seems to me, the Museum has been particularly adventurous. Though a proper amount of regard has been paid to local art, with regular exhibitions of works by contemporary groups of New Jersey artists as well as earlier ones, shows of paintings owned by New Jersey collectors, and so on, the Museum goes much further afield than most similar institutions with such departures as loan exhibitions of modern abstract art, Spanish still-lifes, and modern and Renaissance Italian painting.

The current exhibition is one of the most adventurous. A loan affair of more than usually broad dimensions—some seventy lenders are listed in a collection of works by a hundred and thirty-one artists—it is called "Women Artists of America, 1707-1964," and is, I believe, one of the most comprehensive showings of the sort ever put together. It contains a number of surprises. Like a good many other amateurs, I imagine, I have long been puzzled by the almost total absence of women who actually painted professionally, since painting is an occupation that—involving, as it does, both the appreciation and the depiction of beauty—would at first glance seem admirably suited to their natures and temperaments. Economically, it would be all to a lady's advantage, for what more likely way could there be for a woman to pick up some pin money while her husband was out slaying infidels or running a business than in painting a landscape or two from the

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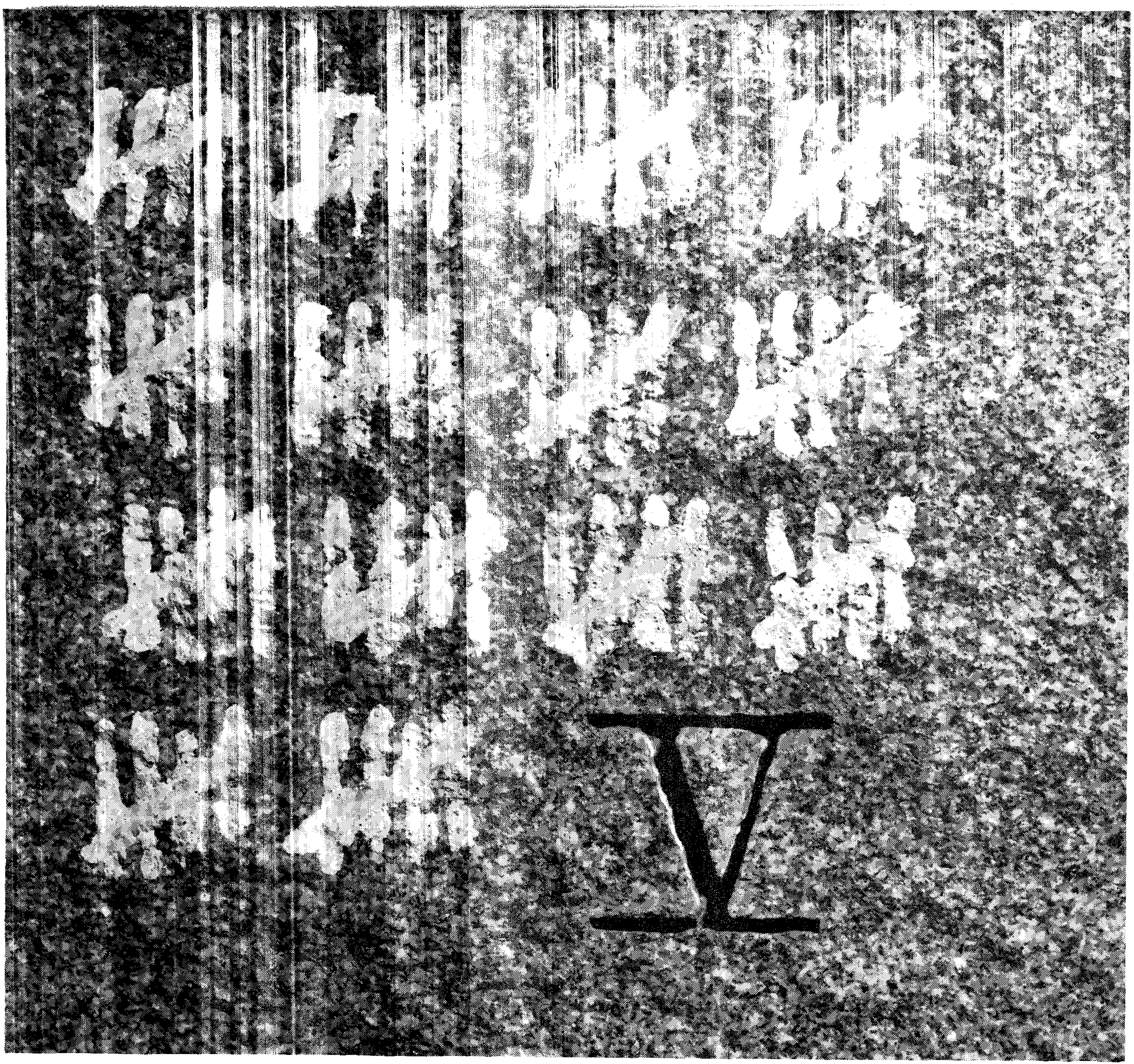

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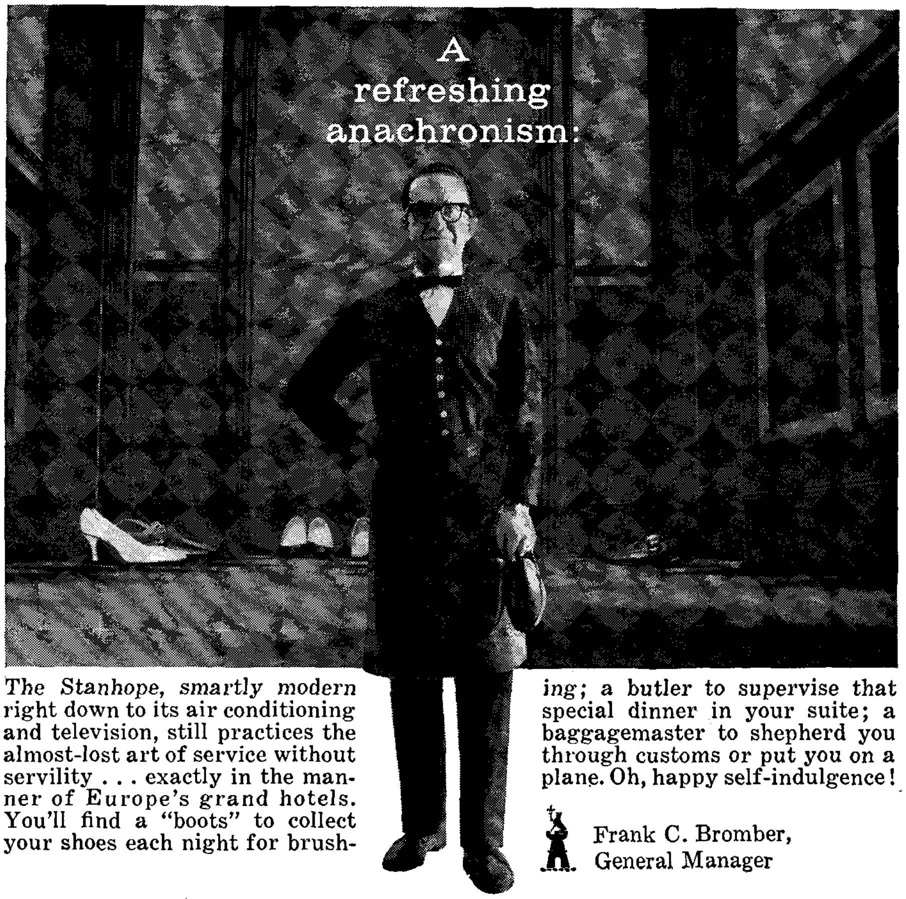

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castle keep or the picture window? Women didn't take to it, though; like Penelope, they wove tapestries or did crocheting. Was it because of the bohemian atmosphere infecting the art schools to the degree that a well-brought-up girl could scarcely conceive of herself as a part of the rowdy, bawdy atmosphere of the Beaux-Arts and other academies? But bohemianism came late; the early artists considered themselves craftsmen. Anyway, the whole thing offers an obvious two-way problem: Did the women stay away because of the bohemianism, or did the bohemianism, and the midinettes, the models, and so on, appear because of the lack of a more ladylike atmosphere? (Women, especially in Europe, were until recently practically excluded from the study of medicine because of similarly rowdy, sometimes ghoulish shenanigans by young medical students.) There is, naturally, the suspicion that a good deal of all this was put on by the resident males as a way of protecting their own prerogatives—their "turf," shall we say? If it does anything, this showing compounds the issue, for instead of providing solutions it offers the surprises I have mentioned.

The first of these, and a major one, is the fact that we have had in this country a great many more practicing professional women artists than there ever were in Europe, and, what's more, we had them earlier. If that is chauvinism, let him who will make the most of it. But I see no reason for such an opinion, since the situation seems to me to be a happenstance. The mind again boggles at the task of finding answers to this, but I believe they must have lain—in the early days—in the uneasy area of our still pioneering and hence egalitarian outlook, and in the fact that most of the women were self-taught and so were unruffled by bohemianism, and, perhaps most of all, in the fact that the girls in this country at the period felt more independent anyway. At any rate, unless one does special research, when we think of female European artists we think only of Vigée-Lebrun (1755-1842 and active from around 1780 on), Rosa Bonheur (whose dates are years later), and then, after these two, who?—aside from Berthe Morisot and a few other Impressionist women artists. In contradistinction, *we* had, as early as 1725 (the date of the first canvas in the collection), an artist named Henrietta Johnston, who as of that date is revealed—by her companion pastel studies of Frances and Mrs. John Moore—as a portraitist of

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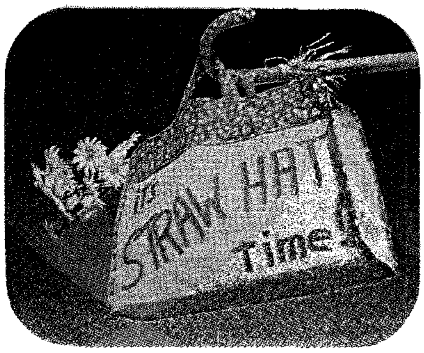

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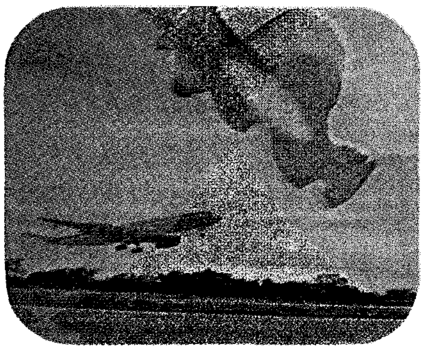

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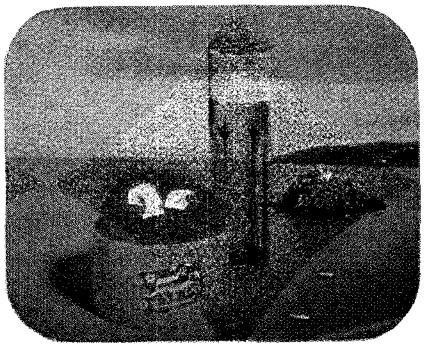

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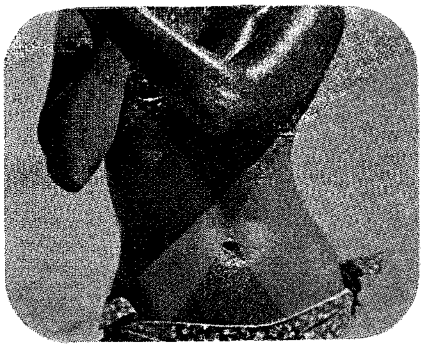

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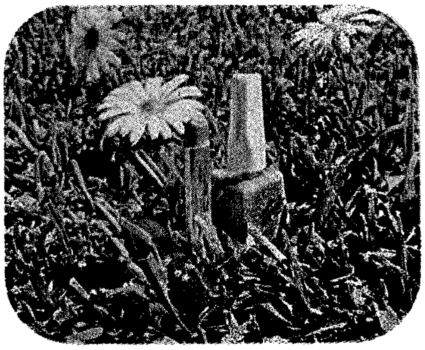

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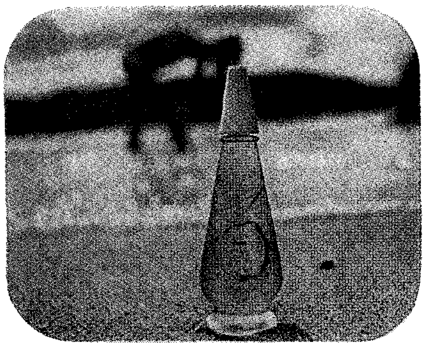

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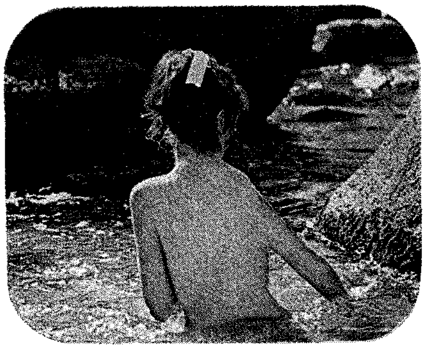

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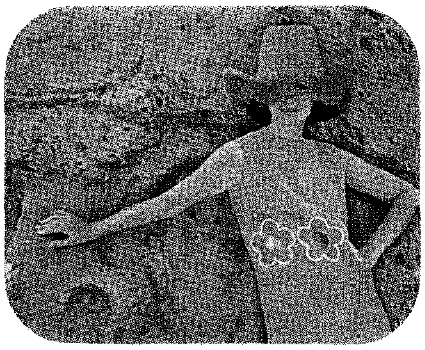

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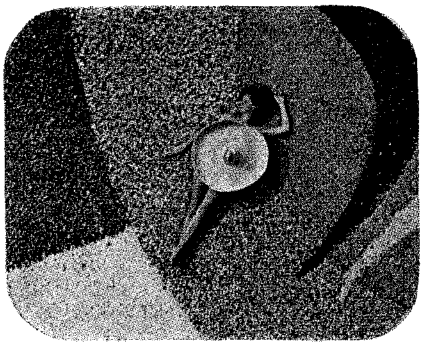
and every swinging
chicerino knows



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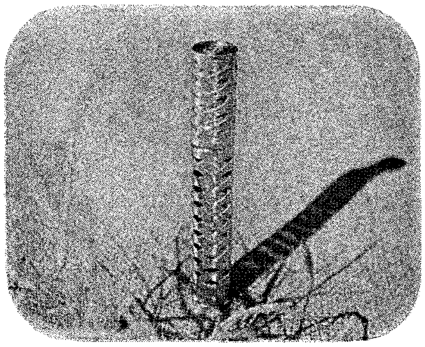

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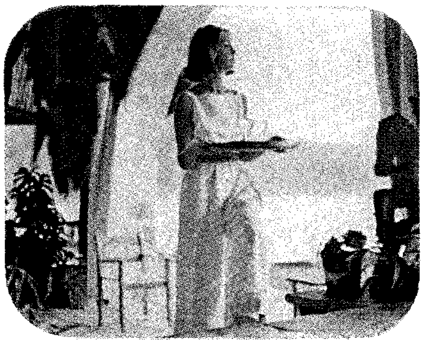

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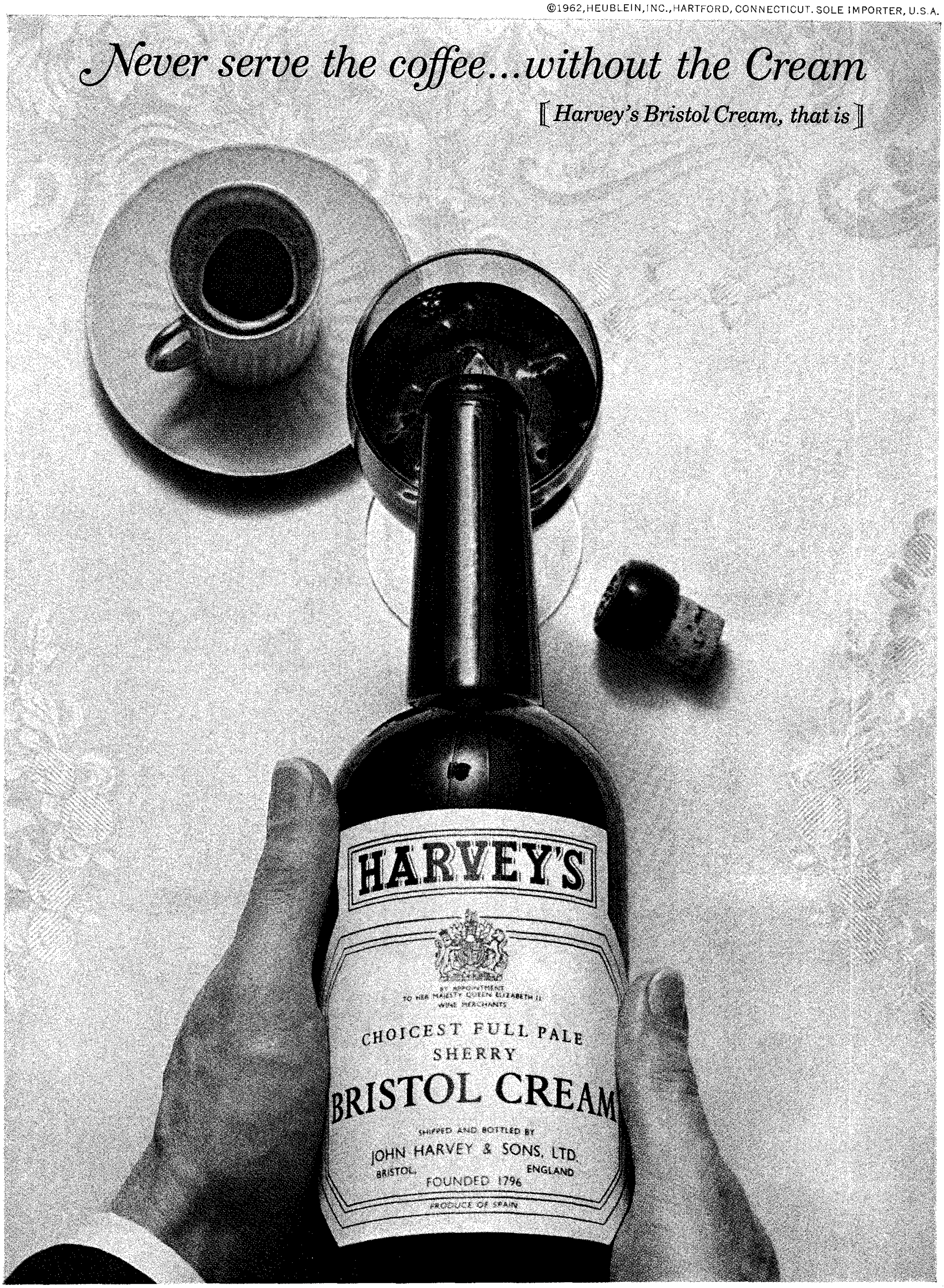
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considerable competence. She was, in other words, no "limner," like a good many of the contemporary journeyman painters, who merely filled in, woodenly, a passable likeness of a head on an already painted-in torso and background; hers, if a trifle stiff, are thoroughgoing paintings. And in a fairly short time, as the annals of art go, she was followed by a number of other women, such as Ann Hall and Sarah Goodridge—all, too, as the collection reveals, artists of fair-to-good competence. The two I have just named were miniaturists, working in a field that early attracted the women. And the first woman sculptor in this country—again preceding any Europeans I know of—was, according to the exhibition, Patience Lovell Wright, whose tiny "Portrait of Admiral Howe," done in wax (it is a bas-relief, really), is one of the gems of the show.

The early lady artists—like women everywhere and at any time, even today—appear to have been helpmates as well as painters or sculptors, though they attained distinction in their artistic field. Mrs. Johnston got into painting as a way of supporting the family after her husband, an Irish prelate, was washed overboard from the ship that, in 1706, was bringing them to this country. He was rescued, but was never the same again. Sarah Goodridge (see her portrait of Daniel Webster, in watercolor) was, if not the helpmate, at least the close companion of Gilbert Stuart (they had adjoining studios), whose painting style she adopted, though in miniature; Ann Hall (a family group, also in miniature, is in the collection) had the distinction of being, in 1833, the first woman artist to be elected a member of the National Academy. As a further example of the coziness prevailing in what we have always been led to believe was a standoffish era, I shall cite the case of Elizabeth Gardner (her "The Captive," a large and very capable canvas, is in the collection), who was first a pupil, then the mistress, and finally the wife of Bouguereau. (I am told that the wedding was postponed because Bouguereau's mother was dead set against his marrying an American "adventuress.") Another interesting aspect of the era, particularly in the nineteenth century, is the strong family feeling running through it. An astonishingly large number of the woman artists—Sarah Cole, Mary Nimmo Moran, and Maria Oakey Dewing, to name only three—were sisters, wives, or daughters of established male painters. Even the august Gilbert Stuart had a daughter who painted professionally, while the Peale

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family, in addition to the more famous James, Raphael, and Rubens Peale, had a half-dozen less well-known daughters, cousins, and other female relatives who were practicing artists.

But enough of this gossip. It is time to turn to the show, which, for all the exhaustive documentation and research that must have gone into it, is an agreeably crisp and well-arranged affair. If it has a fault from the spectator's view, it is that it leans a bit too heavily on portraiture. But this, I suspect, was in the nature of things, since portraits, especially in miniature, were the forte of the women, while landscape—possibly because, despite their courage in invading a traditionally masculine field, they still had little desire to be ogled or goggled at when they were painting—seems to have had the least appeal for them. There is only a sprinkling of landscapes in the showing, of which I liked best the pleasantly formalized "English Landscape," by Sarah Cole, Thomas Cole's sister, and the calm, Inness-like study of cows in a meadow, called simply "Landscape," by the mid-nineteenth-century Julie Hart Beers Kempson. But portraits and figure studies—beginning with a series of charmingly stylized early miniatures and continuing on to two pictures, both called "Mother and Child," by Mary Cassatt—are all over the place.

Until modern times, Mary Cassatt was our most important woman artist, yet she appeared at a time when the professional activities of her sex were on the decline. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, when our men painters began to achieve some coherence as an "American school" (the Hudson River School, the genre painters, and so on), a good deal of fire seems to have gone out of the women, and it was not until lately that they had a resurgence. Now they have not only caught up with the men but sometimes seem to threaten to outrun them, and the last section of the show, devoted to contemporaries and set off in two rooms of its own, is rather a triumph. There are too many excellent paintings and sculptures in this group to be listed, but I can't help citing, as special favorites, Perle Fine's dark, hieroglyphic "Guardian," Loren MacIver's early, grainy-textured "Seascape," and I. Rice Pereira's strictly simplified and also early "Composition in White" among the paintings, and, among the sculptures, Lee Bontecou's imposing and slightly ominous "Relief," in cloth, steel, and wire, and Rhys Caparn's whimsical bronze "Terrestrial Bird."

—Robert M. Coates

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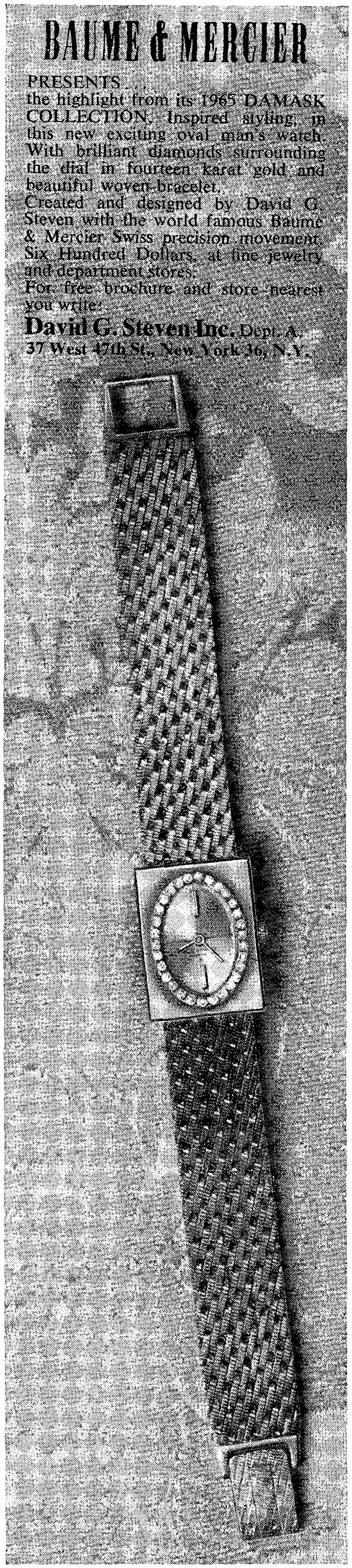

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

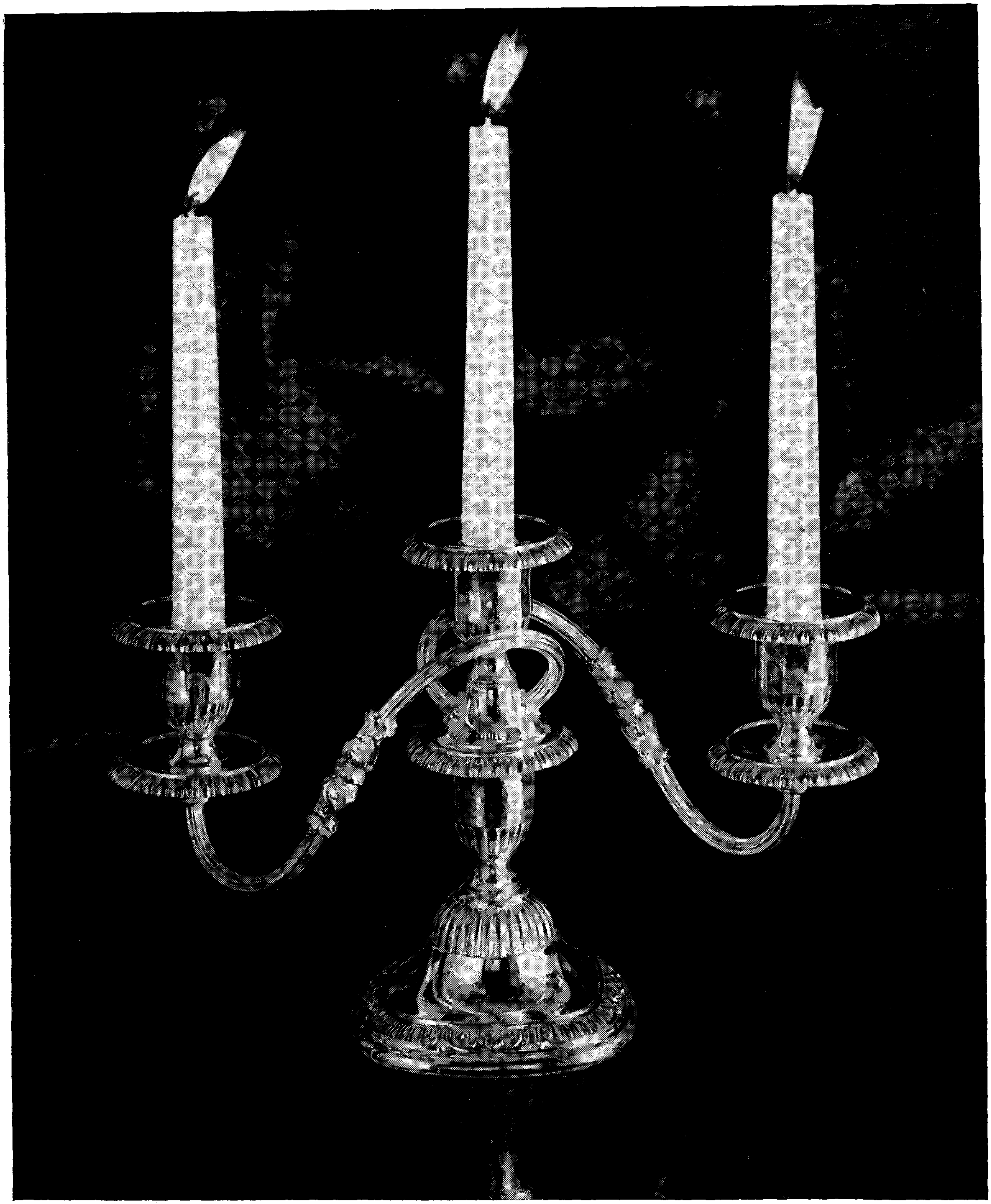
THIS AND THAT

LOOKING at what is going on in the Bridal Salon at Bergdorf Goodman, you would never believe that there are people who have decided that marriage is an outmoded institution. Princesses are outmoded institutions, too, I have been told, but some of the snow-white wedding dresses here are fit for them, just the same. Practically the fairest of them all comes to $160. (The dwarfs are extra.) It's a tube of net whose widely tucked midriff is demarcated by a string of medallions (white guipure lace is the material) into which white rosebuds are mingled; the train, which disentangles itself at your bidding, has the same décor. If you insist, it is possible to part with a thousand dollars here, though. And it is possible to be trainless, in white net with daisies of guipure lace, framed in leaves, all over. Overt formality is catered to by Empire dresses of net; roses of Alençon lace plus a generous supply of beads do the ornamenting in general, though the peau de soie of the short sleeves helps out by outlining the hems and the trains. Many of the dresses for bridesmaids are long and high-waisted, and some of them represent the Empress Joséphine—alternating vertical rows of openwork and flowered white lace with pink baby ribbon, circling the bosom, that matches the taffeta slip beneath. Sleeveless sheaths of turquoise satin, slashed so the wearers can dance at the reception, go underneath overdresses of turquoise rayon chiffon, and at the Empire waists are olive-green rosebuds (Nature *can* be wonderful) and ribbon of the same persuasion; short-sleeved Empire dresses of periwinkle-blue cotton go into pleats below the waist. No more than $35 to $75 is necessary in this sector. Done-to-order bridal headpieces are diverse—organza *choux* to cover the chignon or topknot, court-of-King-Arthur coned chiffon caps, kerchiefs, open-topped doll-size Bretons of net. And there are veils. Brides who do not believe in veils are referred to unveiled broad-crowned bonnets with small cuffed brims whose embroidered flowers match the decoration on the dresses that they are designed for. Six weeks, it should be noted, is needed for any of the regalia.

Chapeaux
EASTER HATS

THREE weeks is what the Shop for Brides at Bendel requires for operations, and—surprise, surprise!—white is the leading girl here, too. Dresses of white organza with skirts that miss the floor by six or eight inches await the Mods among us; the faint at heart may have them full length. White cotton lace that suggests mimosa festoons the elbow sleeves and the hems. The high necks and the long, narrow sleeves of piqué princesse dresses are the background for embroidered forget-me-nots. The dresses of Italian silk linen are more elaborate; with them go bias silk-linen bodices, as full as capes, with embroidered lotus blossoms at the wrists of the slender organza sleeves, or above-the-knee tunics of reëmbroidered Alençon lace. Even more elaborate is the lace—real rose-point and duchesse—on the neckline and the bodice of medieval dresses of peau de soie. These last are $750, but $125 is also a negotiable sum here. And here, too, the bridesmaids' dresses are long, and long is their art (five weeks). The prices are short—$35 to $70. Among these notions: apple-green rayon linen with wild roses at the high waist; brief-sleeved white piqué with sashes of moss ribbon and apple blossoms; sleeveless aquamarine rayon shantung with ruffles at waist and hem. For garden weddings (and both bride and maids can consider these) there are white organzas with two-tiered shoulder capes and midriffs of white or pastel satin; these are shown with picture hats of white horsehair that have ribbon at the base of the crown. Custom hats for the bride (three weeks): satin crescents that tie under the chin and are covered with Chantilly lace; profile bonnets with dome crowns (satin) and floppy brims (Alençon or unquestionable rose-point lace). And not only veils but mantillas of lace are about, as well.

SPAIN really comes into its own on Altman's bridal floor—wedding gowns of partly rayon eggshell peau de soie whose short sleeves and triple-tiered skirts are edged with Spanish cotton lace. Bell skirts are part of the ones of heavy ivory cotton lace with ribbon bows at the tops of the brief, gathered sleeves. Brides who want to be ships of state might ponder the organza dresses with long, flowing capes, sort of peignoir, of Chantilly lace. Six weeks, and $115 to $250—that's the ticket. Two weeks less, and a lot less cash ($30 to $50), are the requisites for bridesmaids'



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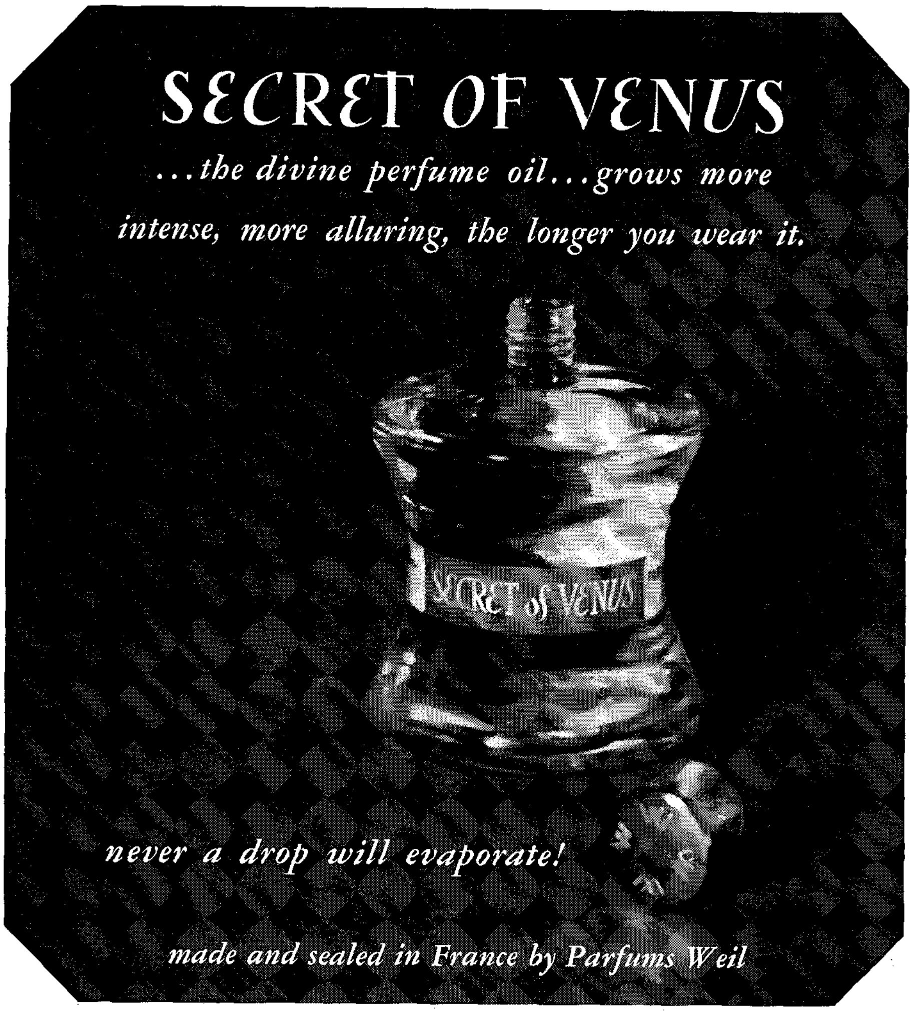
dresses. The Empress here is Eugénie—pink-and-white striped seersucker with pink ribbon at the waist, and embroidered rosebuds on the ribbon. The Edwardian era gets its inning with "My Fair Lady" dresses—prim, long-sleeved bodices of cotton lace and straight skirts of rayon linen. The hue: écru.

THE flowers that bloom in the spring are given quite a tra-la by Mr. John, who is decorating narrow bridal bandeaux with them. In fact, he uses apple blossoms for entire crowns and for the garlands that drift down the back from them, as well as a brace of cabbage roses, for the top of the head, from which enormous leaves trail right down to the ears. This last is $80—as small a price as he deigns to consider.

IN further search of greenery, I have made my first call on Roy Porter, who is in Suite 42 at 18 East 60th Street, and—unlike most botanists—works by appointment. His flowers are real, and for brides, too. My special like is a bouffant cascade, sixteen inches across, of narcissus and miniature ivy, at $35. He can go as old-fashioned as bouquets of grape-hyacinth blossoms, mignonette, and lace flowers, and as modern as sprays of white heather tied with white ribbon.

MAD JACS, which is not so very many months old, hangs out at 543 Third Avenue (36th), and though it has *heard* of brides, it appears to be interested in a rather younger set. Suits of turquoise ribbed acetate-and-cotton, which looks like wool, can go around the year and around the world. The jackets, semifitted in back and straight in front, fasten with a single button, at the waist. The dresses have medium-low necks, dropped waists, and pleats below; $50 is the total. Princesse dresses sweep out to hide whatever hips the young patrons may have acquired. These are equipped with broad collars and round necks. The fabric is the same, except for the neckties, which are of yellow surah with white dots. Cotton and rayon in this or that hue mingle in the construction of shifts with below-elbow sleeves, which end in a ten-inch band of the sort of cotton used in India for pillow shams. *This* cotton is embroidered with thread in a brilliant hue, and studded with bits and pieces of mirror, and finished off with stubby tassels in a lot of colors. Rugged, yes, but no tougher, I suppose, than reclining on a bed of nails. Life after dark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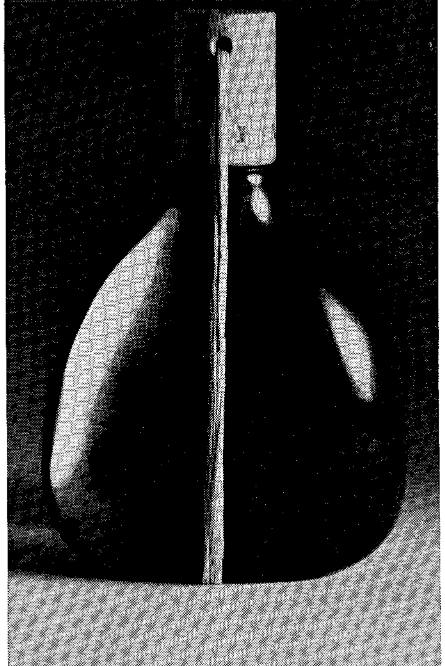

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is quieter, though—sheaths, both short and long, with butterfly sleeves, and made of upholstery brocade ($60 and $70), and columns of white rayon matelassé slung from shoulder straps and covered by collarless hip-length jackets with sashes at the Empire waists. These ensembles are $90 short and $125 long.

LORD & TAYLOR's fourth-floor millinery department has Sally Victor Boutique hats of panama straw woven in a variety of patterns and in natural, orange, royal blue, emerald green, or rose. Woollen bands from Peru, in wondrous color schemes, add to the décor, or else grosgrain ribbon does the trick. Some of the hats turn up in front and down in back for when you're feeling topnotch, and down in front and up in back for when you're feeling wispy. Mushroom hats, rollers, profile hats that are pinched into pleats on the down side, head-hugging caps with long grosgrain bows across the front, padre and sailor hats, too—there's no end. The assemblage of headgear begins at $25 and ends at $30.

IT'S hard to stay away from Belgian Shoes, up at 60 East 56th Street, because it has never abandoned the graceful, roomy round toe, which is part of its seasonless handmade footgear—walking pumps of brown calf, with small bows on the vamp, or of lizard or of alligator; walking pumps of brown or black grained calf or of brown or green suède, all fastening with leather strips and metal buckles; dressier pumps of calf, suède, or satin in practically any hue, with slimmer toes, two-and-a-half-inch heels, tiny straps on the scooped-out foot, and bows above them.

ANDREW GELLER, at 18 West 57th Street, goes in for round toes, too, as on pumps with pussycat bows; black calf and black patent leather are the choices. For later in the day, the shoes grow slimmer and the heels grow higher—pumps of pink, mauve, green, or black calf with matching crêpe bows; pumps of yellow, pink, mauve, white, or champagne calf with dragonfly wings of Viennese crystal. If you must, there are also pumps, on lower heels, of silk upon which Pop Art designs have been inscribed. —M. M.

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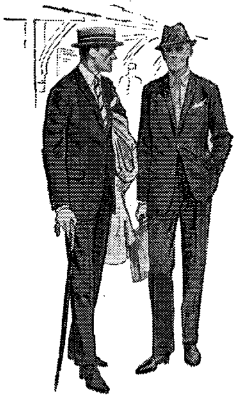

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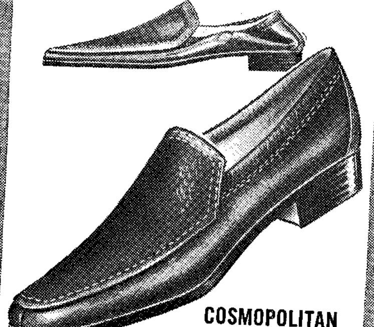

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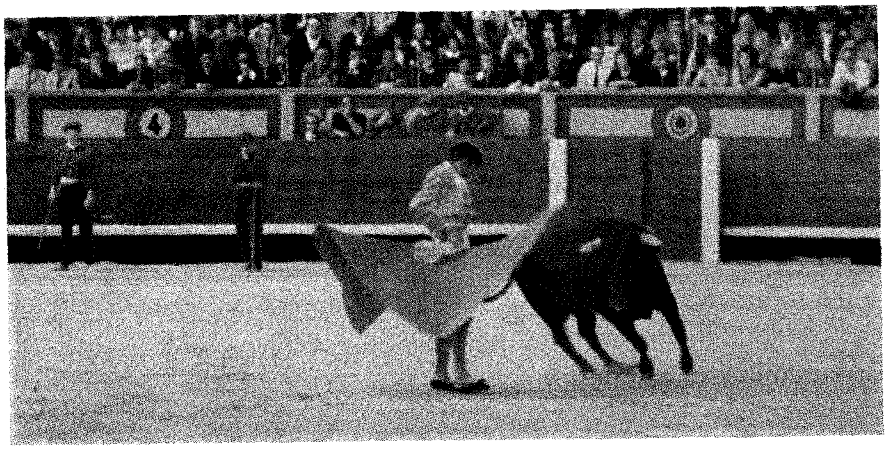

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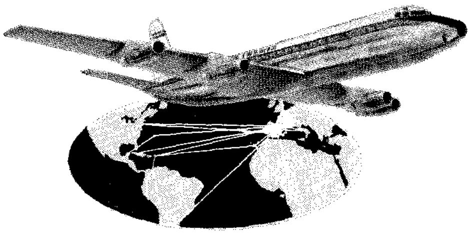

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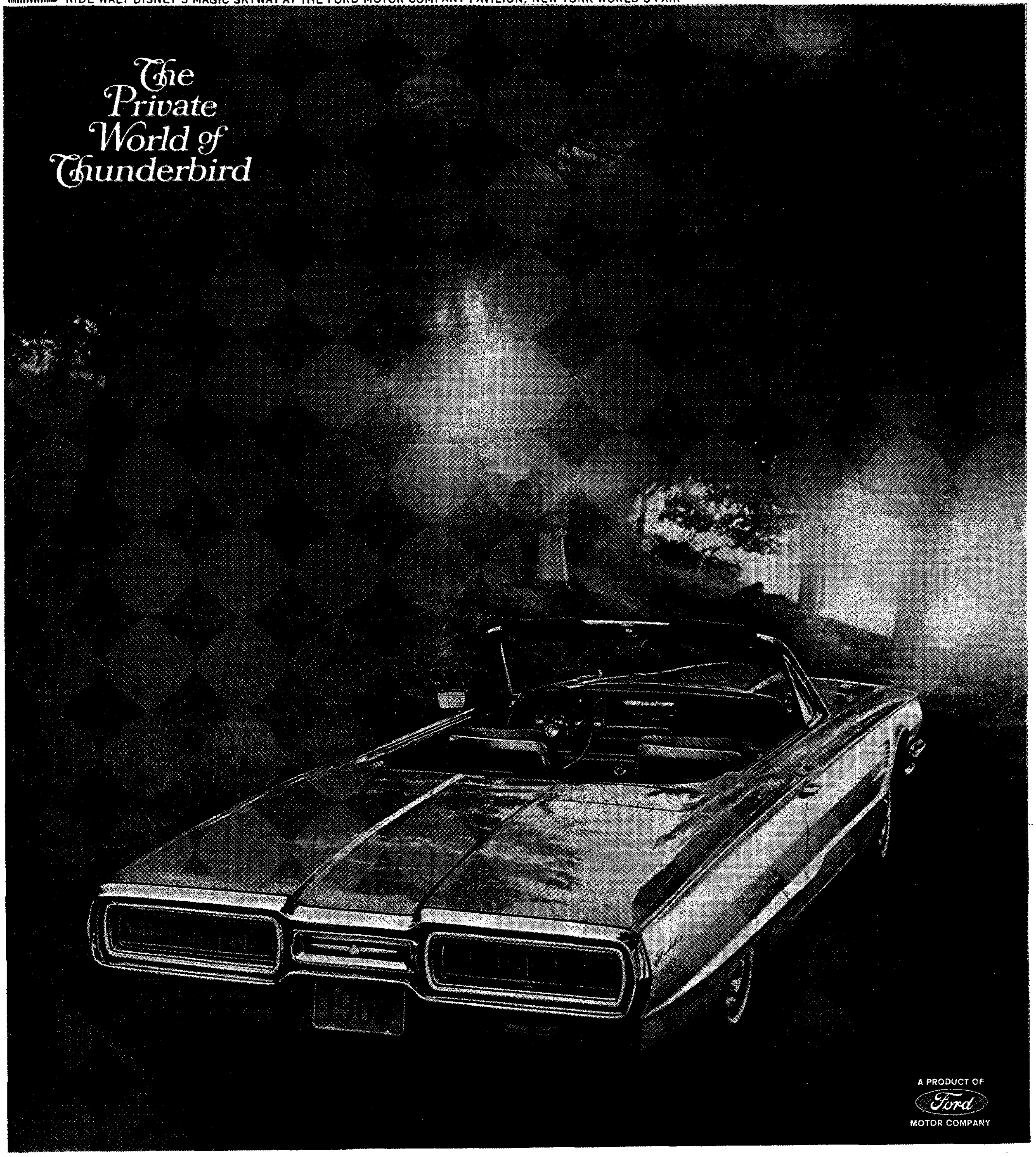
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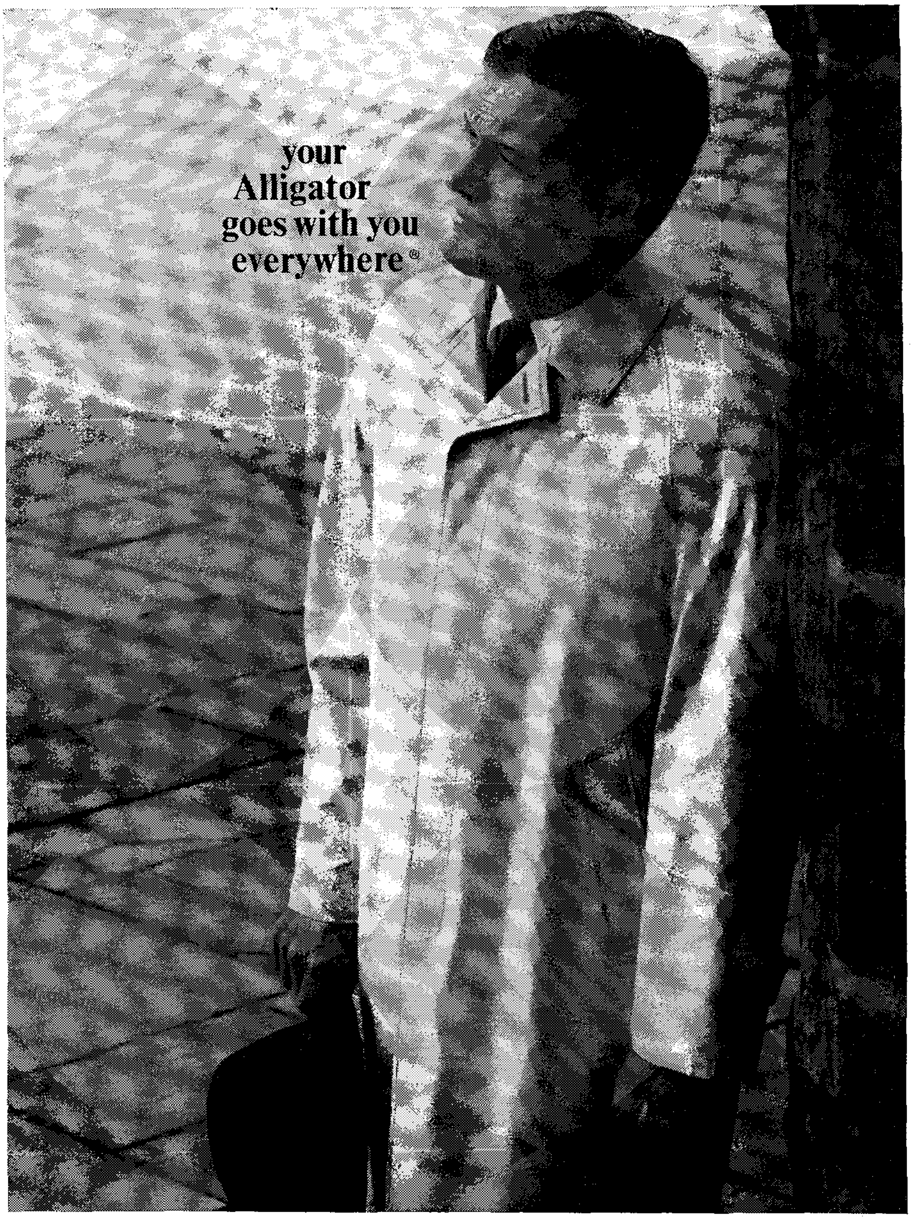
THE RACE TRACK

Return of the Hero

THE most gratifying and perturbing events at Aqueduct last week occurred on Saturday. Bold Lad made his first start this year in a little number called the Mowlee Purse and beat four older horses with consummate ease, and Jacinto was scratched from the Gotham Stakes because he'd twisted an ankle during a workout the day before. I had had a notion all along that Bold Lad would not be asked to take on seasoned three-year-olds in the Gotham mile unless he'd had a race to tune him up. To be sure, Bill Winfrey, who trains him, pulled the trick off with Native Dancer back in 1953, but Native Dancer hadn't had splint trouble. Besides, if you must know, I rather doubt whether Bold Lad is as good as Native Dancer. I will say, though, that he looked the picture of a champion in the paddock—cool, calm, and well trained—and he maintained that state in the parade to the post, winning applause from the crowd of fifty-five thousand in the stand. In the race, Baeza rode him with disdainful assurance, keeping him close behind Pack Trip and Exclusive Nashua until they straightened out in the stretch. Here he gave Bold Lad his head, and in two jumps the Wheatley Stable colt left the pacemakers as though they were standing still. It was a most impressive performance in every way, and I can't foresee anybody beating him in the Wood Memorial next weekend.

The mishap to Jacinto is one of those things that give horsemen nightmares. While he was galloping over the main track at Belmont, snow balled up under his shoes and he stumbled, though he managed to escape falling. Next morning, Jim Mahoney, who trains him, detected swelling and soreness between the cannon bone and the tendon of the colt's right foreleg. How serious this is won't be known for days, but I venture to say that it's going to keep him out of the Wood Memorial.

HIRSCH JACOBS saddled Isle of Greece, Flag Raiser, and Turn to Reason for the Gotham, and his fans expected them to run one, two, three, in that order, but Flag Raiser, showing the speed he'd shown in the Bay Shore recently, was never headed. Both



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Isle of Greece, who had run well at Santa Anita and had won the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie, and Turn to Reason faded out of the picture quickly, leaving second money to Dapper Dan and third to Dependability. Earlier in the week, Affectionately, who Jacobs says is the best filly he has ever trained, led all the way in the Correction Handicap for her second victory in two tries.

THE Florida Derby, which I watched on TV from Gulfstream Park, was much more exciting than the Gotham. Native Charger, who won it by a neck from Hail to All, stumbled and was last of the nine runners out of the starting gate, but he settled down quickly, moved into fourth place on the backstretch, took the lead on the turn for home, and held it to the end. It required all he had to do it, though, for Hail to All, making his usual spectacular run, pressed him hard. Native Charger, a gray son of Native Dancer, must be a nice colt. Perhaps we'll see him in the Wood.

SOME weeks ago, I wrote that Quadrangle was the handsomest of the older horses in training. I had a good look at him again the other morning, and it still goes. Judge for yourself when he comes to the races next month. That same morning, I saw First Feather, the two-year-old filly by First Landing out of Quill. Paul Mellon paid $90,000 for her at Saratoga last August. She is on the small side (so was Quill, for that matter), but has great quality, and Elliott Burch, who trains her, says she's very intelligent and does everything right. What more would you want in a racer? Another of the Mellon two-year-olds I liked was a chestnut colt by Swaps out of Blue Banner. His name is Yale Fence. Two fillies in James Cox Brady's stable, which Burch also trains, caught my eye—Music Please, a strapping chestnut by To Market, and Squeeze, a smaller, well-made daughter of Bold Ruler. None of the animals I've named are likely to run until the weather is much warmer, but they may all be worth waiting for.

DEARY me. Ycaza, who has been suspended for rough riding more times than any jockey I can remember, was tabbed again last week. In his very first appearance in the saddle at Aqueduct, he failed to keep a straight course through the stretch, and the stewards set him down for ten days. Nothing like an early start. —AUDAX MINOR

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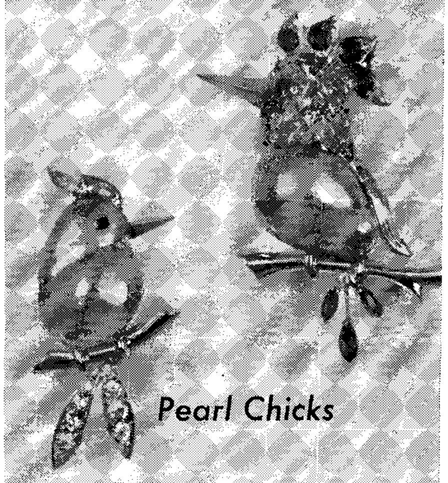

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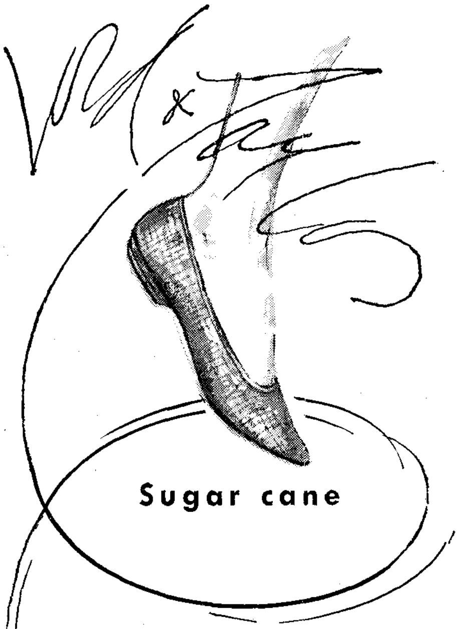

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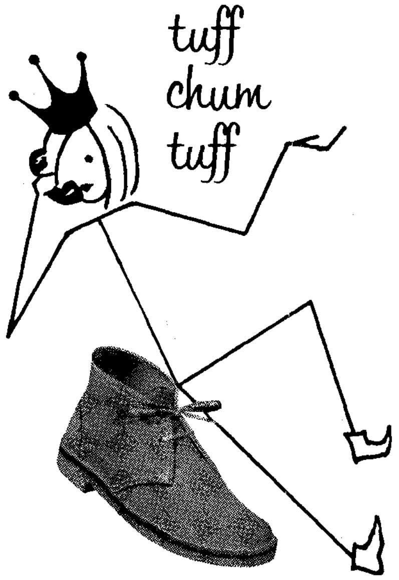
MUSICAL EVENTS

Ballet Russe

I HAVE no overwhelming interest in the fertility rites of pagan or early Christian Russia. Obviously, in this respect I am in a minority, for the series of hearty ovations that greeted Stravinsky's "Les Noces," as choreographed by Jerome Robbins and presented (for the first time in this version) by the American Ballet Theatre on Tuesday night of last week at the New York State Theatre, proved that a great many people were charmed by this ethnological subject, or perhaps by Mr. Stravinsky's music, or by Mr. Robbins' return to the ballet stage after a number of years spent choreographing for the Broadway theatre. True, there was a great deal of energy expended by a group of some twenty-five dancers doing rather intricate steps—mostly of peasant origin—and their costumes were pleasing enough. And Oliver Smith had provided a backdrop depicting enormous icons of two Byzantine saints, the one on the left bearing a slight resemblance to Mr. Stravinsky himself. But the whole spectacle reminded me of a very artistic football game, in which the Bride and Groom (the principals) alternately took the role of the ball, and this impression was heightened by the fact that the large chorus demanded by the score was seated at the rear of the stage on what certainly resembled bleachers. Between these bleachers and the dancers was an area occupied by the band—or orchestra—which consisted of numerous pianos and other instruments, led by Leonard Bernstein. The chorus sang in English—a point one became aware of at least twice, when a slow phrase in some solo made the language identifiable. Everybody seemed to be performing very well indeed, and there was no denying the vigor either of Mr. Stravinsky's music or of the choreography that was set to it. Erin Martin, as the Bride, and William Glassman, as the Groom, had, of course, the outstanding roles.

It had been a long time since I had heard this Stravinsky score, and I found it extremely interesting in the light of my subsequent musical experience. The work, as I had forgotten, strongly resembles Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana," and it was written in



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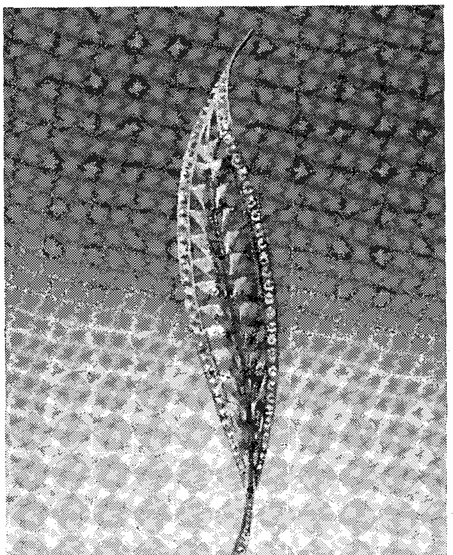

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1923, some thirteen years before "Carmina Burana" was conceived. Unquestionably, Orff got such ideas as his clipped, rapid method of choral writing, the intense rhythmic *élan* of his style, and even his ideas of orchestration from Stravinsky, while the mercurial Stravinsky was going on to other forms of music. This does not, to my mind, make Orff's work inferior. In fact, I prefer its frank tonality to Stravinsky's vague modal, and nowhere completely tonal, writing. Still, the circumstance goes to show what a remarkable innovator Stravinsky has been. I doubt whether Orff would ever have thought of "Carmina Burana" if Stravinsky had not preceded him by establishing a framework for this kind of composition.

There were other works on the program—the eternal "Les Sylphides," a pas de deux from "Esmeralda" (a ballet I had never even heard of), and the Strauss-Lichine "Graduation Ball"—and perhaps this is the place to comment on what a splendid troupe the American Ballet Theatre is. In "Les Sylphides," it has an exactitude of line and an attention to details of gesture that I have never seen surpassed. Its only weakness as a company (and, one hopes, a temporary one; where is Erik Bruhn?) is a lack of the most brilliant type of male dancer—and this is a weakness that was also characteristic of London's Royal Ballet until that organization managed to snag Rudolf Nureyev. Certainly, in the work of the corps de ballet, in the presence of several topflight stars, and in the variety of its repertoire, this is one of the world's truly great troupes.

ON Wednesday night, the Boston Symphony, under Erich Leinsdorf, appeared in Philharmonic Hall, along with the pianist Grant Johannesen. At the start of a curiously arranged program, Mr. Johannesen and Mr. Leinsdorf collaborated in a performance of Brahms' Second Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. A lot of agile playing, by both orchestra and soloist, occurred, but Mr. Johannesen seemed to approach the work purely as a virtuoso vehicle. His performance was a bit hard and lacking in nuance. Mr. Leinsdorf's reading of the orchestral part was a model of clarity, but neither artist had the elasticity of style to bring forth the peculiar intoxication this concerto can sometimes induce. Mr. Leinsdorf seemed to be more at home in Strauss's tone poem "Don Juan," which followed in a sprightly reading. Then we had Walter Piston's Eighth Symphony,

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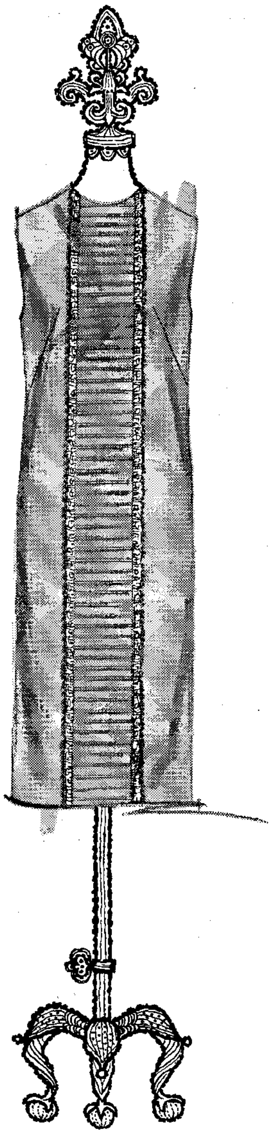

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the work of a highly respected contemporary composer and a man of unquestionable artistic sincerity. I can attribute the feeling of weariness that this work left me with only to something in that old devil whom I hate to recognize—the *Zeitgeist*. This is simply not an age when great symphonies are being written, and yet more symphonies are being written today than at any other point in the history of music. They follow each other like the academic papers that ambitious professors continually publish, and they are not as interesting as this comparison would imply. Mr. Piston's work has clarity to recommend it, but not much else. Although it shows a professional mind at work, what this mind says is nowhere memorable, or even analytically absorbing, except as a demonstration of technique.

BECAUSE of the City Opera season, I have been neglecting the Philharmonic, and it was not until last Thursday evening that I heard that orchestra under the baton of Lorin Maazel. I say "the baton" purposely this time, because Mr. Maazel has one of the neatest techniques of handling that silent instrument I have ever seen. Like many of the younger American conductors, he is very active on the podium (sometimes giving unnecessary cues, and so on), and he could do with a little more serenity and a little more attention to inner voices in complex contrapuntal writing. But one cannot deny his great talent, or his flair for showmanship. He gets exactly what he wants, and he does this in a manner that seems dramatic and authoritative. The other night, the opening Bach Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G Major was played somewhat imprecisely. In the following Brahms Concerto for Violin and Orchestra—with the immaculate Nathan Milstein as soloist—the orchestra was occasionally too loud for the violinist, and there were points where the bass line was neglected. However, the Brahms work was followed by a magnificent and faultless performance of Sibelius's First Symphony—a great, supremely original, and much neglected work with which Mr. Maazel seemed to have a special affinity.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Bird

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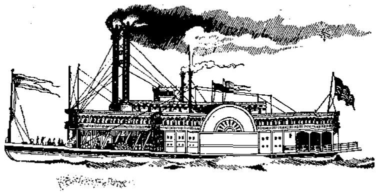

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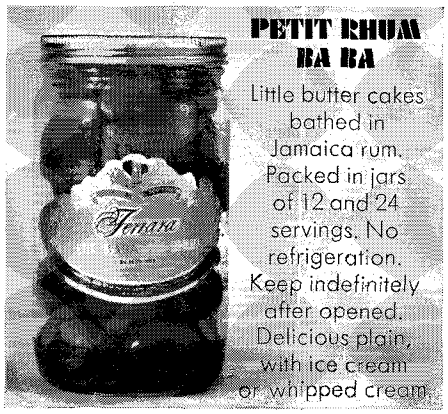

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hang their own vision, and those who, fatally mistaking imitation for an art, become perpetual mimics. The mimics have always outnumbered the borrowers, and this is particularly true in jazz, where the apprentice faces special problems. His model is almost schizoid, for it comes in two disparate parts—live and recorded. The live model makes it hard for the student. The musician may be in bad form, which is confusing, or he may be brilliant, which is even more trying, since it is nearly impossible to relish *and* remember more than the brightest patches in a fine solo. (The excitement induced by first-rate improvisation also produces interfering static.) And recordings often provide only glimpses of a musician's work, yet these glimpses tend, simply because they are frozen, to eventually seem complete and even perfect. One of the most widely admired jazz musicians was Charlie Parker, and he made it relatively easy for his emulators. He recorded prolifically and he was on nearly constant view. But highly gifted jazz musicians have a presence, a mantle of steady, animating accomplishment, that cannot be transferred to a record, and when Parker died, ten years ago, at the age of thirty-four, his students were left with only memories and the tableau of his recordings. Their loss condensed into self-pity and sentimentality (those *graffiti* that appeared all over New York after his death, announcing that "Bird lives"); the mimics, deprived of their sustenance, fed on themselves, and the borrowers wandered into styleless, uncertain meadows. This was unsettlingly plain a week or so ago at a concert given at Carnegie Hall in Parker's memory by his old helpmeet Dizzy Gillespie and by a dozen of their most assiduous students.

Gillespie opened the concert with his quintet, and he was in top form. He has long since dammed and channelled the torrent that roared out of him in the forties and early fifties, and his style is now governed by a matchless sense of dynamics, by unfailingly swift and subtle rhythmic changes, and by an implied power-in-reserve. His tone has mellowed, his agility increased. In a medium blues, he played several muted choruses that ranged from an easy whisper to excited multi-noted chatter, and as many open-horn choruses that began with an oceanic blast and ended with soft, skipping high notes linked by dodging, Roy Eldridge runs. Of equal merit was a very slow "My Funny Valentine," in which Gillespie used a

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mute, first playing the melody with offhand delicacy and then employing it as a tail wind for an exultant stream of swoops and climbs and glides.

By and large, second-team men controlled the rest of the evening. The exceptions were Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins, who blew the skin of a Charlie Parker blues very tight, and Bud Powell, whose old self was slowed, in "'Round Midnight," to a tortured, determined walk that made one both weep and cheer. Another exception was the alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, who now appears to have survived Parker very well. Indeed, he pulled off a remarkable tour de force in a long unaccompanied blues that was a history of jazz saxophone playing from Parker to the present and that was infused with the old-time, hard-knocks emotion Parker released in every solo. The second team at least sweated. J. J. Johnson let loose some blazing choruses of the blues that didn't contain an original phrase, and Benny Green, an occasionally witty trombonist, went on, in another Parker blues, for twenty choruses, three-quarters of them duds. Sonny Stitt, perhaps Parker's most faithful admirer, sounded pale and irresolute, and Kenny Dorham and Howard McGhee, both out of Gillespie, sang their creator's praises. Roy Haynes was on drums throughout, and his accompanying was vigorous hen-party. In the final number, a blues by Billy Taylor, Gillespie reappeared for several more faultless choruses. The evening soared again, and so, for a moment or two, did Bird.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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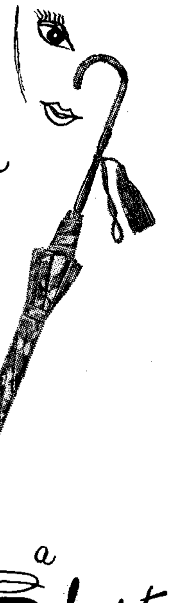

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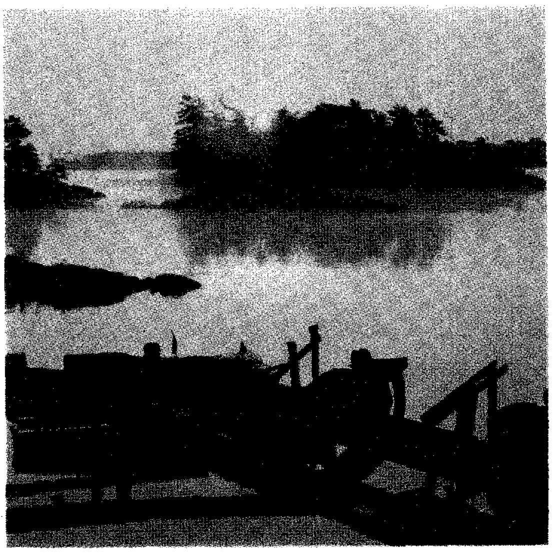

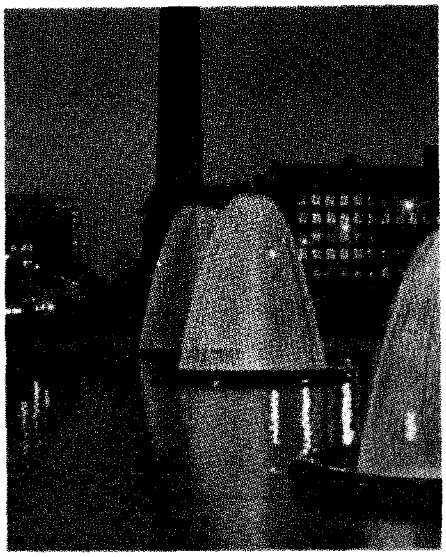

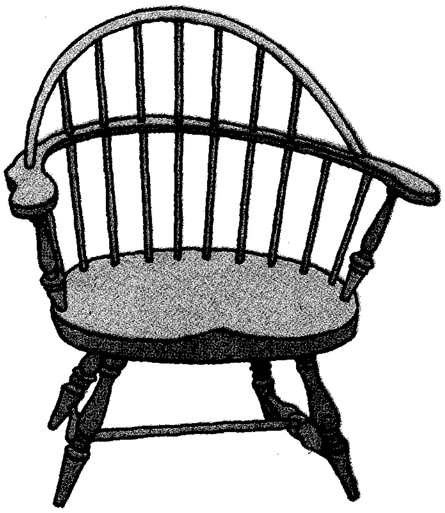

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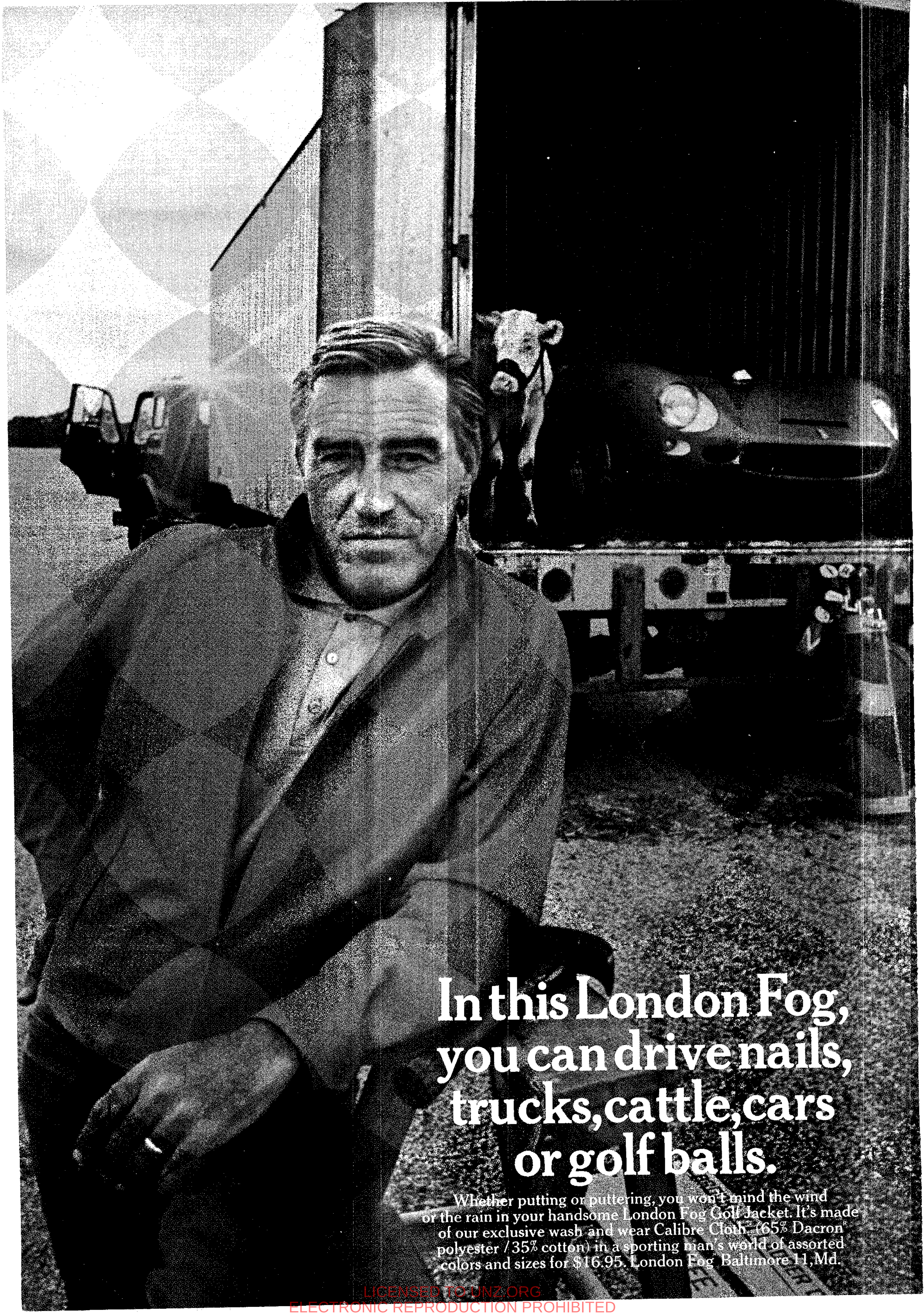
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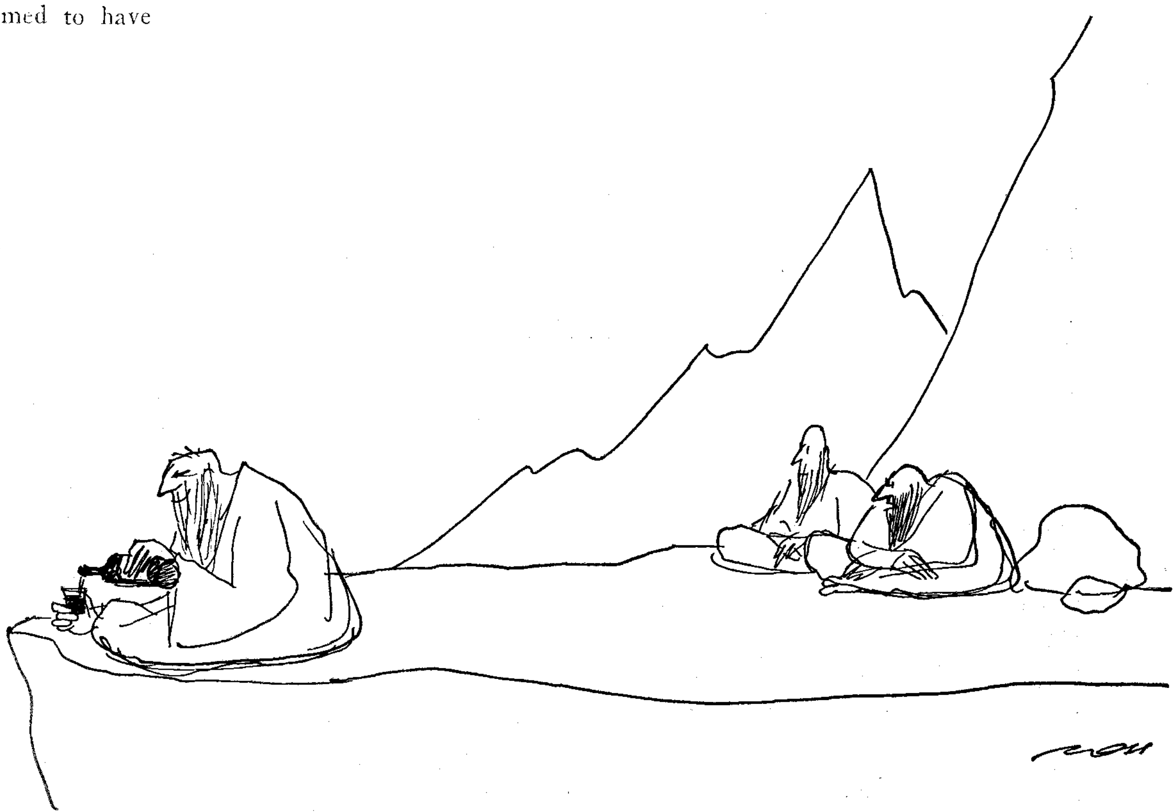
LETTER FROM SELMA

MARCH 27

THE thirty thousand people who at one point or another took part in this week's march from the Brown Chapel African Methodist Episcopal Church in Selma, Alabama, to the statehouse in Montgomery were giving highly dramatic expression to a principle that could be articulated only in the vaguest terms. They were a varied lot: local Negroes, Northern clergymen, members of labor unions, delegates from state and city governments, entertainers, mothers pushing baby carriages, members of civil-rights groups more or less at odds with one another, isolated, shaggy marchers with an air of simple vagrancy, doctors, lawyers, teachers, children, college students, and a preponderance of what one marcher described as "ordinary, garden-variety civilians from just about everywhere." They were insulated in front by soldiers and television camera crews, overhead and underfoot by helicopters and Army demolition teams, at the sides and rear by more members of the press and military, and over all by agents of the F.B.I. Most of them were aware that protection along a route of more than fifty miles of hostile country could not be absolute (on the night before the march, a student who had come here from Boston University was slashed across the cheek with a razor blade), yet few of the thirty-two hundred marchers who set out on Sunday morning seemed to have a strong consciousness of risk. They did not have a sharply defined sense of purpose, either. President Johnson's speech about voting rights and Judge Johnson's granting of permission for the march to take place had made the march itself ceremonial—almost redundant. The immediate aims of the abortive earlier marches had been realized: the national conscience had been aroused and federal intervention had been secured. In a sense, the government of Alabama was now in rebellion, and the marchers, with the sanction and protection of the federal government, were demonstrating against a rebellious state. It was unclear what such a demonstration could hope to achieve. Few segregationists could be converted by it, the national commitment to civil rights would hardly be increased by it, there was certainly an element of danger in it, and for the local citizenry it might have a long and ugly aftermath. The marchers, who had five days and four nights in which to talk, tended for the most part to avoid discussions of principle, apparently in the hope that their good will, their sense of solidarity, and the sheer pageantry of the occasion would resolve matters at some symbolic level and yield a clear statement of practical purpose before the march came to an end.

From this point of view, the first few hours of Sunday morning in Selma were far from satisfying. Broad Street, the town's main thoroughfare, was deserted and indifferent. At the Negro First Baptist Church, on the corner of Sylvan Street and Jefferson Davis Avenue, denim-clad veterans of earlier marches stood wearily aloof from recruits, who ate watery scrambled eggs, drank watery coffee, and simply milled about. On Sylvan Street itself, an unpaved red sand road dividing identical rows of brick houses known as the George Washington Carver Development, crowds were gathering, some facing the entrance to the Brown Chapel Church, others on the steps of the church facing out. Inside the church, more people were milling, while a few tried to sleep on benches or on the floor. For several hours, nothing happened. The church service that was to begin the march was scheduled to take place at ten o'clock, but veterans advised newcomers—in the first of several bitter, self-mocking jokes that became current on the Selma-Montgomery road—that this was C.P.T., Colored People Time, and the service actually began more than an hour behind schedule. In a field behind the housing development, the Reverend Andrew Young, executive director of Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C., referred to by some of the marchers as Slick), which sponsored the march, was giving marshals and night security guards last-minute instructions in the tactics of non-violence. "Keep women and children in the middle," he said. "If there's a shot, stand up and make the others kneel down. Don't be lagging around, or you're going to get hurt. Don't rely on the troopers, either. If you're beaten on, crouch and put your hands over the back of your head. Don't put up your arm to ward off a blow. If you fall, fall right down and look dead. Get to know the people in your unit, so you can tell if somebody's missing or if there's somebody there who shouldn't be there. And listen! If you can't be



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non-violent, let me know now." A young man in the standard denim overalls of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (S.N.C.C., otherwise known as Snick) murmured, "Man, you've got it all so *structured*. There seems to be a certain anxiety here about *structure*." Everyone laughed, a bit nervously, and the marshals went to the front of the church.

The crowd there was growing, still arrayed in two lines, one facing in, the other facing out. There were National Guardsmen and local policemen, on foot and in jeeps and cars, along the sides of Sylvan Street and around its corners, at Jefferson Davis and Alabama Avenues. The marchers themselves appeared to have dressed for all kinds of weather and occasions—in denims, cassocks, tweed coats, ponchos, boots, sneakers, Shetland sweaters, silk dresses, college sweatshirts, sports shirts, khaki slacks, fur-collared coats, pea jackets, and trenchcoats. As they waited, they sang innumerable, increasingly dispirited choruses of "We Shall Overcome," "Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me 'Round," and other songs of the movement. There was a moment of excitement when Dr. King and other speakers assembled on the steps, but a succession of long, rhetorical, and, to a certain extent (when press helicopters buzzed too low or when the microphone went dead), inaudible speeches put a damper on that. An enthusiastic lady, of a sort that often afflicts banquets and church suppers, sang several hymns of many stanzas, with little melody and much vibrato. Exhaust fumes from a television truck parked to the right of the steps began to choke some of the marchers, and they walked away, coughing. Speakers praised one another extravagantly in monotonous political-convention cadences ("the man who . . ."). An irreverent, irritated voice with a Bronx accent shouted, "Would you mind please talking a little louder!" Several members of the crowd sat down in the street, and the march assumed the first of its many moods—that of tedium.

Then Dr. King began to speak, and suddenly, for no apparent reason, several Army jeeps drove straight through the center of the crowd. ("Didn't realize we were interrupting," said one of the drivers, smiling. He had a D.D., for Dixie Division, emblem on his uniform.) The startled crowd, divided in half for a moment, became aware of its size. Dr. King's speech came to an end, and there was a last, unified, and loud rendition of "We Shall Overcome." Then the marshals quickly ar-

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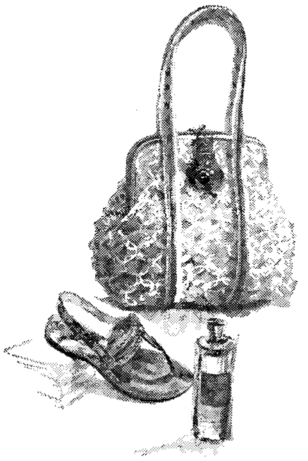

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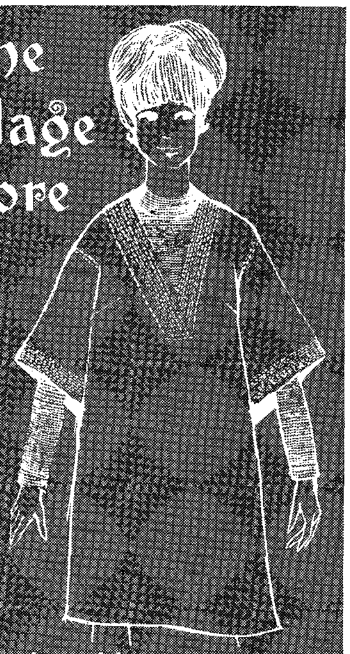

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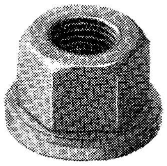
this is one  of them

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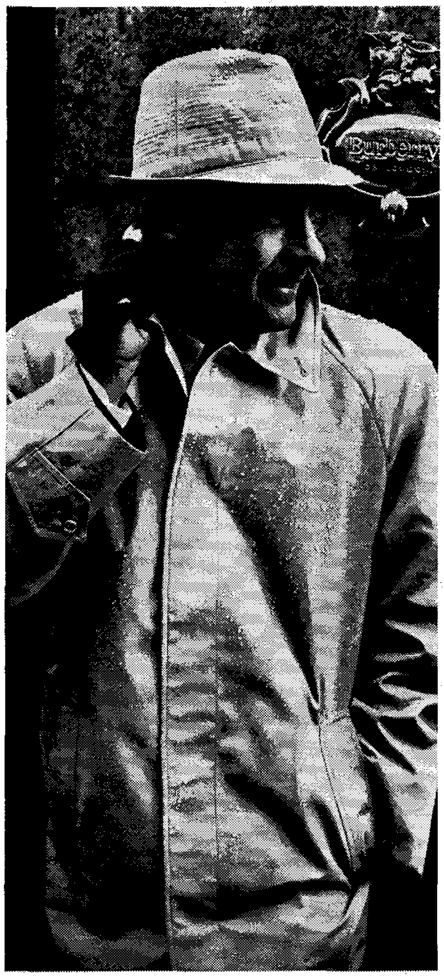

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ranged the crowd in columns, six abreast—women and children in the middle—and the procession set out down Sylvan Street. It was about one o'clock. On Alabama Avenue, the marchers turned right, passing lines of silent white citizens on the sidewalks. On Broad Street, which is also U.S. Route 80 to Montgomery, they turned left, and as segregationist loudspeakers along the way blared "Bye, Bye, Blackbird" and the white onlookers began to jeer, the marchers approached and crossed the Edmund Pettus Bridge. And the march entered another mood—jubilation.

The day was sunny and cool. The flat road, an amalgam of asphalt and the local sand, looked pink. The people in the line linked arms, and the procession was long enough to permit the marchers to sing five different civil-rights songs simultaneously without confusion; the vanguard could not hear what the rear guard was singing. Occasionally, various leaders of the movement broke out of the line to join interviewers from the television networks, which took turns using a camera truck that preceded the line of march. For the first few miles, the highway was flanked by billboards ("Keep Selma Beautiful, Cover It with Dodge"), smaller signs (Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Citizens Council), diners, and gas stations. Little clusters of white onlookers appeared at various points along the road, some shouting threats and insults, others silently waving Confederate flags, and still others taking pictures of the marchers, presumably as a warning that their faces would not be forgotten when the march was over. The procession filled the two left lanes of the four-lane highway, but in the two right lanes traffic was proceeding almost normally. A black Volkswagen passed the marchers several times; on its doors and fenders were signs, lettered in whitewash: "MARTIN LUTHER KINK," "WALK, COON," "COONESVILLE, U.S.A.," and "RENT YOUR PRIEST SUIT HERE." Several small children at the roadside waved toy rifles and popguns and chanted "Nigger lover!," "White nigger!," "Half-breed!," and other epithets. A man in front of a roadside diner thumbed his nose for the entire twenty minutes it took the procession to pass him, and a well-dressed matron briefly stopped her Chrysler, got out, stuck out her tongue, climbed in again, slammed the door, and drove off.

Several times, the march came to an abrupt halt, and in the middle ranks and the rear guard there were mur-

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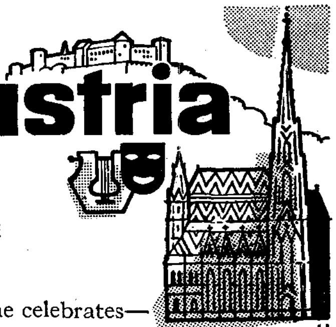

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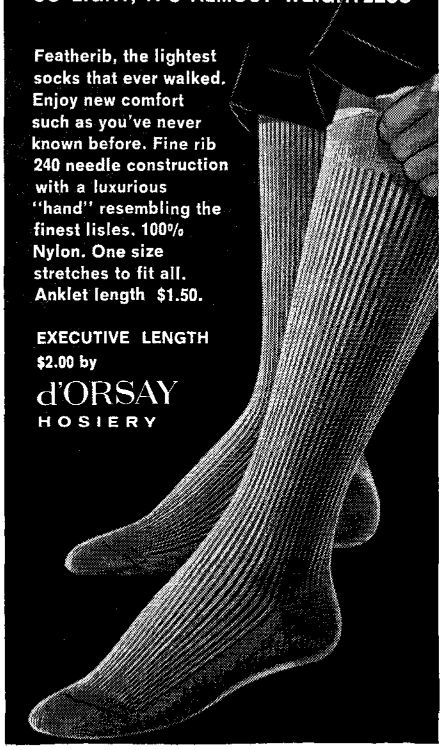

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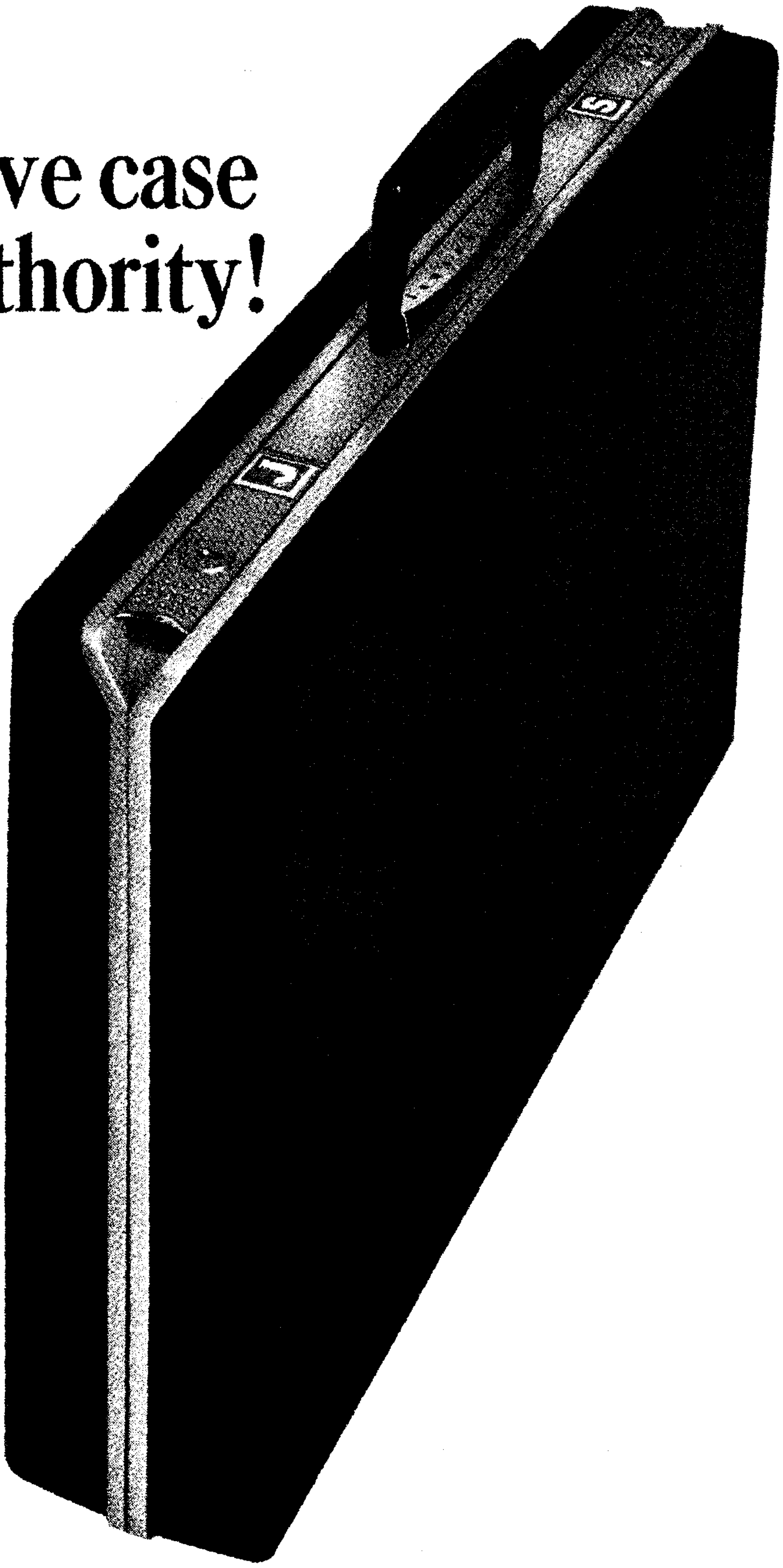

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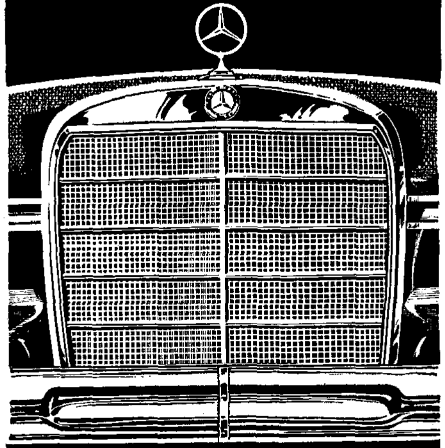

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murs of alarm. Then it became clear that these were only rest stops, and the marchers relaxed and resumed their singing. Rented trucks, driven by ministers of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, carried portable toilets up and down the line. When press photographers attempted to take pictures of civil-rights leaders entering the men's rooms, the Reverend Mr. Young shouted, "Can't a man even go to the john in peace?" The photographers moved away. Three tired marchers rode a short distance on the water truck, and James Forman, the executive secretary of S.N.C.C., who was being interviewed in French for Canadian television, broke off his interview to mutter as the truck passed, "Hey, man, *you* cats could walk." The marchers got down from the truck at once. Forman resumed his interview. "I think he's having trouble with his French," said one of the marchers. "He just said that no Negro in America is allowed to vote." "His French is all right," said another. "But he may be less concerned with the immediate truth than with stirring up the kind of chaos that makes things change."

By sunset of the first day, the caravan was more than seven miles from Selma, and most of the marchers returned by a special train to town, where some of them left for their home communities and others were put up for the night in the Negro development on Sylvan Street. Two hundred and eighty Negroes, representing Alabama counties (a hundred and forty-eight from Dallas County, eighty-nine from Perry, twenty-three from Marengo, and twenty from Wilcox), and twenty whites, from all over the country, who had been chosen to make the entire journey to Montgomery (the court permitted no more than three hundred marchers on the twenty-mile stretch of Route 80 midway between Selma and Montgomery, where it is only a two-lane highway) turned off Route 80 onto a tarred road leading to the David Hall farm—their campsite for the night. Four large tents had already been pitched in a field. As the marchers lined up for supper (three tons of spaghetti), which was served to them on paper plates, from brand-new garbage pails, night fell. Groups of National Guardsmen who surrounded the farm lighted campfires. "It looks like Camelot," said one of the younger whites.

CAMELOT soon became very cold and damp. By nine o'clock, most of the marchers had retired to the tents, but within an hour they had to be

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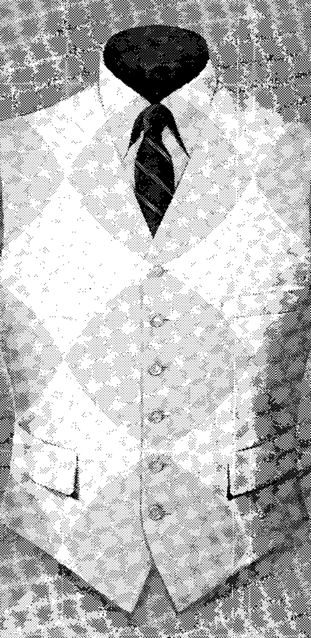

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roused and sorted out. One tent was for men, another for women, the third for the marchers' own night security patrol, and the fourth for the press. When everyone had been assigned to his or her proper tent, it developed that there was a shortage of blankets, winter clothes, and sleeping bags. A shivering group huddled around an incinerator, the campsite's only source of heat. A few marchers made their way to the loft of a barn beside the Hall farmhouse, to profit from the heat given off by the animals in the stalls below. Five guinea hens perched in a tree outside the barn. The march's security patrol wandered about with walkie-talkies; they had labelled their outposts Abel, Baker, Charlie, and Dog, using the Army's old system, to set them apart from Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, and Delta, the outposts of the National Guard along the perimeter of the field. The night grew colder, damper, and darker, and the group around the incinerator fire grew uneasy.

There was talk of the march ahead through Lowndes County, where swamps and the woods behind them might easily shelter a sniper in a tree or a canoe. Several marchers claimed to have spotted members of the American Nazi Party along the line of march. Someone mentioned the Ku Klux Klan "counter-demonstration" that had taken place in Montgomery that afternoon.

"And the snakes," a man said.

"What snakes?" said a Northern voice.

"Copperheads and cottonmouth. It takes the heat to bring them out, but a trooper told me somebody's caught five baskets full and is letting them go where we camp tomorrow night."

"How'd the trooper hear about it?"

"Spies."

"Well, I suppose there might be spies right here in camp."

"There might. And bombs and mines. They cleared a few this afternoon. Man, this isn't any Boy Scout jamboree. It's something else."

BY the time dawn came, the campers were a thoroughly chilled and bleary-eyed group. The oatmeal served at breakfast gave rise to a certain amount of mirth ("Tastes like fermented library paste," said one of the clergymen), and the news that the National Guardsmen had burned thirteen fence posts, two shovel handles, and an outhouse belonging to a neighboring church in order to keep warm during the night cheered everyone considerably. At a press conference held by

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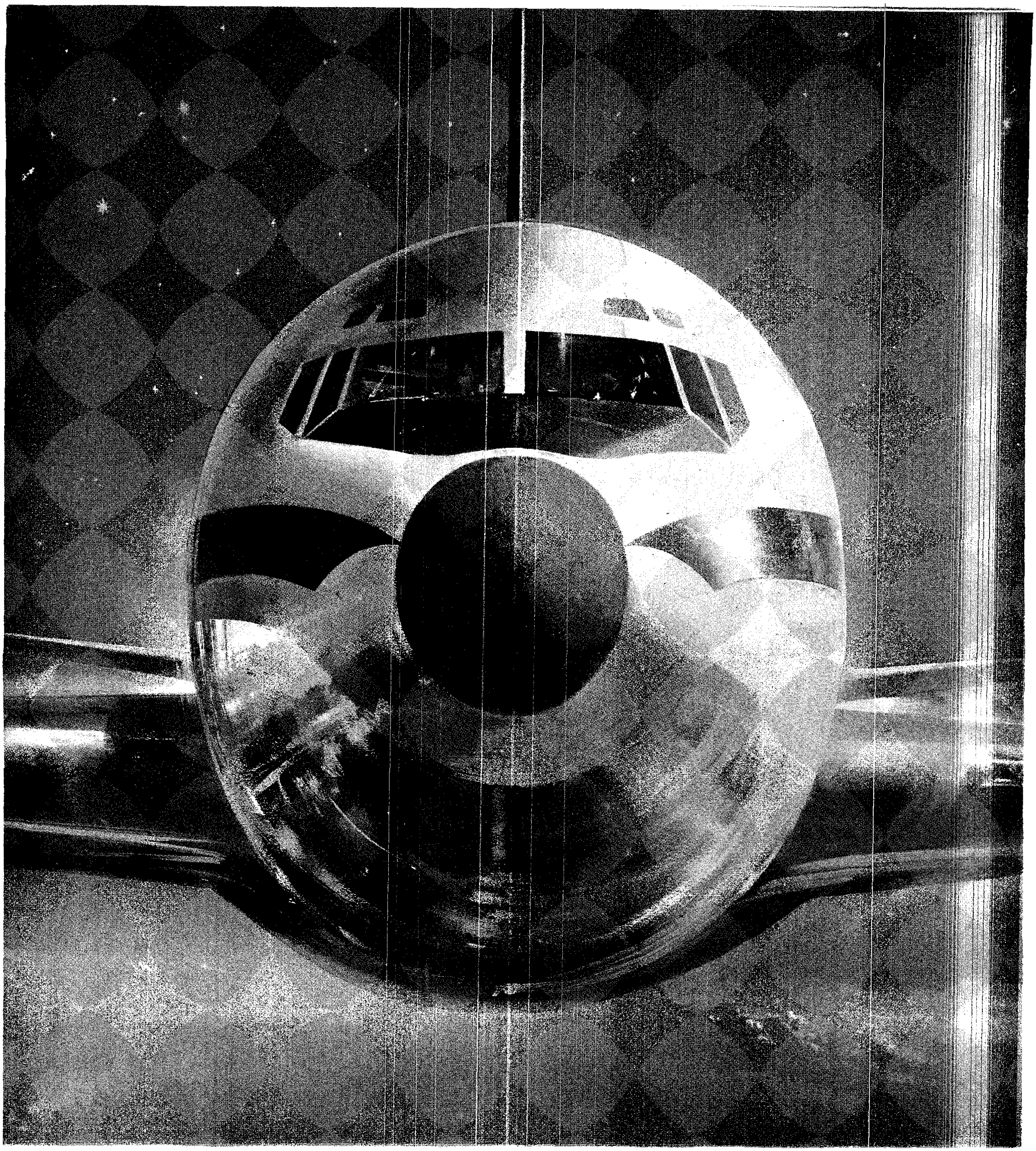

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Jack Rosenthal, the young Director of Public Information of the Justice Department, the rumors about snakes, bombs, and mines were checked out, and it was learned that none of them were true. A reporter waved several racist leaflets that had been dropped from an airplane and asked whether anything was being done to prevent such planes from dropping bombs. "What do you want us to do?" Rosenthal replied. "Use anti-aircraft guns?"

The procession set out promptly at 8 A.M. The distance to the next campsite—Rosa Steele's farm—was seventeen miles. Again the day was sunny, and as the air grew warmer some of the more sunburned members of the group donned berets or Stetsons or tied scarves or handkerchiefs around their heads. To the white onlookers who clustered beside the road, the three hundred marchers must have seemed a faintly piratical band. At the head of the line were Dr. and Mrs. King, wearing green caps with earmuffs and reading newspapers as they walked. Not far behind them was a pale-green wagon (known to the marchers as the Green Dragon) with Mississippi license plates, in which rode doctors wearing armbands of the M.C.H.R. (the Medical Committee for Human Rights). Farther back were some of the younger civil-rights leaders: Hosea Williams, S.C.L.C. director of the march and veteran of the bitter struggle for public accommodations in Savannah, Georgia; the Reverend James Bevel, formerly of S.N.C.C., now S.C.L.C. project director for Alabama (Mr. Bevel was wearing the many-colored yarmulke that has become almost his trademark—"a link," he says, "to our Old Testament heritage"); John Lewis, chairman of S.N.C.C.; and the Reverend Andrew Young. Behind the leaders, some of the main personae of the march had begun to emerge, among them Joe Young, a blind greenhouse worker from Atlanta, Georgia, and Jim Letherer, a one-legged settlement-house worker from Saginaw, Michigan. ("Left! Left! Left!" the segregationist onlookers chanted as Mr. Letherer moved along on crutches.) Chuck Fager, a young worker for S.C.L.C., wearing denims and a black yarmulke, was waving and shouting, "Come march with us! Why don't you come along and march with us?" ("It sets up a dialogue," he explained. "The last time I was in jail, a sheriff pulled me aside and asked me where the hell I was from. Any sort of talk like that sets up a dialogue.") Sister Mary Leoline, a nun from Christ

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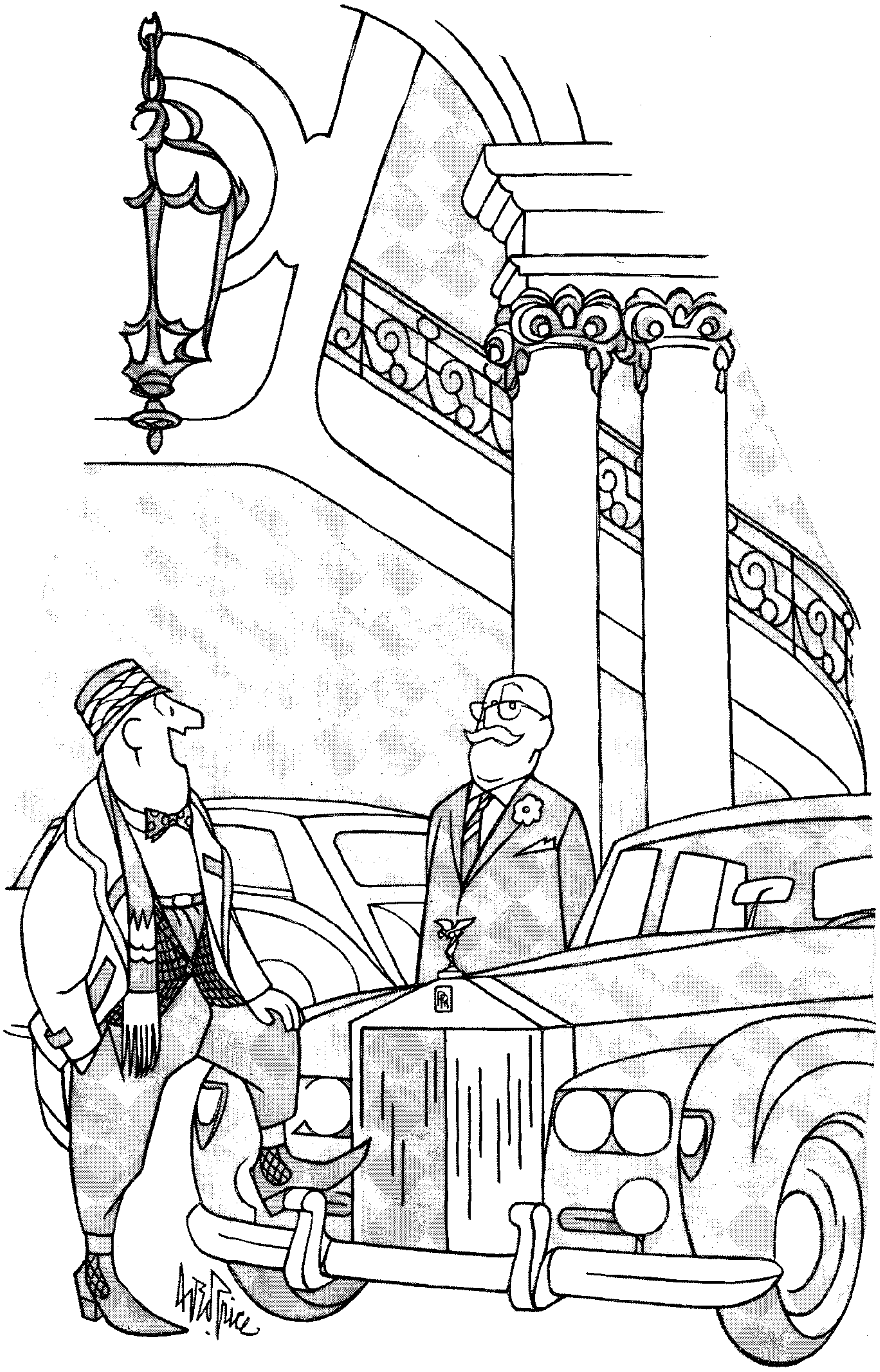

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the King parish in Kansas City, Kansas, was talking to John Bart Gerald, a young novelist from New York. "This is a great time to be alive," she said. A few members of the night security guard had somehow acquired cameras, and they were now photographing bystanders who were photographing marchers; it appeared that a sort of reciprocal Most Wanted list was being compiled. From time to time, the marchers were still singing ("Oh-h-h, Wallace, segregation's bound to fall"), and the chief of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, Assistant Attorney General John Doar, tall, tanned, and coatless, was striding back and forth along the line of march to see that all was going well.

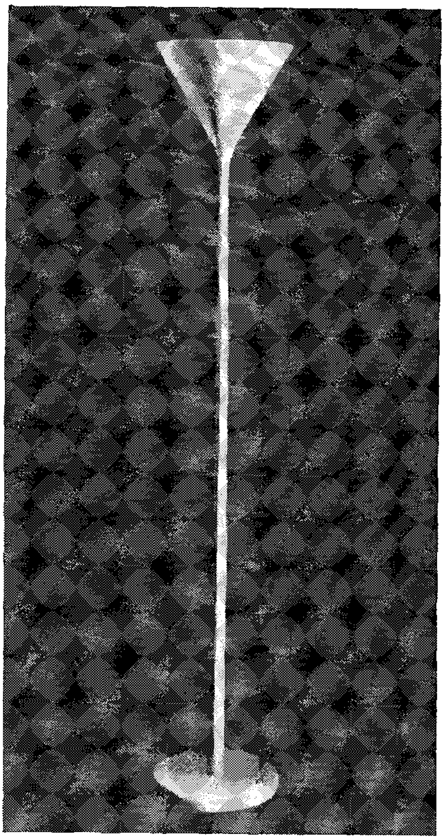
Around two o'clock, as the middle ranks of marchers passed an intersection just outside Lowndes County, a female bystander apparently could stand it no longer. "They're carrying the flag upside down!" she screamed to the nearest trooper. "Isn't there a law against that? Can't you arrest them? Look at them so-called white men with church collars that they bought for fifty cents! And them de-*vir*ginated nuns! I'm a Catholic myself, but it turns my stomach to see them. They said there was thousands yesterday, but there wasn't near a thousand. Them niggers and them girls! I've watched the whole thing three times, and there isn't a intelligent-looking one in the bunch. I feel sorry for the black folks. If they want to vote, why don't they just go out and register? Oh, honey, look! There goes a big one. Go home, scum! Go home, scum!" The procession began to sing a not very hearty version of "A Great Camp Meeting in the Promised Land."

Not all the bystanders along the road were white. At the boundary of Lowndes County (with a population of fifteen thousand, eighty per cent of them Negroes, not one of whom had been registered to vote by March 1, 1965), John Maxwell, a Negro worker in a Lowndes County cotton-gin mill (at a salary of six dollars for a twelve-hour day), appeared at an intersection.

"Why don't you register to vote?" a reporter from the *Harvard Crimson* asked Mr. Maxwell.

"They'd put us off the place if I tried," Mr. Maxwell said.

In the town of Trickem, at the Nolan Elementary School—a small white shack on brick stilts, which had asbestos shingles, a corrugated-iron roof, six broken windows, and a broken wood floor patched with automobile license plates—a group of old people



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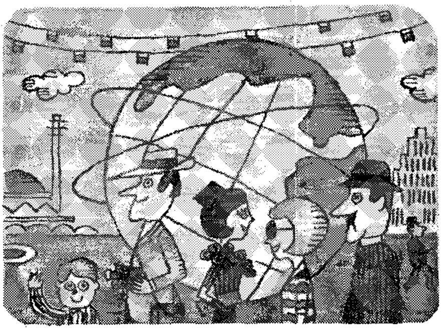

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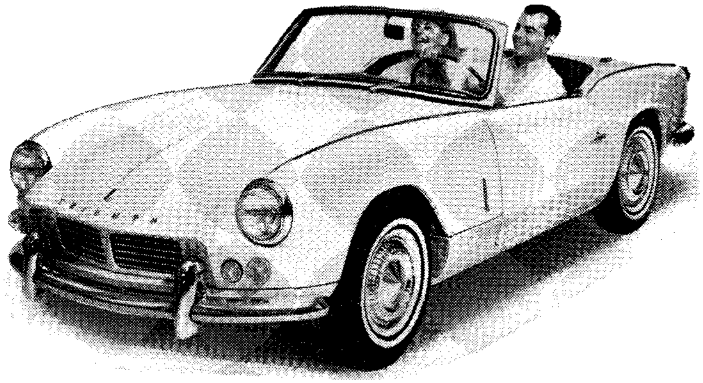

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and barefoot children rushed out to embrace Dr. King. They had been waiting four hours.

"Will you march with us?" Dr. King asked an old man with a cane.

"I'll walk one step, anyway," said the man. "Because I know for every one step I'll take you'll take two."

The marchers broke into a chant. "*What* do you *want*?" they shouted encouragingly to the Negroes at the roadside. The Negroes smiled, but they did not give the expected response—"*Freedom!*" The marchers had to supply that themselves.

Late in the afternoon, as Route 80 passed through the swamps of Lowndes County, the marchers looked anxiously at the woods, covered with Spanish moss, which began a few yards back from the road. They reached Rosa Steele's farm at sunset. Many of them seemed dismayed to find that the campsite lay right beside the highway. Fresh rumors began to circulate: a young man had been seen putting a bomb under a roadside bridge; twenty white men, with pistols and shotguns, had been seen prowling through a neighboring field; testing security, a representative of the Pentagon had managed to penetrate the security lines without being asked to show his pass. Mr. Rosenthal again put these fears to rest. "The field has been combed by Army demolition teams," he said. "If anyone from the Pentagon had made it through unchecked, you can bet there would have been one hell of a fuss. And as for the man under the bridge, it was a little boy who got off his bicycle to relieve himself. The troopers found out these things. It's nice to know that they are this aware."

As darkness fell, Dr. King held a press conference. A Negro woman lifted up her three-year-old son so that he might catch a glimpse of Dr. King. She soon grew tired and had to put him down. "I'll take him," said a white man standing beside her, and he lifted the boy onto his shoulders. The boy did not glance at Dr. King; he was too busy gazing down at the white man's blond hair.

AGAIN the night was cold and damp. At the entrance to the field, there was so much mud that boards and reeds had been scattered to provide traction for cars. Most of the marchers went to sleep in their four tents soon after supper, but at Steele's Service Station, across the highway, a crowd of Negroes from the neighborhood had gathered. Some of them were dancing to music from a jukebox, and

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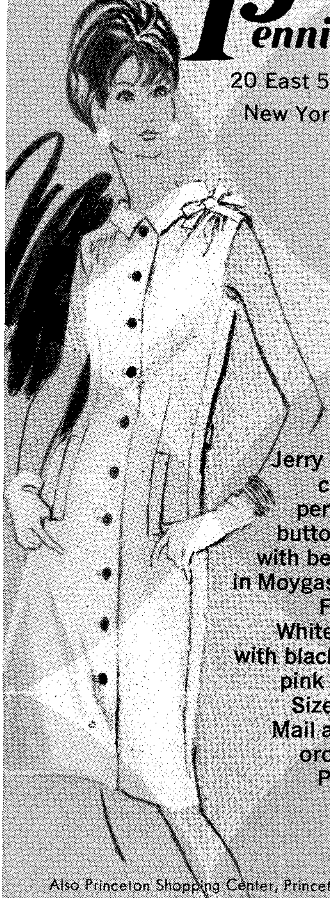

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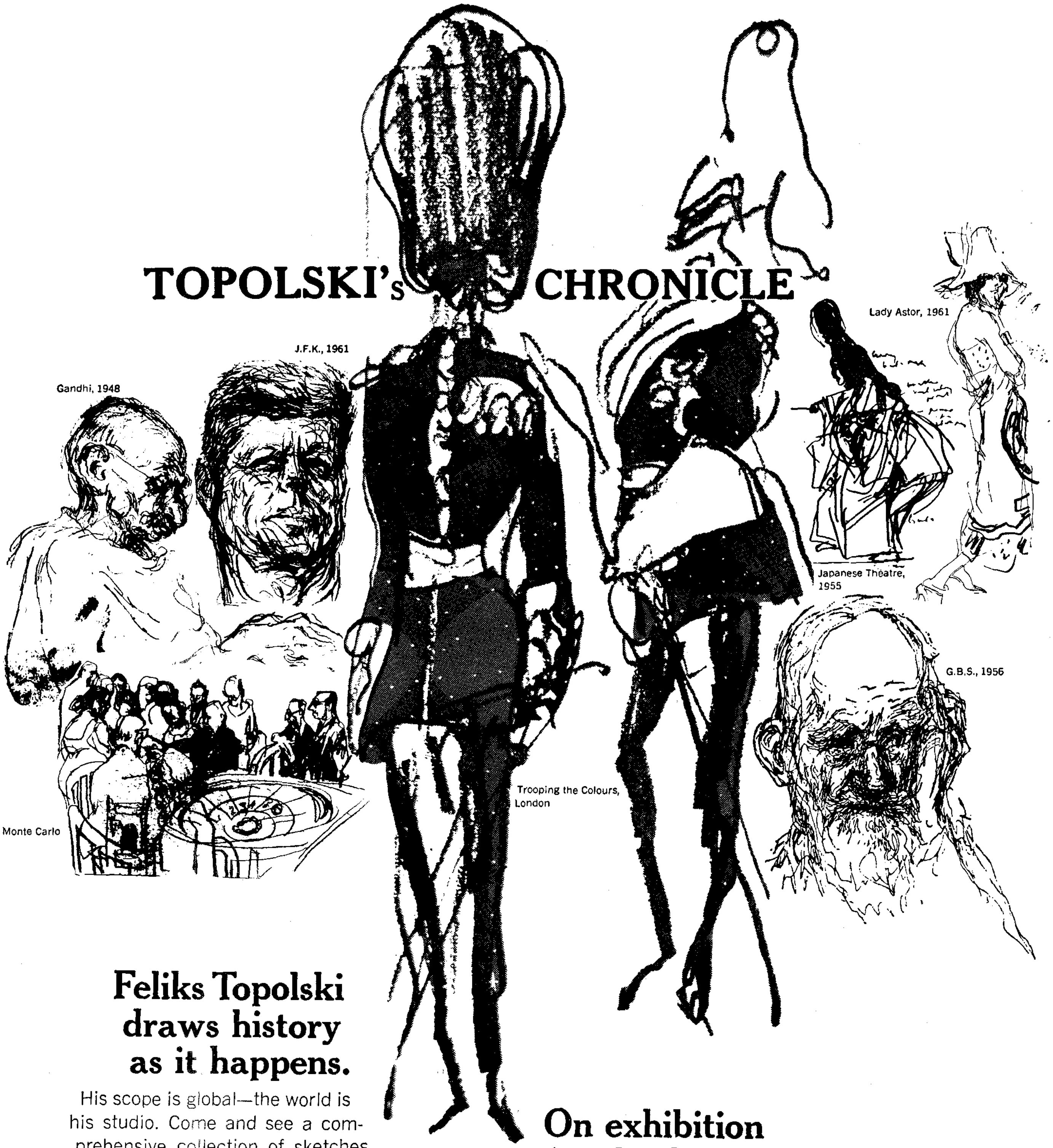
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Gandhi, 1948
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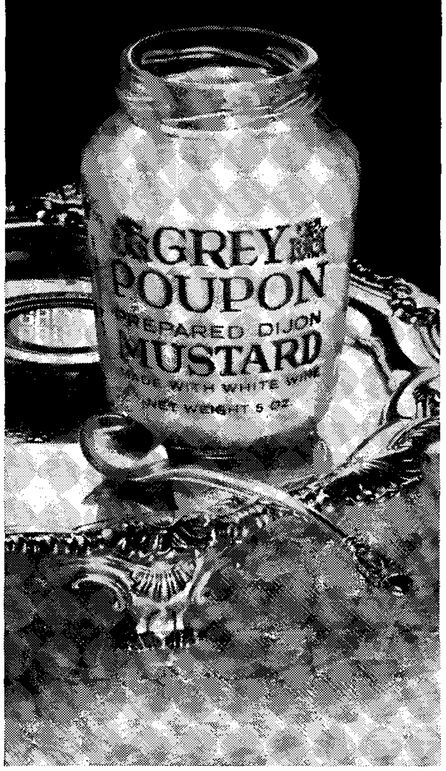

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a few of the more energetic marchers, white and black, joined them.

"This is getting to be too much like a holiday," said a veteran of one of the earlier marches. "It doesn't tell the truth of what happened."

At about ten o'clock, the last of the marchers crossed the highway back to camp. Shortly afterward, a fleet of cars drove up to the service station and a group of white boys got out. Two of the boys were from Georgia, two were from Texas, one was from Tennessee, one was from Oklahoma, one was from Monroeville, Alabama, and one was from Selma. The Reverend Arthur E. Matott, a white minister from Perth Amboy, New Jersey, who was a member of the night patrol, saw them and walked across the highway to where they were standing. "Can I help you fellows?" Mr. Matott asked.

"We're just curious," the boy from Monroeville said. "Came out to see what it was like."

"How long are you planning to stay?" said Mr. Matott.

"Until we get ready to leave," the boy said.

A Negro member of the night patrol quietly joined Mr. Matott.

"I cut classes," said the boy from Tennessee. "Sort of impulsive. You hear all these stories. I wondered why you were marching."

"Well, you might say we're marching to get to know each other and to ease a little of the hate around here," Mr. Matott said.

"You don't need to march for that," said one of the boys from Texas. "You're making it worse. The hate was being lessened and lessened by itself throughout the years."

"Was it?" asked the Negro member of the guard.

"It was," the Texas boy said.

"We never had much trouble in Nashville," said the boy from Tennessee. "Where you have no conflict, it's hard to conceive . . . "

"Why don't you-all go and liberate the Indian reservations, or something?" said the boy from Monroeville. "The Negroes around here are happy."

"I don't think they are," said Mr. Matott.

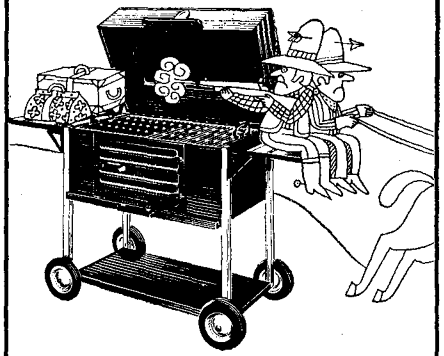
"I've lived in the South all my life, and I know that they are," the boy from Georgia said.

"I'm not happy," said the Negro guard.

"Well, just wait awhile," said the boy from Monroeville.

An attractive blond girl in a black

head for the patio, boys!



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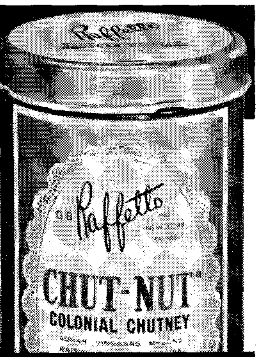

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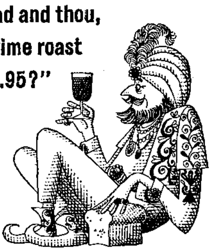

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turtleneck sweater, denim pants, and boots now crossed the highway from the camp. "Do you know where I can get a ride to Jackson?" she asked the Negro guard.

"This is Casey Hayden, from S.N.C.C. She's the granddaughter of a Texas sheriff," said the minister, introducing her to the group.

A battered car drove up, and three more white boys emerged.

"I don't mean to bug you," the Negro whispered to the girl, "but did you realize we're surrounded?"

"You fellows from Selma?" Miss Hayden asked, turning to the three most recent arrivals.

"Yeah," said one, who was wearing a green zippered jacket, a black shirt, and black pants, and had a crew cut.

"What do you want?" Miss Hayden asked.

"I don't know," the boy answered.

"That's an honest answer," Miss Hayden said.

"It is," the boy said.

"What do you do?" Miss Hayden asked.

"Well, Miss, I actually *work* for a living, and I can tell you it's going to be hard on all of them when this is over," the boy said. "A lot of people in town are letting their maids go."

"Well, I don't suppose I'd want to have a maid anyway," Miss Hayden said amiably. "I guess I can do most things myself."

"That's not all, though," said another boy. "It's awfully bad down the road. Nothing's happened so far, but you can't ever tell. Selma's a peace-loving place, but that Lowndes County is something else."

"I guess some of these people feel they haven't got that much to lose," Miss Hayden said.

"I know," said the boy.

"Do you understand what they're marching about?" Miss Hayden asked.

"Yeah—fighting for freedom, something like that. That's the idea, along that line. It don't mean nothing," the boy said.

"And to make money," the third young man said. "The men are getting fifteen dollars a day for marching, and the girls are really making it big."

"Is that so?" said Miss Hayden.

"Yeah. Girl came into the Selma hospital this morning, fifteen hundred dollars in her wallet. She'd slept with forty-one."

"Forty-one what?" Miss Hayden asked.

"Niggers," the young man said.

"And what did she go to the

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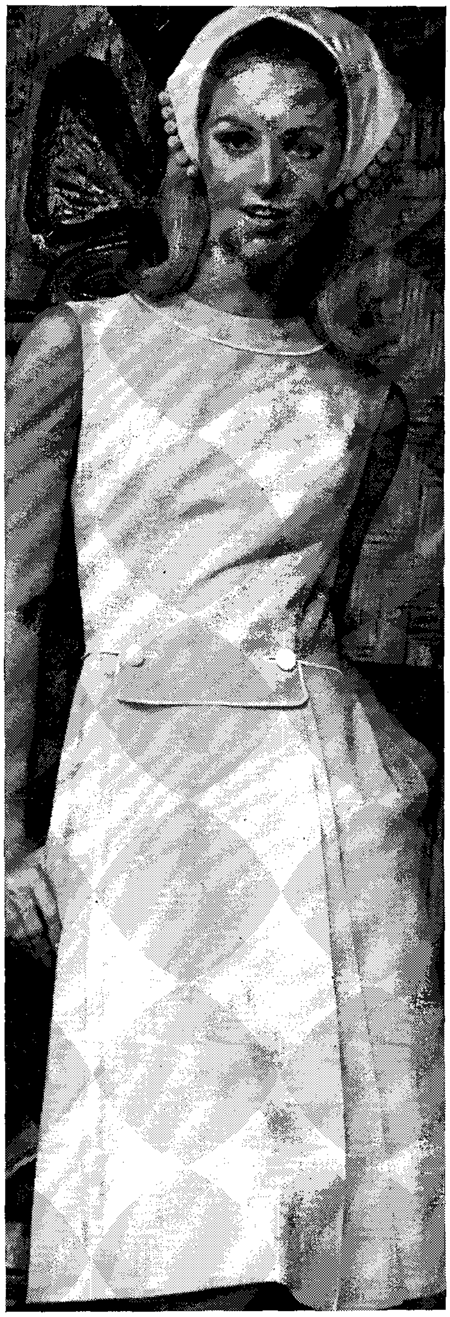

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hospital for?" Miss Hayden asked.

"Well, actually, Ma'am, she bled to death," the young man said.

"Where did you hear that?" Miss Hayden asked.

"In town," the young man said. "There's not much you can do, more than keep track of everything. It's a big mess."

"Well," Miss Hayden said, "I think it's going to get better."

"Hard to say," said one of the boys as they drifted back to their cars.

AT midnight in the camp, Charles Mauldin, aged seventeen, the head of the Dallas County Student Union and a student at Selma's Hudson High School, which is Negro, was awakened in the security tent by several guards, who ushered in a rather frightened-looking Negro boy.

"What's going on?" asked Charles.

The boy replied that he was trying to found a Negro student movement in Lowndes County.

"That's fine," said Charles.

"The principal's dead set against it," the boy said.

"Then stay underground until you've got everybody organized," Charles said. "Then if he throws one out he'll have to throw you all out."

"You with Snick or S.C.L.C., or what?" the boy asked.

"I'm not with anything," Charles said. "I'm with them all. I used to just go to dances in Selma on Saturday nights and not belong to anything. Then I met John Love, who was Snick project director down here, and I felt how he just sees himself in every Negro. Then I joined the movement."

"What about your folks?" the boy asked.

"My father's a truck driver, and at first they were against it, but now they don't push me and they don't hold me back," Charles said.

"Who've you had personal run-ins with?" the boy asked.

"I haven't had personal run-ins with anybody," Charles said. "I've been in jail three times, but never more than a few hours. They needed room to put other people in. Last week, I got let out, so I just had to march and get beaten on. In January, we had a march of little kids—we called it the Tots' March—but we were afraid they might get frightened, so we joined them, and some of us got put in jail. Nothing personal about it."

"Some of us think that for the march we might be better off staying in school," the boy said.

"Well, I think if you stay in school

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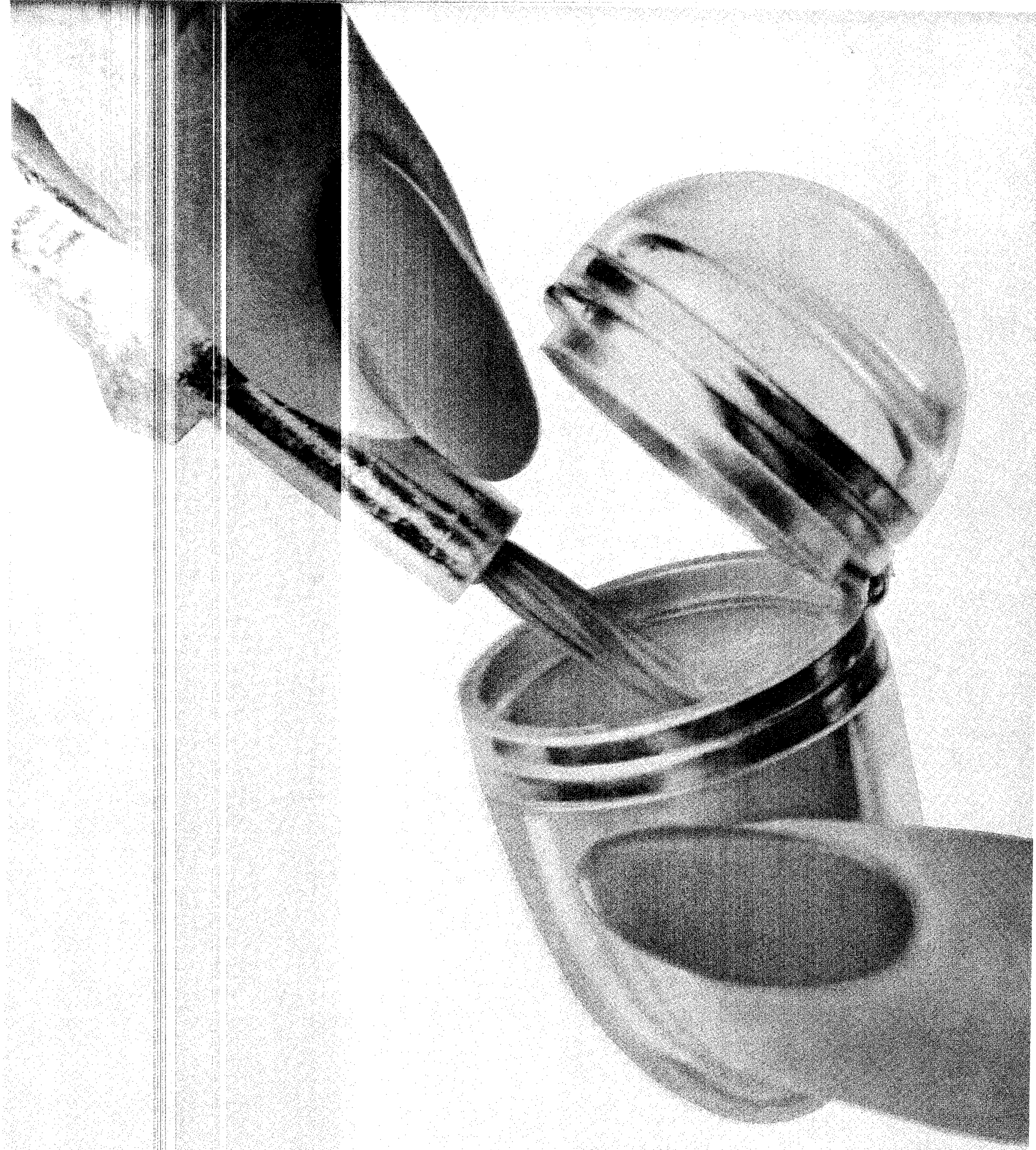

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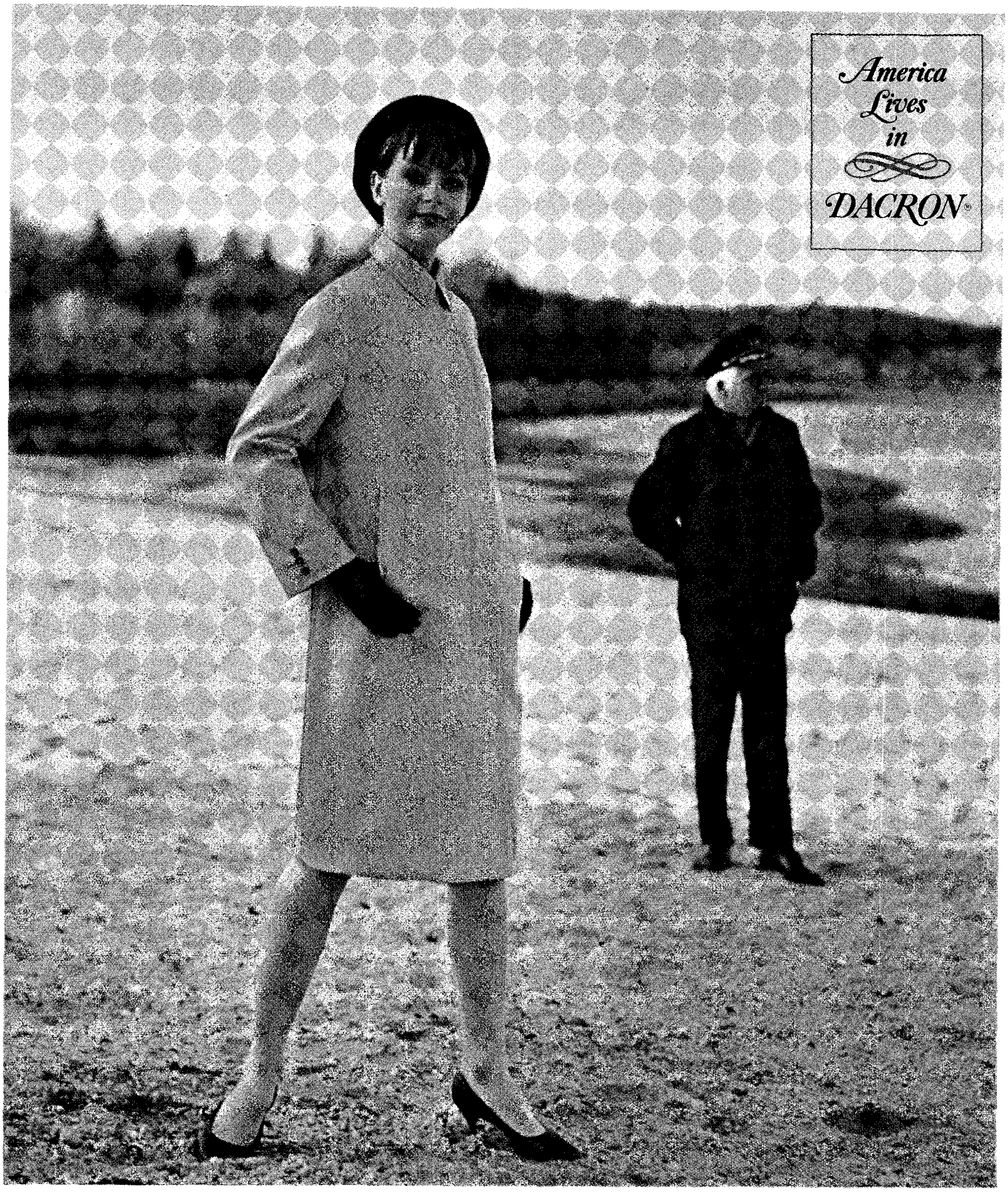

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you're saying that you're satisfied," Charles said. "We had a hundred of our teachers marching partway with us. At first, I was against the march, but then I realized that although we're probably going to get the voting bill, we still don't have a lot of other things. It's dramatic, and it's an experience, so I came. I thought of a lot of terrible things that could happen, because we're committed to non-violence, and I'm responsible for the kids from the Selma school. But then I thought, If they killed everyone on this march, it would be nothing compared to the number of people they've killed in the last three hundred years."

"You really believe in non-violence?" the boy asked Charles.

"I do," Charles said. "I used to think of it as just a tactic, but now I believe in it all the way. Now I'd just like to be tested."

"Weren't you tested enough when you were beaten on?" the boy asked.

"No, I mean an individual test, by myself," Charles said. "It's easy to talk about non-violence, but in a lot of cases you've got to be tested, and re-inspire yourself."

BY 2 A.M., hardly anyone in the camp was awake except the late-shift night security patrol and a group of radio operators in a trailer truck, which served as a base for the walkie-talkies around the campsite and in the church back in Selma. The operators kept in constant touch with Selma, where prospective marchers were still arriving by the busload. Inside the trailer were Norman Talbot, a middle-aged Negro from Selma who had borrowed the trailer from his uncle and was serving as its driver ("I used to work in a junk yard, until they fired me for joining the movement. I've got a five-year-old daughter, but after that I made it my business to come out in a big way"); Pete Muilenberg, a nineteen-year-old white student on leave of absence from Dartmouth to work for C.O.F.O., the Congress of Federated Organizations, in Mississippi; and Mike Kenny, a twenty-nine-year-old white student who had quit graduate school at Iowa State to work for S.N.C.C.

"Snick isn't officially involved in this march," Mr. Kenny said to a marcher who visited him in the trailer early that morning. "Although individual Snick workers can take part if they like. They say Martin Luther King and Snick struck a bargain: Snick wouldn't boycott this march if S.C.L.C. would take part in a demonstration in Washington to challenge the Mississippi

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members of Congress. We didn't want to bring in all these outsiders, and we wanted to keep marching on that Tuesday when King turned back. Man, there are cats in Selma now from up North saying, 'Which demonstration are you going to? Which one is the best?' As though it were a college prom, or something. I tell them they ought to have sense enough to be scared. 'What do you think you're down here for? For publicity, to show how many of you there are, and to get a few heads bashed in. Nobody needs you to *lead* them. S.C.L.C. has got plenty of leaders.' People need Snick, though, for the technicians. Some of us took a two-day course in short-wave-radio repair from one of our guys, Marty Schiff, so we could set up their radios for them. Then, a lot of Snick cats have come over here from Mississippi, where the romance has worn off a bit and it's time for our experts to take over—running schools, pairing off communities with communities up North, filing legal depositions against the Mississippi congressmen and against the worst of the police. We're called agitators from out of state. Well, take away the connotations and agitation is what we do, but we're not outsiders. Nobody who crosses a state line is an outsider. It's the same with racial lines. I don't give a damn about the Negro race, but I don't give a damn about the white race, either. I'm interested in breaking the fetters of thought. What this march is going to do is help the Alabama Negro to break his patterns of thought. It's also going to change the marchers when they go back home. The students who went back from the Mississippi project became dynamos. It's easier to join the movement than to get out. You have this commitment. There will be Snick workers staying behind to keep things going in Selma. We were here, working, a year and a half before S.C.L.C. came in. Man, there's a cartoon in our Jackson office showing the Snick power structure, and it's just one big snarl. Some of us are in favor of more central organization, but most of us believe in the mystique of the local people. We're not running the C.O.F.O. project in Mississippi next summer, because of the black-white tensions in Snick. Some of the white cats feel they're being forced out, because of the racism. But I can understand it. The white invasion put the Negro cats in a predicament. Not even their movement was their own anymore. I'm staying with it, though. Every Snick meeting is a traumatic experience for all of us, but even the turmoil is too real, too important, for

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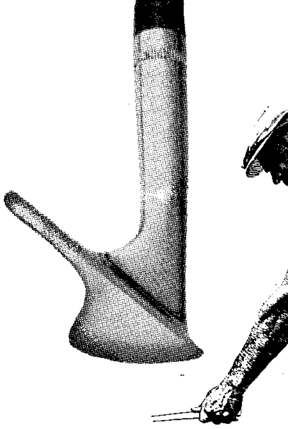

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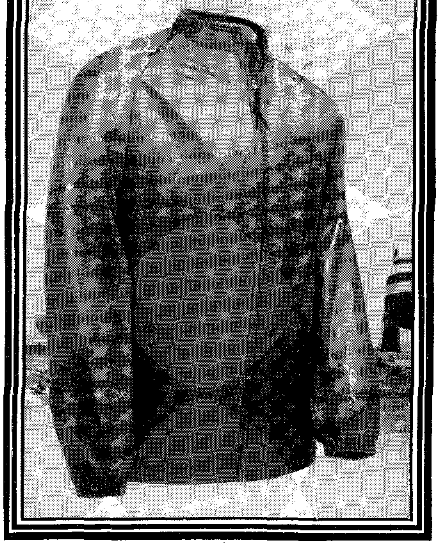

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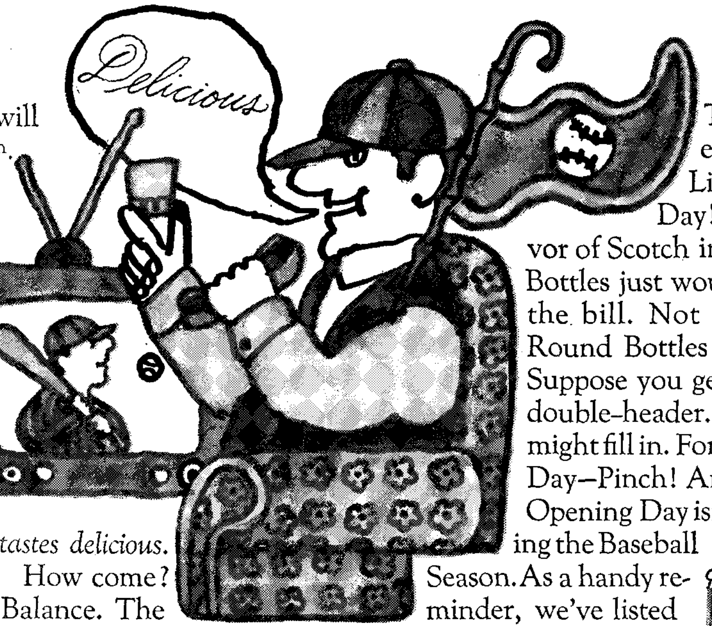

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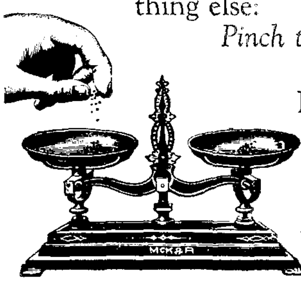

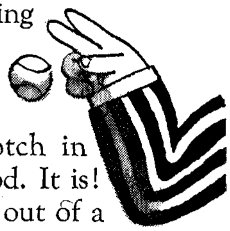

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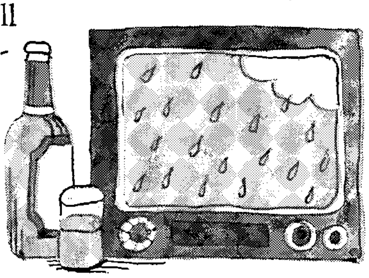

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October 8th. The 9th anniversary of Don Larsen's perfect game The only one ever pitched in a World Series.

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September 11th. 37 years ago today Ty Cobb hung up his spikes. What a career he had!

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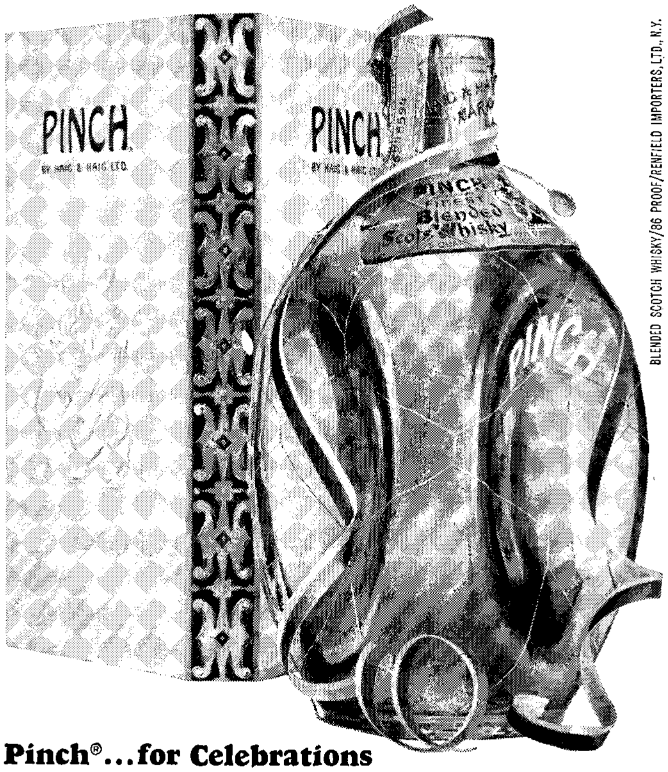

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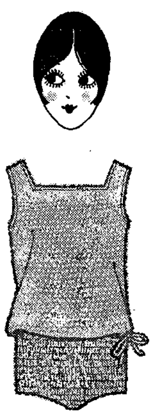

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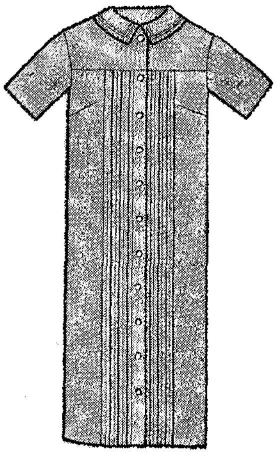

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me to get out now. It's what you might call the dramatic-results mentality. Some of the leaders may be evolving some pretty far-out political philosophy, but it's the workers who get things done—black-white tensions, left-right tensions, and all."

LATER that morning, Tuesday, it began to rain, and the rain continued through most of the day. When the first drops fell, whites at the roadside cheered (a Southern adage states that "a nigger won't stay out in the rain"), but it soon became apparent that, even over hilly country, the procession was going at a more spirited pace than ever. Jim Letherer, on his crutches, appeared to be flagging. John Doar walked beside him for a while, joking and imperceptibly slowing his pace. Then Mr. Doar said, "Jim, come to the car a minute. I want to show you something back down the road." Jim disappeared from the march. In twenty minutes, he was walking again.

BACK in Selma, thousands of out-of-towners had arrived and had been quietly absorbed into the Negro ghetto. On the outskirts of town, a sign had appeared showing a photograph of Martin Luther King at the Highlander Folk School and captioned "Martin Luther King at Communist School." Lying soggily upon the sidewalks were leaflets reading "An unemployed agitator ceases to agitate. Operation Ban. Selective hiring, firing, buying, selling." The Selma Avenue Church of Christ, whose congregation is white, displayed a sign reading "When You Pray, Be Not As Hypocrites Are, Standing in the Street. Matt: 6:5," and the Brown Chapel Church displayed a sign reading "Forward Ever, Backward Never. Visitors Welcome." Inside the church and its parsonage, things were bustling. There were notes tacked everywhere: "If you don't have official business here, please leave," "All those who wish to take hot baths, contact Mrs. Lilly," "Don't sleep here anymore. This is an office," "Please, the person who is trying to find me to return my suit coat and trenchcoat, not having left it in my Rambler . . ."

"Everyone here in town is getting antsy," Melody Heaps, a white girl who had come in from Chicago, said to a reporter. "We're not allowed to march until Thursday, and there's nothing to do. On the other hand, we're giving the Selma Negroes a chance to take it easy. They know what they're doing, and we don't, so

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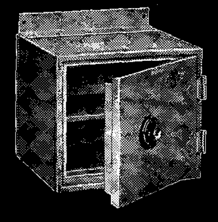

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INDUSTRY, says the April FORTUNE, is studying a big new market in superhigh-speed ground transport. The hardest task ahead is to choose among the alternatives. The story: THE 400 MPH PASSENGER TRAIN takes a long look at future prospects —with wheels and without.

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FORTUNE makes talk among advertisers, too. Says Herbert Kunzel, President, Solar, a division of International Harvester, "FORTUNE has been the keystone in the introduction and marketing of our industrial turbomachinery. By all standards of measurement, the ads have stimulated interest and created selling opportunities." Let us tell you how to get the good word to management about your product or service in FORTUNE—today's most quoted authority on what American industry will be doing tomorrow.

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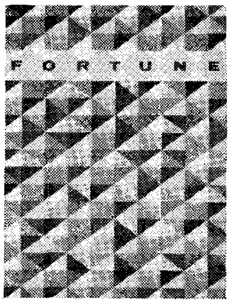

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The 400 mph Passenger Train,
quoted above, write on company letterhead:
FORTUNE, Room 18-44, Time & Life Building,
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they can order us around a little."

"You know what just happened?" said a white clergyman from Ontario. "Some of those white segs splashed mud all over us. It was so funny and childish we just howled."

A little later, two clergymen picked up their luggage and left the church for the home of Mrs. Georgia Roberts, where, they had been told, they were to spend the night.

"I guess I can put you up," Mrs. Roberts said when they arrived. "Last night, I put up fourteen. I worked as a cook at the Selma Country Club for thirteen years, before they fired me for joining the movement. I've been friendly to all the other guests, so I guess you'll find me friendly, too. I never thought I'd see the day when we'd dare to march against the white government in the Black Belt of Alabama."

AT the Tuesday-night campsite, a farm owned by the A. G. Gastons, a Birmingham Negro family who had become millionaires in various businesses, the ground was so wet that the marchers could walk through the claylike mud only by moving their feet as though they were skating. A Negro family living in the middle of the property had received several intimidating phone calls during the day, and as a consequence they barred their house to marchers. They held a party in their little front garden to watch the goings on.

The marchers had by then been joined by Mrs. Ann Cheatham, an English housewife from Ealing, who had flown across the Atlantic just to take part in the last two days of marching. "It seems to me an outrage," she said. "I saw it on the telly—people being battered on the head. I came to show that the English are in sympathy. I can see there are a lot of odd bods on this march, but there were a lot in the marches on Aldermaston and Washington. This appalling business of barring white facilities to Negro children! People say it's not my business, but I would deny that. It's everybody's business."

In the early evening, a clergyman became violently ill, and doctors blamed the marchers' water supply. The marchers had all along complained that the water tasted of kerosene, and, upon investigation, it turned out that the water was in fact polluted, having come from a truck that was ordinarily used for draining septic tanks. (Fortunately, no other marchers seemed to suffer from the contamination.) Later, the singer Odetta appeared at the campsite, and

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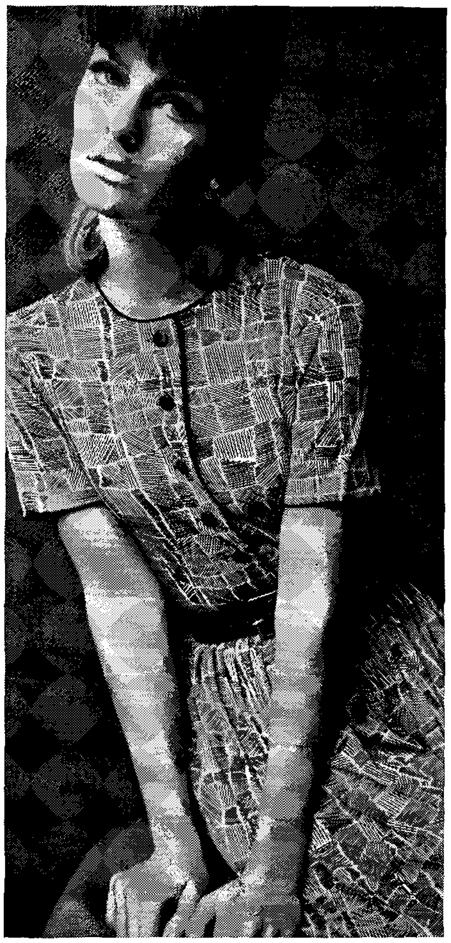

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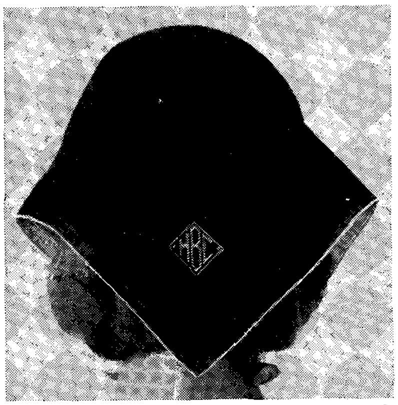

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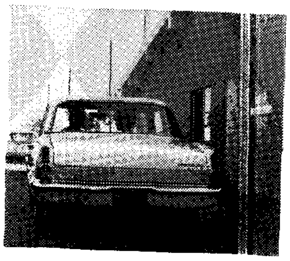

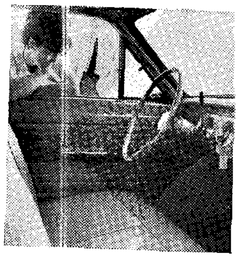

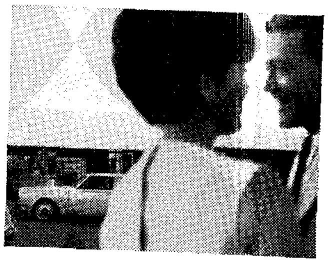

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found all the marchers, including another singer, Pete Seeger, fast asleep.

WEDNESDAY, the fourth and last full day of marching, was sunny again, and the marchers set out in good spirits. In the morning, a minister who had rashly dropped out at a gas station to make a telephone call was punched by the owner, and a free-lance newspaper photographer was struck on the ear by a passerby. (Although he required three stitches, he was heartened by the fact that a Montgomery policeman had come, with a flying tackle, to his rescue.) There seemed, however, to be fewer segregationists by the side of the road than usual—perhaps because the Montgomery *Advertiser* had been running a two-page advertisement, prepared by the City Commissioner's Committee on Community Affairs, imploring citizens to be moderate and ignore the march. The coverage of the march in the Southern press had consistently amused the marchers. "Civil Righters Led by Communists" had been the headline in the Birmingham weekly *Independent*; the Selma *Times-Journal*, whose coverage of the march was relatively accurate, had editorialized about President Johnson, under the heading "A Modern Mussolini Speaks, 'We Shall Overcome,'" "No man in any generation . . . has ever held so much power in the palm of his hand, and that includes Caesar, Alexander, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, and Franklin D. Roosevelt;" and the Wednesday *Advertiser's* sole front-page item concerning the march was a one-column, twenty-one-line account, lower right, of the Alabama legislature's resolution condemning the demonstrators for being "sexually promiscuous." ("It is well known that the white Southern segregationist is obsessed with fornication," said John Lewis, chairman of S.N.C.C. "And that is why there are so many shades of Negro.") At 9 A.M., Ray Robin announced over radio station WHHY, in Montgomery, that "there is now evidence that women are returning to their homes from the march as expectant unwed mothers." Several marchers commented, ironically, on the advanced state of medical science in Alabama.

By noon, most of the marchers were sunburned or just plain weather-burned. Two Negroes scrawled the word "Vote" in sunburn cream on their foreheads and were photographed planting an American flag, Iwo Jima fashion, by the side of the road. Flags of all sorts, including state flags and church flags, had materialized in the

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hands of marchers. One of the few segregationists watching the procession stopped his jeering for a moment when he saw the American flag, and raised his hand in a salute. The singing had abated somewhat, and the marchers had become conversational.

"This area's a study in social psychopathology," said Henry Schwarzschild, executive secretary of L.C.D.C. (the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee). "In a way, they're asking for a show of force like this, to make them face reality."

"And there's the ignorance," said another civil-rights lawyer. "A relatively friendly sheriff in Sunflower County, Mississippi, warned me, confidentially, that my client was a 'blue-gum nigger.' 'Their mouths are filled with poison,' he said. 'Don't let him bite you.' "

"And what did you say?" asked a college student marching beside him.

"What *could* I say?" the lawyer replied. "I said I'd try to be careful."

"The way I see this march," said a young man from S.N.C.C., "is as a march from the religious to the secular—from the chapel to the statehouse. For too long now, the Southern Negro's only refuge has been the church. That's why he prefers these S.C.L.C. ministers to the Snick cats. But we're going to change all that."

"I'm worried, though, about the Maoists," said the student.

"What do you mean by that, exactly?" asked another marcher.

"A Maoist. You know. From the Mau Mau."

In the early afternoon, Dr. King and his wife, who had dropped out for a day in order for him to go to Cleveland to receive an award, rejoined the procession. The singing began again. Marching behind Dr. King was his friend the Reverend Morris H. Tynes, of Chicago, who teased Dr. King continuously. "Moses, can you let your people rest for a minute?" Mr. Tynes said. "Can you just let the homiletic smoke from your cigarette drift out of your mouth and engulf the multitude and let them rest?" Dr. King smiled. Some of the other marchers, who had tended to speak of Dr. King half in joking and half in reverent tones (most of them referred to him conversationally as "De Lawd") laughed out loud.

A Volkswagen bus full of marchers from Chicago ran out of gas just short of the procession. "Now, we all believe in non-violence," one of the passengers said to the driver, "but if you don't get this thing moving pretty soon . . ."

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group?" asked a reporter, looking inside the bus.

"No," said the driver. "We're just individuals."

At last, on the outskirts of Montgomery, the marchers reached their fourth campsite—the Catholic City of St. Jude, consisting of a church, a hospital, and a school built in a style that might be called Contemporary Romanesque. The four tents were pitched by the time they arrived, and they marched onto the grounds singing "We *Have* Overcome." They also added two new verses to the song—"All the way from Selma" and "Our feet are soaked." Inside the gates of St. Jude's, they were greeted by a crowd of Montgomery Negroes singing the national anthem.

"*What* do you *want*?" the marchers chanted.

This time, the response from the onlookers was immediate and loud: "*Freedom!*"

"*When* do you *want* it?"

"*Now!*"

"How *much* of it?"

"*All* of it!"

ON its fourth night, the march began to look first like a football rally, then like a carnival and a hootenanny, and finally like something dangerously close to a hysterical mob. Perhaps because of a new feeling of confidence, the security check at the main gate had been practically abandoned. Thousands of marchers poured in from Selma and Montgomery, some of them carrying luggage, and no one had time to examine its contents. The campsite was cold and almost completely dark, and a bomb or a rifle shot would have left everyone helpless. Word got out that the doctors on the march had treated several cases of strep throat, two of pneumonia, one of advanced pulmonary tuberculosis, and one of epilepsy, and because of the number and variety of sick and handicapped who had made the march a macabre new joke began to go the rounds: "What has five hundred and ninety-nine legs, five hundred and ninety-eight eyes, an indeterminate number of germs, and walks singing? The march from Selma."

An entertainment had been scheduled for nine o'clock that night, but it was several hours late getting started, and in the meantime the crowd of thousands churned about in the mud and chanted. A number of people climbed into trees near the platform where the entertainment was to take place. On the outskirts of St. Jude's, in

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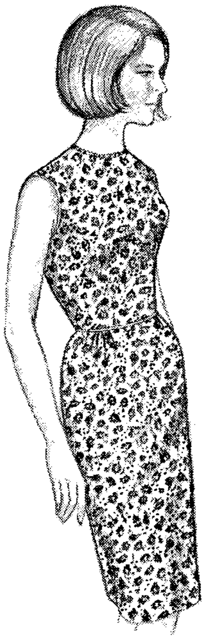

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a section normally set aside as a playground, a few children spun the hand-powered carrousel, or climbed over the jungle gym in the dark. In the wires of the telephone poles around the field, the skeletons of old kites were just visible in the dim lights from the windows of St. Jude's Hospital.

A minister, who had been seeking for several hours to clear the platform, wept with chagrin. "Betcha old Sheriff Clark and his troopers could clear it!" someone shouted. In the darkness, there were repeated cries for doctors, and a soldier stood on top of the radio trailer and beamed a flashlight into the crowd, trying to find the sources of the cries. Thousands crowded around the platform, and several of them were pressed against it and fell. Several others, mostly members of the special group of three hundred marchers, fainted from exhaustion. A number of entertainers, each of whom had been given a dime to use for a phone call in case of an emergency, and all of whom had been instructed to stand in groups of not fewer than six, appeared on the platform. Among them were Shelley Winters, Sammy Davis, Jr., Tony Perkins, Tony Bennett, and Nina Simone. A number of girls in the crowd collapsed and, because there was no other lighted space, had to be carried onstage, where Miss Winters did her best to minister to them. Before long, twenty people, none of them seriously ill or seriously injured, were carried off to the hospital on stretchers. A large group started an agitated march within the campsite.

"I'm tired," said a white college student. "If only I could walk someplace and get a cab!"

"Man, that's not cool," said a Negro. "There are a lot of hostile people outside that gate."

"Inside it, too, for all I know," said the student. "See any white sheets?"

Finally, the entertainment got under way, and the situation improved. Tony Perkins and a few others spoke with well-considered brevity. The crowd clapped along with the singers as they sang folk songs and songs of the movement, and it laughed at the comedians, including Dick Gregory, Nipsey Russell, Mike Nichols, and Elaine May. ("I can't afford to call up the National Guard," said Mike Nichols, impersonating Governor Wallace. "Why not?" said Elaine May, impersonating a telegraph operator. "It only costs a dime.")

At 2 A.M., the entertainment and speeches were over, and the performers left for a Montgomery hotel, which was

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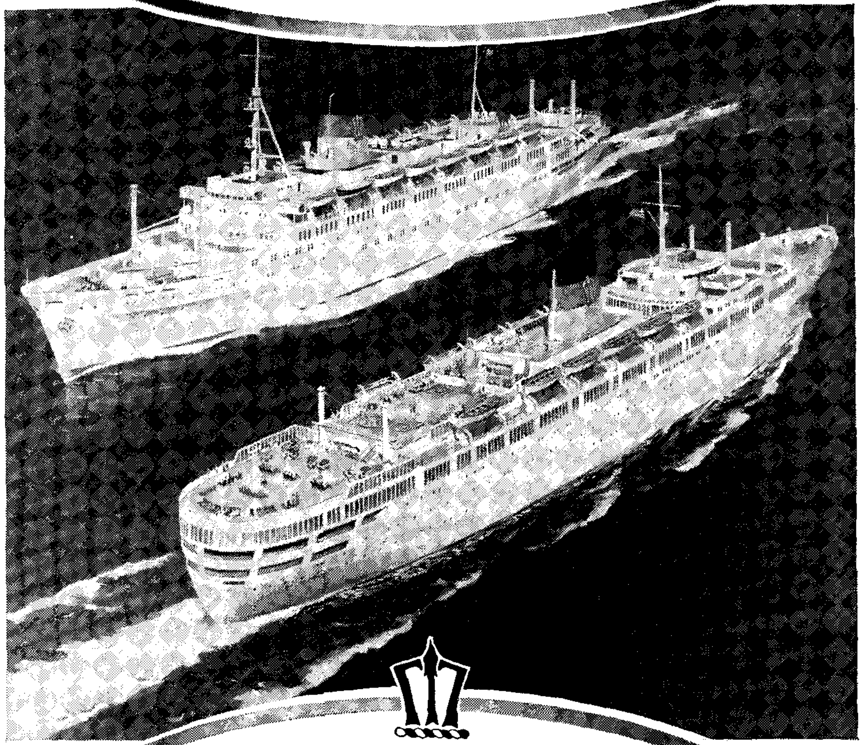

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surrounded for the remainder of the night by shouting segregationists. Most of the crowd drifted off the field and headed for Montgomery, and the tents were left at last to the marchers. Suddenly security tightened up. At one point, the Reverend Andrew Young himself was asked for his credentials. The hours before dawn passed without incident.

ON Thursday morning, the march expanded, pulled itself together, and turned at once serious and gay. It finally seemed that the whole nation was marching to Montgomery. Signs from every conceivable place and representing every conceivable religious denomination, philosophical viewpoint, labor union, and walk of life assembled at St. Jude's and lined up in orderly fashion. A Magic Marker pen passed from hand to hand, and new signs went up: "The Peace Corps Knows Integration Works," "So Does Canada," "American Indians" (carried by Fran Poafpybitty, a Comanche from Indiahoma, Oklahoma), "Freedom" in Greek letters (carried by a Negro girl), "Out of Vietnam into Selma" in Korean (carried by a white girl), "The Awe and Wonder of Human Dignity We Want to Maintain" (on a sandwich board worn by a succession of people), and, on two sticks tied together, with a blue silk scarf above it, a sign reading simply "Boston." A young white man in a gray flannel suit hurried back and forth among the platoons of marchers; on his attaché case was written "D. J. Bittner, Night Security."

Near the tents, Ivanhoe Donaldson and Frank Surocco (the first a Negro project director for S.N.C.C. in Atlanta, the second a white boy, also from S.N.C.C.) were distributing orange plastic jackets to the original three hundred marchers. The jackets, of the sort worn by construction workers, had been bought for eighty-nine cents apiece in Atlanta, and jackets just like them had been worn throughout the march by the marshals, but for the marchers the orange jacket had become a singular status symbol. There was some dispute about who was entitled to wear one. There was also a dispute about the order of march. Some thought that the entertainers should go first, some that the leaders should. Roy Wilkins, of the N.A.A.C.P., demurred on behalf of the leaders. Odetta said, "Man, don't let the morale crumble. The original three hundred deserve to be first." The Reverend Andrew Young was served with a summons in an action by the City of

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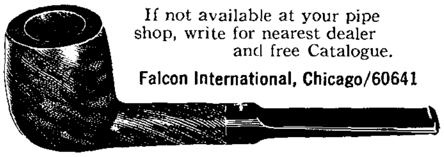

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Selma and the Selma Bus Lines protesting the operation of buses in competition with the Selma company. Finally, after another session of virtually inaudible speeches, the parade was ready to go. "Make way for the originals!" the marshals shouted, forming a cordon to hold back the other marchers and the press. Behind the three hundred came Martin Luther King, Ralph Bunche, A. Philip Randolph, the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, the Reverend Fred L. Shuttlesworth, Charles G. Gomillion, the Reverend F. D. Reese, and other civil-rights leaders; behind them came the grandfather of Jimmie Lee Jackson, the Negro boy who had been shot in nearby Perry County, and the Reverend Orloff Miller, a friend of the Reverend James Reeb's, who had been beaten with Reeb on the night of Reeb's murder; and behind them came a crowd of what turned out to be more than thirty thousand people. "We're not just down here for show," said Mr. Miller. "A lot of our people are staying here to help. But the show itself is important. When civil rights drops out of the headlines, the country forgets."

Stationed, like an advance man, hundreds of yards out in front of the procession as it made its way through the Negro section of Montgomery and, ultimately, past a hundred and four intersections was Charles Mauldin, dressed in his Hudson High sweatshirt and blue jeans and an orange jacket, and waving a little American flag and a megaphone. One pocket of his denims was split, and the fatigue in his gentle, intelligent face made him seem considerably younger than his seventeen years. "Come and march with us!" he shouted to Negro bystanders. "You can't make your witness standing on the corner. Come and march with us. We're going downtown. There's nothing to be afraid of. Come and march with us!"

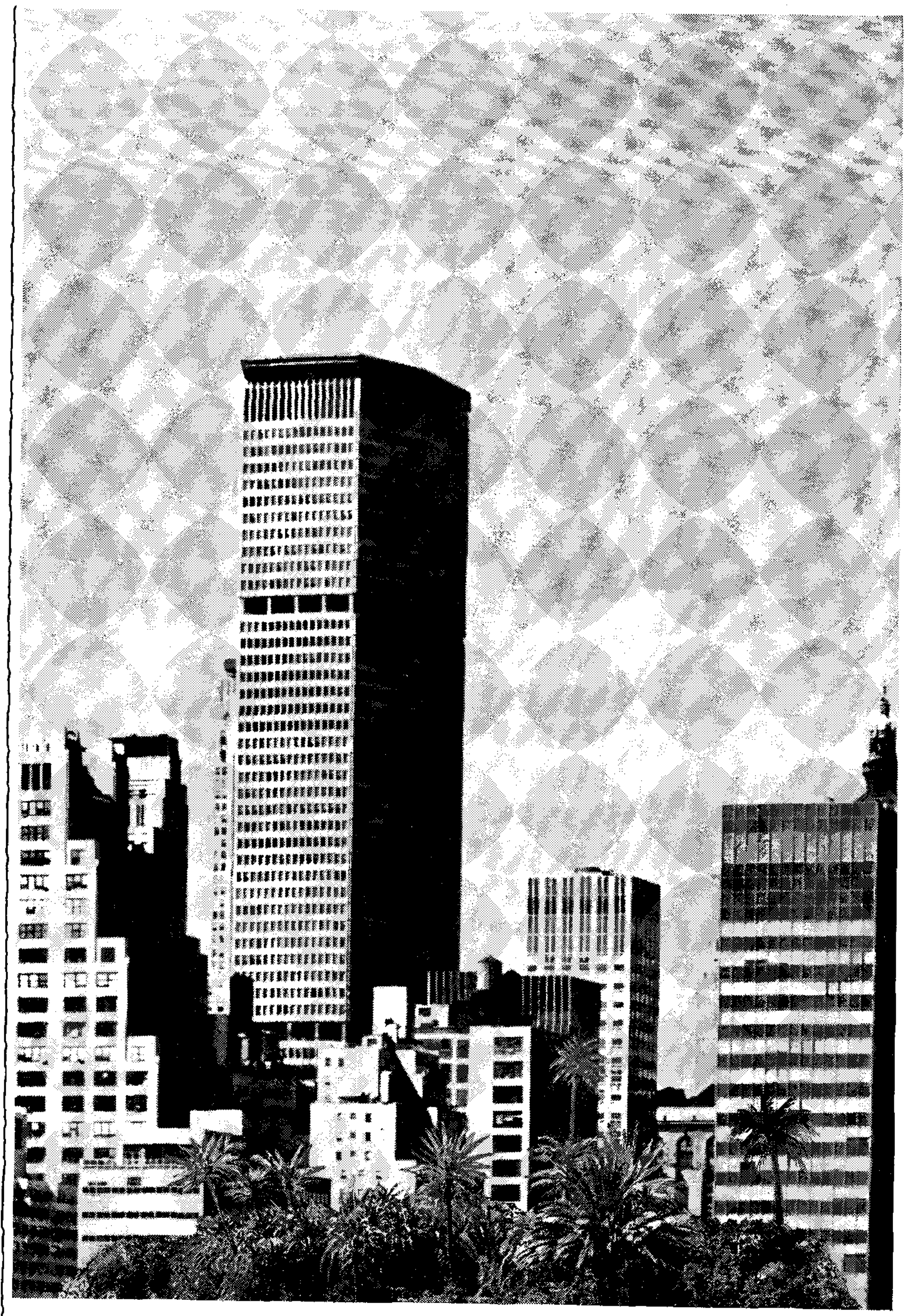
"Tell 'em, baby," said Frank Surocco, who was a few yards back of Charles.

"Is everything safe up ahead?" asked the voice of Ivanhoe Donaldson through a walkie-talkie.

"We watching 'em, baby," said Surocco.

"Come and march with us!" said Charles Mauldin, to black and white bystanders alike.

In midtown Montgomery, at the Jefferson Davis Hotel, colored maids were looking out of the windows and the white clientele was standing on the hotel marquee. Farther along, at the Whitley Hotel, colored porters were looking out of windows on one side



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of the building and white customers were looking out of windows on the other. Troopers watched from the roof of the Brown Printing Company. The windows of the Montgomery Citizens Council were empty. Outside the Citizens Council building, a man stood waving a Confederate flag.

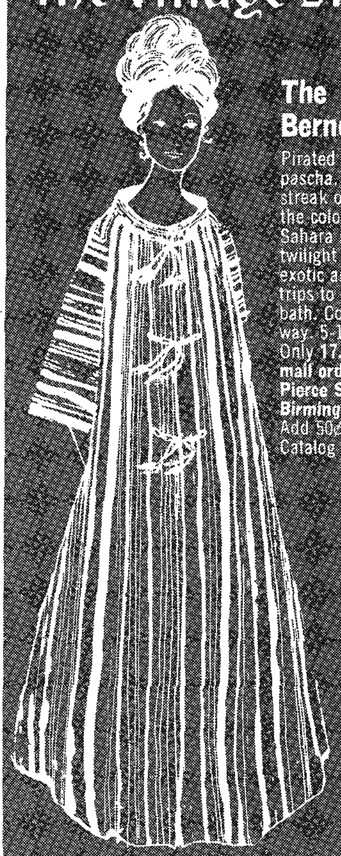
"What's your name?" a reporter asked.

"None of your goddam business," said the man.

At the intersection of Montgomery Street and Dexter Avenue (the avenue leading to the capitol), Charles Mauldin turned and looked around. "They're still coming out of St. Jude's," a reporter told him. And when the vanguard of the march reached the capitol steps, they were *still* coming out of St. Jude's. "You're only likely to see three great parades in a lifetime," said John Doar to a student who walked beside him, "and this is one of them." A brown dog had joined the crowd for the march up Dexter Avenue. On the sidewalk in front of the capitol, reporters stood on the press tables to look back. Charles and the rest of the orange-jacketed three hundred stood below. Behind them, the procession was gradually drawing together and to a halt. Ahead, a few green-clad, helmeted officers of the Alabama Game and Fish Service and some state officials blocked the capitol steps, at the top of which, covering the bronze star that marks the spot where Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President of the Confederacy, was a plywood shield constructed at the order of Governor Wallace—"to keep that s.o.b. King from desecrating the Cradle of the Confederacy," according to a spokesman for the Governor. Martin Luther King had managed to draw a larger crowd than the leader of the Confederacy a hundred years before.

Onto a raised platform—erected by the marchers for the occasion—in a plaza between the crowd and the steps climbed a group of entertainers that included, at one point or another, Joan Baez; the Chad Mitchell Trio; Peter, Paul, and Mary; and Harry Belafonte. As Alabamians peered from the statehouse windows, Negro and white performers put their arms around each other's shoulders and began to sing. Although the songs were familiar and the front rank of the three hundred mouthed a few of the words, none of the crowd really sang along. Everybody simply cheered and applauded at the end of each number. Then Len Chandler, a young Negro folk singer who had marched most of the way, ap-

the village store



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peared on the platform. He was dressed peculiarly, as he had been on the road—in a yellow helmet, a flaglike blue cape with white stars on it, and denims—and the crowd at once joined him in singing:

"You've got to move when the spirit
  say move,
Move when the spirit say move.
When the spirit say move, you've
  got to move, oh, Lord.
You got to move when the spirit
  say move."

In the subsequent verses, Mr. Chandler changed "move" to "walk," "march," "vote," "picket," "cool it," and "love," and the crowd kept singing. Joan Baez, wearing a purple velvet dress and a large bronze crucifix, even broke into a rather reverent Frug.

After an invocation by a rabbi and speeches by the Reverend Andrew Young and the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, the crowd turned away from the Confederate and Alabama State flags flying from the capitol, faced its own American flags, and sang the national anthem. At its close, the Reverend Theodore Gill, president of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, looked before and behind him and said a simple prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses." One marcher applauded, and was immediately hushed. Then there was the succession of speeches, most of them eloquent, some of them pacific ("Friends of freedom," said Whitney Young, of the Urban League), others militant ("Fellow Freedom Fighters," said John Lewis, of S.N.C.C.), and nearly all of them filled with taunts of Governor Wallace as the list of grievances, intimidations, and brutalities committed by the state piled up.

"This march has become a rescue operation," Charles Mauldin said quietly to a friend as the speeches continued. "Most of those Negroes along the way have joined us, and although this Wallace-baiting sounds like a little boy whose big brother has come home and who is standing outside a bully's window just to jeer, these Negroes are never going to be quite so afraid of the bully again. When the bill goes through, they're going to vote, and the white men down here are going to think twice before they try to stop them. Big brothers have come down from the North and everywhere, and they've shown that they're ready and willing to come down again. I don't think they're going to have to."

"It's good that even a few of the civil-rights *talkers* have joined us," said another marcher. "When those people feel they have to climb on the band-

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wagon, you know you're on the way to victory."

As one speaker followed another, as Ralph Bunche, who had marched for two full days, and A. Philip Randolph spoke, the civil-rights leaders saluted one another and gave signs of patching up their differences. (Mr. Abernathy, second-in-command of S.C.L.C., slipped once and said, "Now here's James Peck, for James Farmer, to tell us whether CORE is with us." Peck ignored the implications of the "whether" and spoke as eloquently as the rest.) Throughout, the crowd applauded politely but gave no sign of real enthusiasm. S.C.L.C. and S.N.C.C. leaders seemed to be equally popular, but the N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League, more active in other states than in Alabama, seemed to require a little help from Mr. Abernathy ("Now let's give a big hand to . . .") to get their applause. Some of the marchers crawled forward under the press tables and went to sleep. A Japanese reporter, who had been taking notes in his own language, seized one of the marchers as he crawled under a table. "What do you think of all this?" the reporter asked. "I think it's good," the marcher said. Some fell asleep in their places on Dexter Avenue. (Perhaps remembering the mob scenes of the night before, the crowd left its members ample breathing space in front of the capitol.) A scuffle broke out between marchers and white bystanders in front of Klein's Jewelry Store, but no one was hurt seriously. It rained a little, and Charles Mauldin said, "Wallace is seeding the clouds."

Albert Turner, of Marion, where Jimmie Lee Jackson was murdered, said from the platform, "I look worse than anybody else on this stage. That's because I marched fifty miles." Then he read the Negro voting statistics from Perry County. When he said, "We are not satisfied," the crowd gave him a rousing cheer. He looked down at his orange jacket and smiled. Mrs. Amelia Boynton spoke; during the previous demonstrations, she had been kicked and beaten, and jailed, for what some members of the press have come to call "resisting assault." She read the petition, mentioning the "psychotic climate" of the State of Alabama, that a delegation of marchers was seeking to present to Governor Wallace, and she was roundly applauded. Near the end of the ceremony, Rosa Parks, the "Mother of the Movement," who had set off Dr. King's first demonstration when she was jailed for refusing to yield her seat to a white man on a bus

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in Montgomery, received the most enthusiastic cheers of all. "Tell it! Tell! Tell!" some of the marchers shouted. "Speak! Speak!" Finally, after an extravagant introduction by Mr. Abernathy, who referred to Dr. King as "conceived by God" ("This personality cult is getting out of hand," said a college student, and, to judge by the apathetic reception of Mr. Abernathy's words, the crowd agreed), Dr. King himself spoke. There were some enthusiastic yells of "Speak! Speak!" and "Yessir! Yessir!" from the older members of the audience when Dr. King's speech began, but at first the younger members were subdued. Gradually, the whole crowd began to be stirred. By the time he reached his refrains—"Let us march on the ballot boxes. . . . We're on the move now. . . . How long? Not long"—and the final, ringing "Glory, glory, hallelujah!," the crowd was with him all the way.

The director of the march, Hosea Williams, of S.C.L.C., said some concluding words, remarking that there should be no lingering in Montgomery that night and exhorting the crowd to leave quietly and with dignity. There was a last rendition of "We Shall Overcome." Within ten minutes, Dexter Avenue was cleared of all but the press and the troopers.

A FEW hours later, the delegation and its petition were turned away by Governor Wallace. At the airport, where there had been some difficulty during the preceding days (an uncanny number of suitcases belonging to marchers were mislaid by the airlines), new flights had been scheduled to get the marchers out of Montgomery. Still, many marchers had to wait at the airport all night long. They rested on the floor, and on the lawn outside, and as often as the police cleared them away they reappeared and fell asleep again. Word came that Mrs. Viola Liuzzo had been shot. Some of the marchers went back to Selma at once. Others boarded planes for home. At the Montgomery airport exit was a permanent official sign reading "Glad You Could Come. Hurry Back."

—RENATA ADLER

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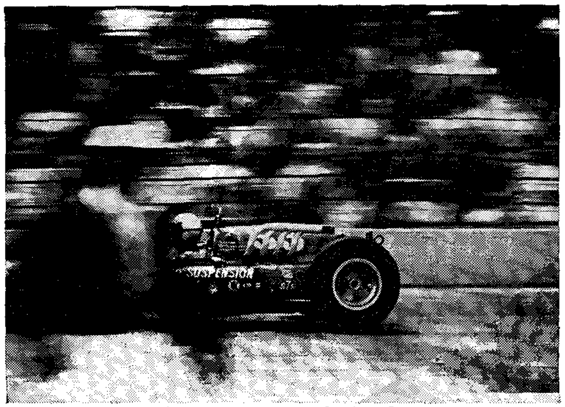

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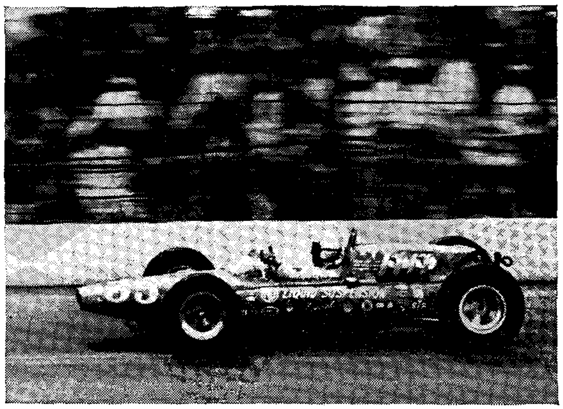

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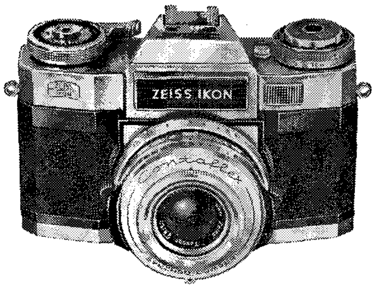

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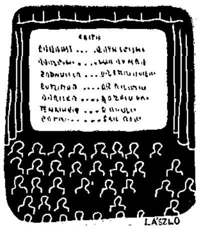
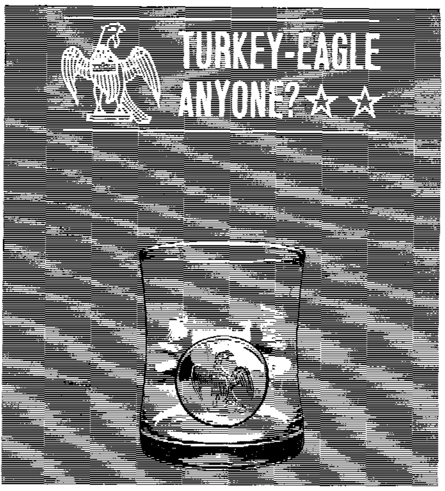


TWENTY years after, the Second World War continues to provide screenwriters with plenty of subjects for melodramas, and such is the credulity that art has the blessed means of evoking in us that we're still able to become quite genuinely exercised over which side is going to win. Speaking for myself, I nearly always find that the actors playing the parts of Nazis seem so obviously members of a master race, if not *the* master race, that at the very first "*Achtung!*" my mind is wiped clean of the past, my heart sinks, and I wonder how on earth the cruel and elegant monsters are ever to be defeated, especially by the likes of my good-natured brother Charlie. The latest of these curiously appealing journeys back into a time as evil as any we know of is a splendid thriller called "Operation Crossbow." The picture purports to be based on some true episodes of the war, and it certainly makes use of historical events and historical figures, both living and dead, including Winston Churchill, Churchill's son-in-law Duncan Sandys, and Churchill's close friend and adviser Professor Lindemann, subsequently to be Lord Cherwell. (One would have expected the late Professor to be treated with gingerly respect, but not at all; he is made to furnish comic relief as a stubborn, pompous diehard and something of a fool. Rudolf Hess is a charmer by comparison.)

The picture opens on just the proper deny-the-validity-of-this-if-you-dare note, with a brief scene between Churchill and Sandys in a richly shadowed chamber at No. 10. The old growler informs Sandys that the Nazis are thought to be experimenting with secret weapons of a most alarming sort; Sandys is to investigate the weapons and arrange for their destruction. The picture then crisply and convincingly cuts back and forth between the Nazis' rocket-launching experiments at Peenemünde and elsewhere and the efforts of British Intelligence, aided by photographic reconnaissance from the air, to identify the nature of the weapons and to locate the sites from which they are being launched. Agents of considerable scientific attainment and speaking perfect German must be dropped by para-



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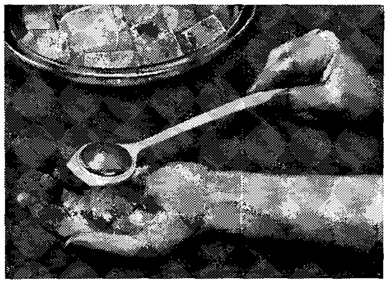

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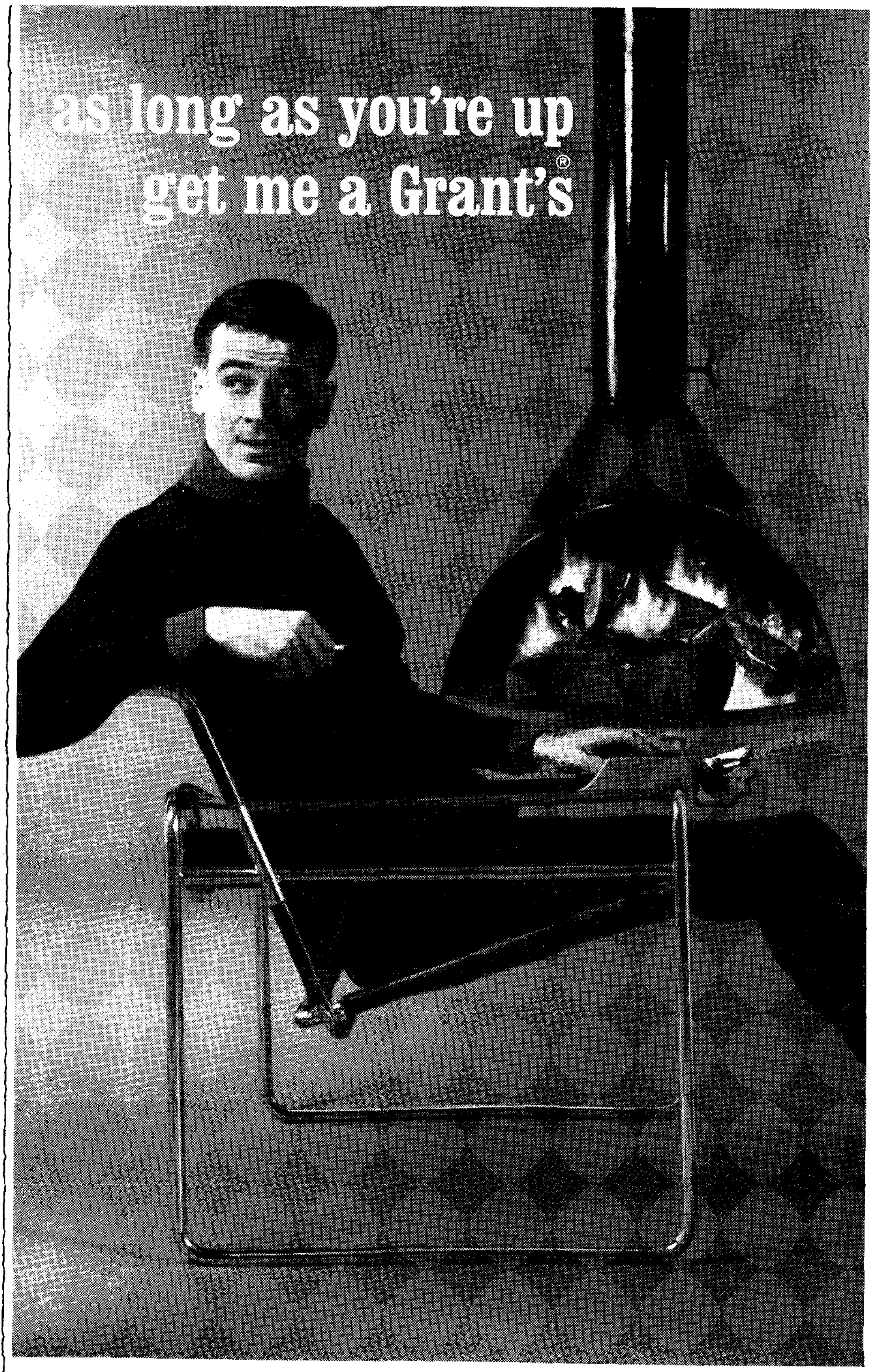
chute behind the enemy lines. In mortal peril, they must infiltrate the cadres of well-guarded scientists at work at the sites and somehow get back word of what they learn. Can such agents be recruited? If so, how do they bluff their way into the confidence of the German scientists? And by what fantastic act do they help to win the war for our side? You will find the answers to these burning questions not here but in the movie; my task is simply to say that "Operation Crossbow" has been written, produced, directed, and acted with exceptional finesse, and that I have no difficulty in forgiving it the conventional excesses of its genre. The largest share of my praise goes to the authors of the screenplay, Richard Imrie, Derry Quinn, and Ray Rigby, who have succeeded in weaving known fact and outrageous fiction into a single seamless fabric; other shares go to the director, Michael Anderson, who has seen to it that his picture is solid and coherent as well as fast-moving, and to the producer, Carlo Ponti, who has plainly spent an immense sum of money to very good effect, not least in the accumulation of a numerous and attractive cast. Among those present are Sophia Loren, George Peppard, Tom Courtenay, Trevor Howard, Jeremy Kemp, John Mills, Richard Johnson, Anthony Quayle, and Lilli Palmer. Churchill, by the way, is portrayed by Patrick Wymark, and the likeness of their voices is uncanny.

A FRENCH import, "Taxi for Tobruk," is also concerned with the Second World War, though in a more subdued and, on the surface, more realistic fashion than "Operation Crossbow." Four soldiers, having lost their commanding officer in a strafing on the desert, set out in a battered army truck for El Alamein, several hundred miles away. They have been thrown together by chance, and we can depend on it in stories of this kind that they will turn out to be as different in temperament and background as the author of the screenplay has been able to imagine; moreover, their differences will be notably heightened by the ordeal through which they pass. To complicate matters, they capture a German officer—a handsome specimen of Aryan superiority, whom they would like to kill and who would like to kill them. Little by little, the five incompatible men come to see that what they have in common besides a harsh adventure in the desert is their humanity. This discovery, which is much less rare in movies than in real life, might have


as long as you're up
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Grant's
Blended Scotch Whisky
8

Please. The Scotch in the triangular bottle. That's right. The one with 8 on it. Yes, Grant's is 8 years old. I guess that's why it has the taste you acquire on the spot. You can't rush quality. Or hurry lightness. So take your time, dear. I'm willing to wait for Grant's.

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(have the genius to chill it)
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sufficed to provide a small and pleasing conclusion to the not very ingenious plot, but the makers of the picture evidently felt that what their audiences required was an ironic slap in the face, and they have finished off their band of travellers with brutal expedition.

Hardy Krüger is excellent as the German officer, and Charles Aznavour plays with his usual woebegone air the part of a Jewish ex-medical student. Also in the cast are Lino Ventura, German Cobos, and Maurice Biraud. The picture was produced and directed by Denys de la Patellière.

THERE are movies that, in defiance of common sense, give the impression of having been made some years before movies were invented. "Red Lanterns," which comes to us from Greece, is just such a picture, and I suspect that it has "Lanterns" in the title because electric lights were well in the future when it was being shot. The story tells what happens when the government closes the houses of prostitution in Piraeus. In this particular house, the girls, if I may quote myself with more celerity than I normally do, have been thrown together by chance, and we can depend on it that they will turn out to be as different in temperament and background as the author of the screenplay has been able to imagine. It appears that the author of "Red Lanterns" has a tiny imagination. . . . Take care to avoid "Mondo Pazzo," a catch-all documentary by the Messrs. Jacopetti and Prosperi, who also directed "Mondo Cane." Like its predecessor, the picture pretends to rebuke the human race for its manifold cruelties but is, in fact, an invitation to take pleasure in them. If I call the picture a documentary, it's only for want of a better name; parts of it that claim to have been filmed in America look faked to me. I assume that the rest of it may be as unreliable as it is disgusting. —BRENDAN GILL

•

FORTY

Drinking gin with the dead-
Pan on a darkened afternoon,
I hear a shout:
Outside, a school lets out
Unburned wings upon the sunny air,
Reminding me of may flies
Drying on the river
And rising into light
As trout ascend.
I must attend a gym.
I must begin a new affair.

—DONALD STEWART

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE NEGOTIATIONS

ONE day last December, Mayor Wagner's press secretary, Leslie Slote, was reminiscing about the hundred-and-fourteen-day New York City newspaper shutdown of two years ago and worrying about the possibility of another shutdown this year. "I have something right here, a souvenir of the settlement," he said, rummaging around in the back of a desk drawer. He pulled out a linotype slug in twenty-four-point Bodoni and explained that it had been set for the Mayor at one of the papers he visited during his triumphal tour of composing rooms and editorial offices after the settlement. The type read, "THANK YOU, MAYOR WAGNER." "I don't know whether there will be a strike this time around or not," Slote said. "My own personal thinking is that none of the basic issues were resolved and that the settlement settled nothing. So while I don't know whether there will be a strike, I'd bet anything they'll all be back here in City Hall on March 30th."

In order to understand the biennial free-for-all known as the newspaper negotiations, a spectator badly needs a program. First, he has to distinguish the bargaining positions—all of them different—of ten unions and seven publishers of eight newspapers. Last time, there were nine newspapers, but now the Hearst negotiators no longer have to consider the interests of the *Mirror*, which, thanks at least in part to the strike, has ceased to exist. The seven publishers are nominally in competition, but six of them have joined forces in an organization called the Publishers' Association of New York City. The seventh, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, withdrew from the organization thirty-one days before the 1962-63 strike was settled, and resumed publication of her paper, the *Post*. The remaining members of the Association, who are agreed that if a strike prevents one of them from publishing, none of the others will publish, are the prosperous *Times* and *Daily News;* the venerable but struggling *Herald Tribune*, which is caught between them in the morning field; the afternoon *Journal-American* and *World-Telegram & Sun;* and the two Newhouse papers in Queens, the *Long Island Star-Journal* and the *Long Island Press*, which are committed to the publishers' agreement only insofar as their city circulation is concerned—that is to say, they won't sell their papers in the city if the other publications are shut down.

The *World-Telegram & Sun* and the *Journal-American* were reported in newspaper circles a few weeks ago to be "standing like men" behind the Association, even though there had been a certain amount of gloomy speculation about their ability to survive another strike, and even though the prospect of another period during which only the *Post* would publish, presumably making lasting inroads into afternoon-newspaper-reading habits, must certainly have given them pause. As for the *Herald Tribune*, its president, Walter Thayer, said four months ago, "The question is not whether we can survive if there is a strike. I think the question is whether we can survive if there isn't a strike." The paper's publisher, John Hay Whitney, was, if anything, even less hopeful in a speech he made last November, upon being named the 1964 Elijah Parish Lovejoy Fellow of Colby College. After saying that he had bought the *Herald Tribune* "because we live in a time when there are challenges only a newspaper can meet and excellences only a newspaper can set, and because I believe we cannot let the world go by default to the dullards," he went on, "It may be that there are worse investments in this country than running a competitive morning newspaper in a busy, bitterly competitive, sophisticated town, but I have never run across one." Mr. Whitney bought the *Tribune* in 1959, and has sunk a lot of money in it. His losses last year have been estimated at two and a half million dollars.

As a group, the embattled New York publishers have no need to be reminded of what the 1962-63 blackout cost them—one newspaper and, for the papers that remained, more than fifty-five thousand daily readers and nearly sixty-five hundred Sunday ones. Advertising linage was down correspondingly, though there was a nation-wide increase of four per cent.

Since the publishers who are supposed to be competing are actually coöperating in the field of labor relations, it is doubtless logical that the ten unions, which might be expected to be coöperating in that field, should actually be competing. Each seems to feel that it must get a better contract for its members than the other unions get for theirs. These unions are the Newspaper Guild of New York City, with fifty-five hundred members, including editorial and business-office employees, clerks, and other white-collar workers in general; Typographical Union No. 6, with twenty-seven hundred members, who are linotype operators, compositors, and proofreaders; Photo-Engravers' Union No. 1, with three hundred and fifty members, who make engravings of drawings and photographs for editorial and advertising purposes; Stereotypers' Union No. 1, with four hundred and thirty members, who make castings, or plates, of the page forms as they are completed by the printers; Pressmen's Union No. 2, with eighteen hundred and fifty members, who bolt the plates to the presses and operate the presses; the International Association of Machinists, Lodge 434, with a hundred and ninety-four members, who service the heavy printing machinery; the Paper Handlers' and Straighteners' Union, with four hundred and thirty members, who handle the rolls of paper before the printing starts; Mailers' Union No. 6, with fifteen hundred members, who count, stack, and wrap newspapers for delivery; the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers' Union of New York and Vicinity, with twenty-

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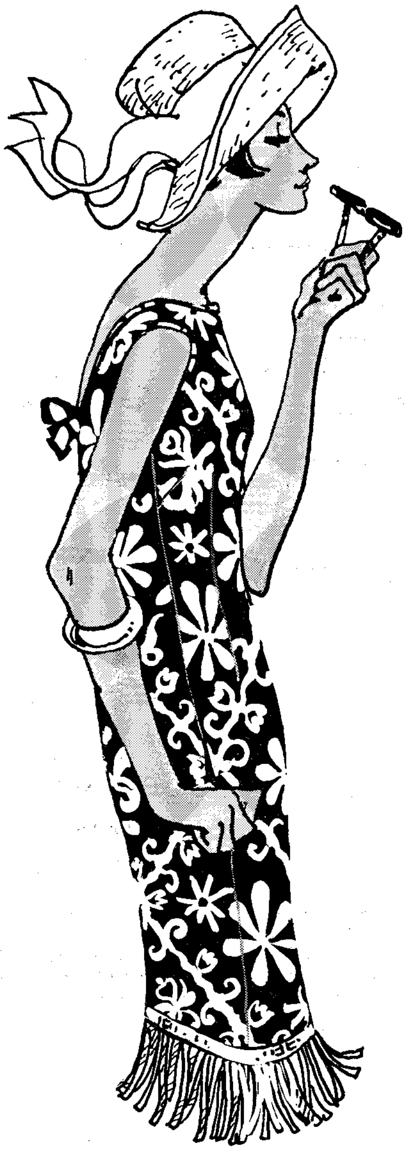

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seven hundred members, who drive the delivery trucks and deliver the papers; and the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local 3, with a hundred and thirty-three members, who service the plant's electrical equipment.

The unions have an organization of their own, the Newspaper Trades Council, which somewhat corresponds to the Publishers' Association but does not, in itself, have any bargaining power. It exists solely to draft over-all bargaining strategy. All contracts offered to the member unions are presented to the Council before any action is taken; if the Council approves a proposed contract, the union then submits the contract to its own members for ratification. The pressmen—"sort of the *Post* of the trades," one negotiator has called them—refuse to participate in the Council, and insist on being the sole judges of their own contracts. The Guild, too, has its own way of bargaining. Instead of dealing with the Publishers' Association, as the other unions do, it deals with each publisher separately. An example of the sort of competition that the unions engage in was the attempt of the New York printers during the previous negotiations to "break the pattern" of contracts between the publishers and the Guild. The Guild, whose contract expired before the contracts of the other unions, had been making early settlements with the publishers year after year; the publishers would then make an identical offer to the printers, and tell them to take it or strike. The printers wanted all the union contracts to expire at the same time, and they won their point. The Guild contract was renegotiated and a common expiration date—March 30, 1965—was settled on.

The inter-union competition is complicated by a lack of absolute values. In the accounting of their labor costs, the publishers put price tags on such things as a week's vacation. It costs so much to replace a mailer for a week, a good deal more to replace a stereotyper, and so on. In the negotiations, the publishers make an over-all cash offer to the unions, which are then permitted to take the amount either all in cash or all in benefits or in a combination of cash and benefits. As it works out, this can lead to some bewildering situations; for example, a settlement in 1963 of a four-dollar raise and an extra week's vacation to the mailers was worth less, in negotiators' terms, than a settlement of a three-and-a-half-dollar raise and an extra week's vacation to the stereotypers.

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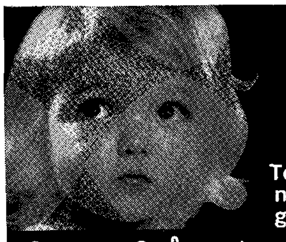

Anybody can snap your child's picture.

Ten years from now you'll be glad it was

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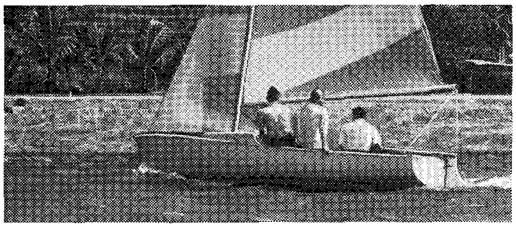
The publishers have insurance sufficient to cover at least a part of their losses for six weeks in the event of a strike. Nine of the unions—the exception is the drivers—have defense funds that would give their members various amounts to tide them over at least seven weeks, after which they would become eligible for New York State unemployment benefits. The printers, whose members throughout the United States are assessed one and a half per cent of their wages for strike benefits and defense funds, would be best off. They would receive a hundred dollars a week until their unemployment benefits started coming in, and a total of a hundred and twenty dollars a week from then on for as long as the unemployment insurance, and the patience of the other printers in the nation, held out.

HANGING over the whole field of negotiations has been the question of automation—specifically, by electronic data processors, for these have shown publishers the path toward a virtually unionless mechanical operation, in which computers, all but snatching the copy out of the reporters' typewriters, would scan it, engrave the story and the headlines for it on printing plates, set the presses going, and bundle the papers into the delivery trucks. Automation is no newcomer to the newspaper business; indeed, it has been a factor in union negotiations since the eighteen-eighties, when the printers won the right to reset type that had been set outside the shop and brought in to the paper—usually in the form of advertising mats or plates that had been prepared by an advertiser, in the interests of uniformity. The printers have hung on to this right. For nearly eighty-five years, their contracts have provided that within a specified number of days material so printed will be reset in the composing room of the newspaper involved, proofread, corrected, and then destroyed. The New York contracts have required that this be done within seven days. The printers have maintained that this work—resetting "bogus," or, as it used to be called, "dead horse"—provides an excellent training program for apprentices and a necessary safeguard against a form of monopoly press in which not only national advertisements but national and international editorial matter might be transmitted uniformly to newspapers all over the country, and only local material would vary. Just to strengthen the safeguard, the New York printers added to their demands in this year's negotiations a clause pro-



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viding for the resetting of bogus within four days rather than seven. (The printers want the time to be as short as possible so that an employer can't save up bogus work and assign it during slack periods.) The publishers countered with their customary demand, that bogus work be eliminated altogether; it costs them $1,200,000 annually, they claim.

In this year's negotiations over automation, however, the issues have gone far beyond bogus. In the plants of the *Times* and the *News*, computers have already been installed that could, if they were allowed to operate, set four thousand lines an hour (the very best linotype operators can set barely three hundred), and, what is more, make them good, tight lines, correctly spaced and hyphenated, all by means of instructions programmed into the computer. The *Times* and the *News*, which got their machines last year and have been prevented by their contracts with the printers from ever using them to set type, are now feeling the pinch of technology themselves; their machines—a Honeywell 200 at the *News* and an I.B.M. Model 1620 at the *Times*—cost a little less than $85,000 apiece, and they have already been outmoded by I.B.M. Model 1130, which sells for $55,000, can set twelve thousand lines an hour, and, what is more, can do the business office's accounting in its spare time. The *Post* has ordered a Model 1130.

At this stage of progress, computers could not displace typographers altogether. Men would still be needed to oversee the machines and to put the type in the page forms. But the publishers are already looking forward to a day when photoelectric cells will scan the lines as they are produced by the computer, and cut them onto printing plates. This will eliminate not only the printers but the machinists, the stereotypers, and the pressmen as well. With a little adaptation, the computers could also do away with the jobs of the photo-engravers, the paper handlers, the mailers, and the electricians. And, while it's at it, the computer would do the accounting and the payroll work. ("Not *our* accounting," one *Times* executive recently told a visitor to his office. "We're already using different kinds of machines for that." The *News* has converted its unused computer to accounting operations.) This would leave the plant empty of everybody but the drivers and some Guild members.

Because it was obvious that automation, and consequent cutbacks in employment, would be the focal point of

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Machu Picchu was never captured, never plundered, yet some time between the days of the Conquistadores and our own, everyone in the city disappeared. Where they went and why is a mystery that haunts you all through the ruins.

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So it goes (and we went with it) down one coast from Lima to Santiago, then over to Buenos Aires—all with Panagra. Then up the other coast through Montevideo, Asunción, São Paulo, Rio, Brasilia and Caracas—all with Pan Am. Wish we could do it all again.

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PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS this year's negotiations, the publishers, shortly after they reached a settlement in 1963, began looking around for a negotiator who was experienced in reducing payrolls in the face of union opposition. The man they selected, last May, was John J. Gaherin, who, at forty-nine, was chairman of the labor-relations committee for fifty-two Eastern railroads and had to deal with thirty-two unions. He was made president of the Publishers' Association, and after he had studied the newspaper problem, he said he thought that the impact of automation had probably been "overdramatized." "To be historical," he said, "we have been in this automation process since the wheel. Back fifty years ago, the telegrapher was king, but he has been supplanted in two areas—first by the voice on the telephone, and then by the Teletype machine. Now the Teletype machine is being supplanted by the computer, and the computer does everything, including your payroll. The average journeyman in the business, like the average layman, doesn't understand the machine, and fears it. The people who are selling the machines stress their accomplishments, and this just adds to the fear."

Bertram A. Powers, president of Typographical Union No. 6, who speaks for all the union printers in New York, also finds it advantageous in bargaining to stress the machines' accomplishments, and there is no doubt that the printers, who are proud of both their craft and their union, do fear the computer. Discussing the problem with a caller at his office not long ago, Mr. Powers remarked that computers can effect tremendous savings. He pointed out that one composing-room job is worth $8,000 a year, and that one computer could displace scores of compositors. "And that's only part of it," he continued. "I went over and watched the computer at the Newhouse paper in Jersey City. The lines come out better and tighter than human printers can make them, there are more words in the column, and there's less fat and fewer loose lines. All that means money."

The computer isn't the only machine that the printers are worried about. In the negotiations two years ago, the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* won the right to introduce automated printing of stock-market tables, by Teletype; in return, the papers were to share the savings from the operation with the printers, at a rate to be negotiated and, if necessary, arbitrated. That arbitration is still pending. Last year, the *Times* installed new stereo-

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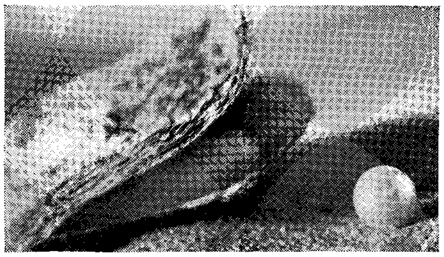

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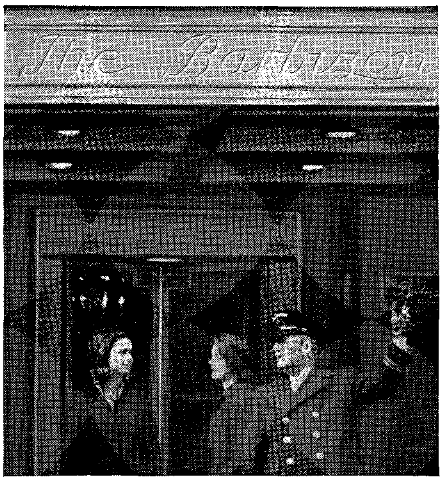
typing machines, which are said to have resulted in a substantial payroll saving. It also put in a Fima machine, which automatically addresses bundles of papers, and thereby stirred up a controversy involving two union jurisdictions, for the addressers were members of the Guild, while the men who wrapped the bundles belonged to the Mailers' Union. The *Times* turned the machine over to the mailers, telling the executive vice-president of the Guild, Thomas J. Murphy, that it had done so because the mailers "would cause trouble—would stop work." Mr. Murphy replied that he, too, could call a walkout. The *Times* suggested that the two unions go off someplace and fight it out, but Mr. Murphy said he had no intention of fighting mailers when he could fight the *Times*. The upshot was a hearing before the National Labor Relations Board, and a Solomon-like decision to cut the machine in half, jurisdictionally speaking. The Guild has jurisdiction over the punching out of the address plates, and the mailers over the machine that uses them.

NOT all the issues in the negotiations could be resolved so easily. Most of them were, in Mr. Powers' words, "not suited to twenty-four-hour negotiating sessions." After the 1963 settlement—which all but made physical wrecks of the negotiators—representatives of both sides who still had voices left professed an eagerness for early talks on the next contract, and, in fact, these were provided for in the basic "package" of recommendations put forward by Mayor Wagner, which formed the basis of the contracts that ended the shut down. Nevertheless, it was only after ten months and repeated prodding by the Mayor that the Newspaper Trades Council (less the pressmen) and the New York publishers (less the *Post*) were induced to sit down—on February 13, 1964—and begin discussing how they would go about the forthcoming negotiations. One of the first problems was determining who would head the Newspaper Trades Council delegation that would be facing the Publishers' Association across the conference table. Thomas M. Laura, of the Mailers' Union, was finally chosen, and once everybody got to the table, there seemed to be some hope that the issues would be fruitfully discussed.

Donald R. McVay, who was then executive secretary of the Publishers' Association (his position was eliminated when Mr. Gaherin became president), characterized the preliminary meetings,



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which were held in the offices of the Publishers' Association, in the *Daily News* building, as "the most significant and most hopeful development since the return to publishing newspapers." Mr. Powers took a different tack. "Both sides now know that a strike in the newspapers can go a hundred and fourteen days," he said. "We used to think in terms of three weeks as a maximum. If there is a next strike, it could go past Labor Day—not three months but five months. That's a prospect to shudder at."

Nonetheless, sixteen sessions were held before the two sides got down to formal contract negotiations, and in these sixteen sessions no noticeable progress was reported. There were, however, a number of "informal" discussions at the offices of the printers' union, on Fourteenth Street, in which executives of the *Times*, the *Tribune*, and other papers made individual proposals on automation. At least one paper, the *Times*, came very close to accomplishing something. There was a point last July when the paper's negotiators apparently believed that they had a firm agreement with the printers on computer automation, for the required notice of work-rule changes was posted on bulletin boards in the composing room. Then, suddenly, the notice was withdrawn. Later, the terms of the *Times'* agreement were reported in *Fortune* to have provided that the union would receive sixty-three per cent of the salaries of displaced printers for the first six years of computer operation, and gradually decreasing percentages for the next nine years. Last fall, the union let it be known that it considered the *Times* proposal only a jumping-off point for further discussions.

Formal negotiations between the unions and the publishers began on October 19th, with the printers, for the record, demanding separate negotiations with each of the newspapers—something they had been seeking for as long as they had been dealing with the Publishers' Association. It was the position of the craft unions that negotiating with the publishers jointly placed them in the unfair position of having to give the rich papers the same terms as the impoverished ones. Mr. Powers said that he would prefer to deal with each paper on the basis of its ability to pay, since by coming to terms that would allow the poor papers to stay alive he was, in effect, subsidizing the rich papers. His union's strike in 1962 was called against only the *Times*, the *News*, the *Journal-American*, and the

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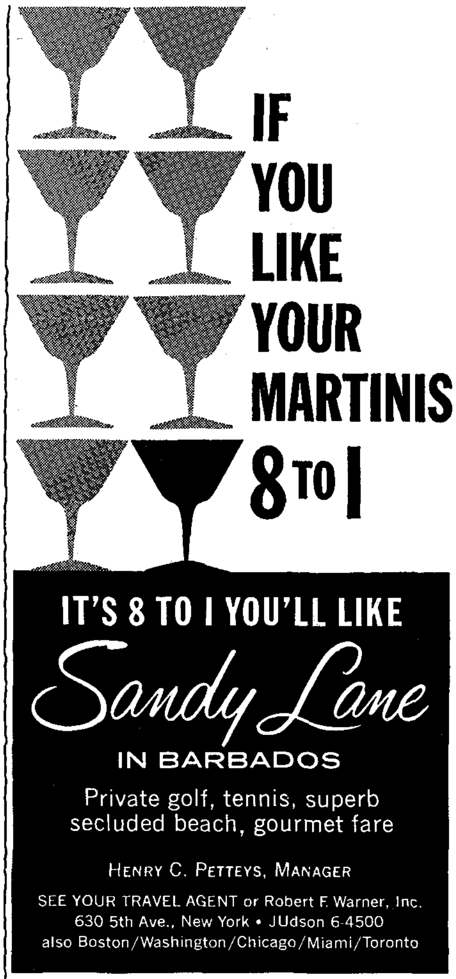
World-Telegram & Sun—a move that was intended to make just that point, and one that also enabled him to insist that the resulting work stoppages at the *Tribune*, the *Mirror*, and, for a time, the *Post* were "lockouts." The publishers retorted that the compact was the only protection they had against "whipsaw" strikes, which would play one paper off against another in the matter of pay scales and favorable contract terms. The printers, when their request for separate talks was denied last July by the Publishers' Association, appealed their case to the National Labor Relations Board, and in January of this year they won a decision from a hearing examiner, who said he saw nothing in the law to keep a union from using such "whipsaw" tactics. He added that since the publishers had a right to withdraw from the compact and return to individual talks, the unions should have the corresponding right, and be able to deal with individual publishers rather than with the Publishers' Association. This decision is now being appealed by the publishers, and, pending a final ruling in the courts, the printers agreed to continue bargaining with the Publishers' Association in its office. The Guild, while zealously guarding its unique right to negotiate on its own with the individual publishers, held several sessions with the Publishers' Association, but on the understanding that final terms would be worked out with each paper separately.

The printers' first demands in the formal bargaining were, predictably, high. Mr. Powers asked, for instance, for a one-year contract with a nineteen-dollar weekly wage increase for the day shift; a six-hour day, which would necessitate a new, "afternoon" shift; an automation fund amounting to five per cent of the printers' gross payroll; a contribution by the publishers of equal sums to both the union's pension fund and its welfare fund; double time instead of time and a half for overtime; an additional week of vacation; and two additional holidays. Besides the automation fund, he asked for contract language that would forbid any discharging of job holders because of a strike at any other newspaper or "because of the introduction of automation or printing processes that are substitutes for presently known composing-room techniques." He was willing to specify that computers "may be utilized when the parties are satisfied that such utilization is to their mutual advantage." What Mr. Powers had in mind to counter the effects of unavoidable automation was, he said, an agreement



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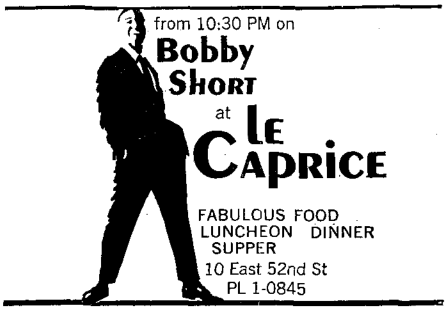

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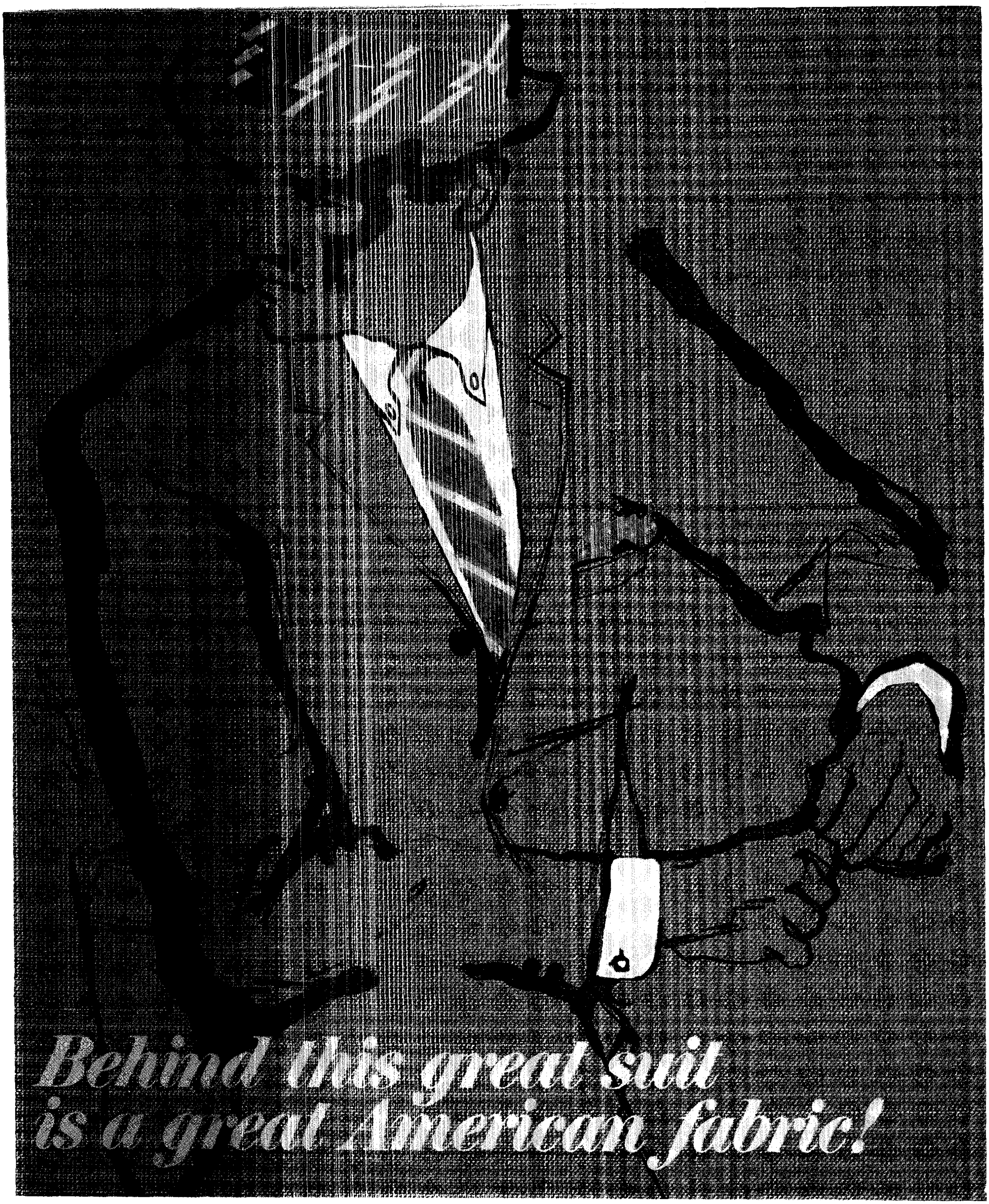
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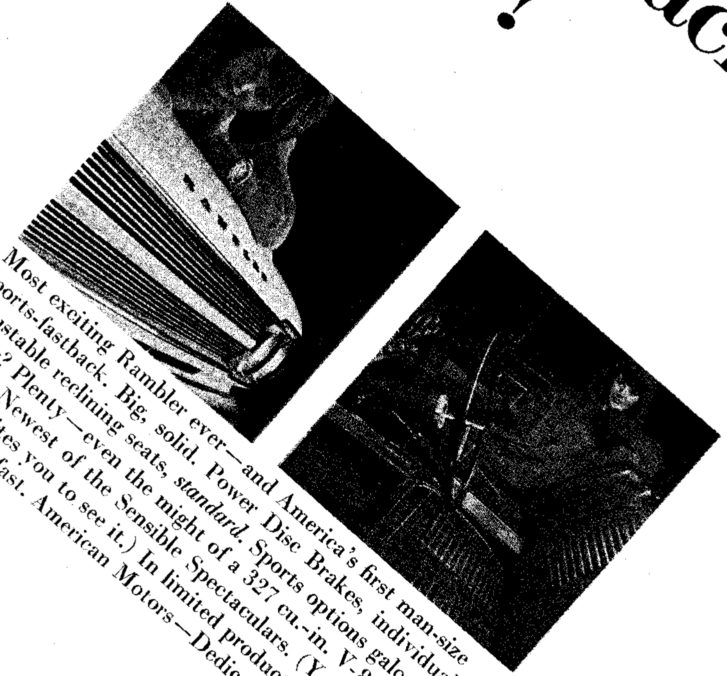

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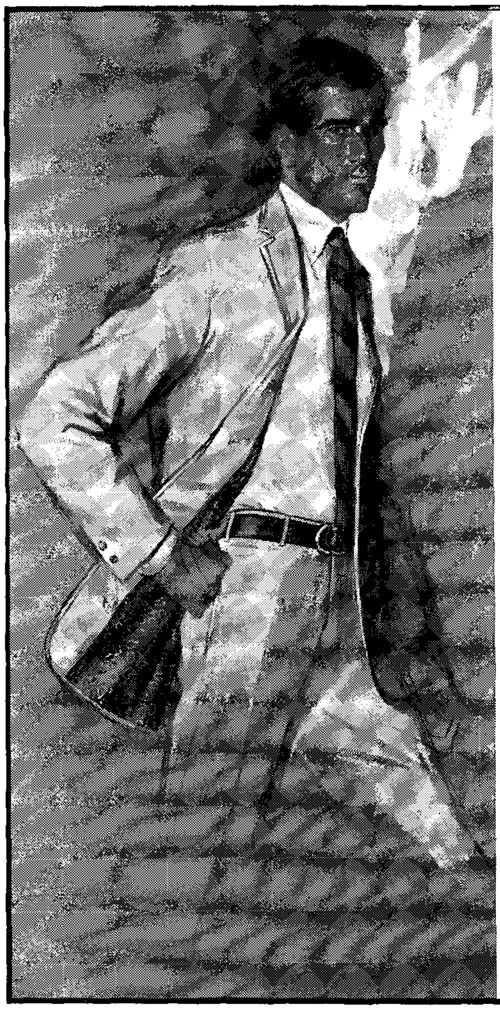
This principle of mutual responsibility, while it seemed to dismay the publishers, was not entirely new. Several years ago, when the *Times* was interested in installing an earlier automation device, its management agreed to "buy" the printers' coöperation by taking over the entire cost of an additional day's sick leave at all the papers. Mr. Powers says he does not see why the *Times* and the *News* should not now similarly "buy" computer automation. "Sure, we ask high," Mr. Powers remarked the other day during a recess in the negotiations. "But since 1915 this union has been asking for a thirty-hour week. In 1915, we did not expect to negotiate it, either."

While Mr. Powers was asking, he also threw on the table an idea that was significant, if generally ignored. He said that last-minute bargaining always carries with it the danger that whatever agreement is worked out will not be ratified at the union meetings, so if the publishers were to make an acceptable package offer well before the contract deadline, and if they would offer to make the package available as soon as the contract was ratified—that is, without waiting for the contract-expiration date—this would give the membership an incentive for ratification, to receive the added benefits as soon as possible.

The publishers' response was as predictable as the printers' demands had been. Charging that Mr. Powers' total package would cost them eighteen million dollars in the first year alone, they demonstrated that they, too, could "ask



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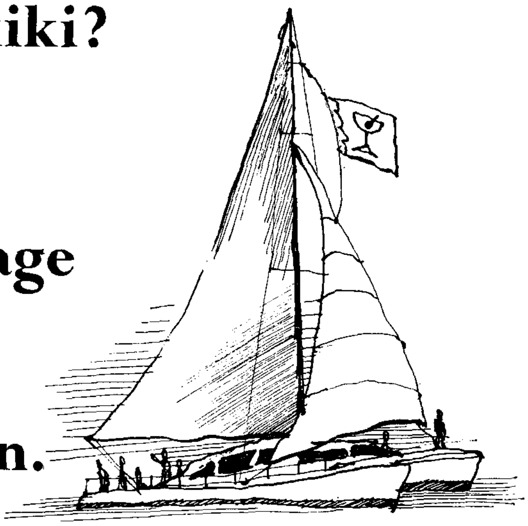

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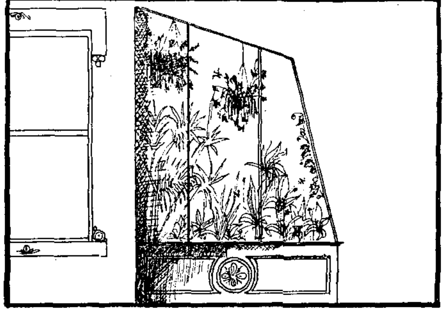

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high." Without announcing any money offer, they proposed the complete elimination of bogus and demanded the right to use automatic-typesetting tape from any source "after written notification." Further, they proposed that the general foreman, the shift foremen, the department heads, and the assistant department heads be excluded from the bargaining unit, and also proposed that the shift foremen and the department heads and their assistants be given the power to fire printers, "with the approval of the general foreman"—proposals that were made in full knowledge of the fact that the strength of the Typographical Union rests on the protection of job security by union foremen.

BOTH sides had now thrown on the conference table what negotiators like to call the "garbage"—the clauses that would impress the twenty-seven hundred printers and the six individual publishers with the "firmness" of their negotiators, and would be discarded as soon as real bargaining began. Moreover, the negotiators were apparently reaching solider ground. Mr. Gaherin, of the Publishers' Association, was on record as supporting, in principle, just about what Mr. Powers said he had in mind on the threefold process of retraining, attrition, and early retirement. "With television, radio, suburban papers, and weekly magazines all competing with us, we are forced to take advantage of every economy available to us," he said. "Still, what do you do with the fellow who is here, and particularly with the fellow who is here with an investment of the greater part of his life? He is faced with imminent catastrophe and reacts in the only way he knows how—negatively. On the other hand, if he is persuaded that when, and if, it happens, he won't be adversely affected, I guess he will be resigned." He continued, almost paraphrasing Mr. Powers, "If a printer is within reasonable distance of retirement, then it will be accelerated. If he is in the middle, then the benefit is in attrition, and he will work his way out by normal means. We will cut down on the bottom and cut off the ceiling and cushion the effects of both by retraining or by supplemental unemployment benefits. Generally, management is willing to face these things." Something that management was not willing to face, Mr. Gaherin said, was what had become a virtual guarantee that the sons of craft-union members would be able to follow their fathers into the trade. "We can't solve

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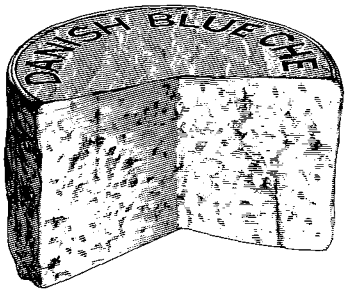

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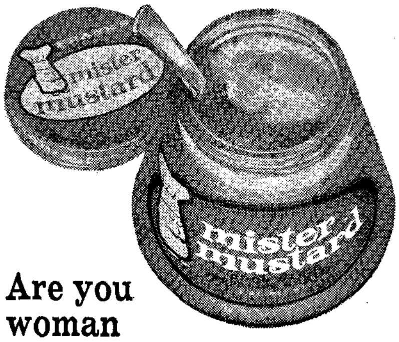

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the social problems," he went on. "We have to solve those of the industry, to devise a plan to cushion the man who will be affected by the automation."

Elmer Brown, president of the International Typographical Union, responded with a declaration that labor has an obligation to the younger generation. "We have concern for the millions of young people coming out of high schools and colleges who will be looking for employment," he said. "If the newspapers automate the jobs away, there will be no use sending those young people to other plants, because they will be automating, too."

Naturally, the printers were not the only union members making demands. The paper handlers asked increases of fifteen dollars a week for the day shift and seventeen dollars for the night shift; a thirty-five-hour week for the day shift and a thirty-two-hour week for the night shift; and four additional holidays. The stereotypers contented themselves with asking for a "satisfactory" wage increase, which they hoped would be effected while their present work week—a five-day week of thirty-seven and a half hours—was reduced to a four-day week of twenty-six. The Guild sought, roughly, ten per cent increases, with new minimum rates of two hundred dollars a week for fully experienced reporters and copy editors, and two hundred and fifty for supervisory editors; remembering the Fima machine, it also wanted complete jurisdiction over any new machines or processes doing any part of the work previously done by Guild members, and a guarantee against firings because of automation and for economic reasons. The various publishers, in turn, sent *their* proposals to the Guild, leaving the question of money aside for the moment. According to the outraged comment of *Frontpage*, the Guild's own publication, at least one set of these, the *Herald Tribune's*, was received before the Guild proposals had been formally dispatched. The *Tribune* proposals to the Guild, which were typical, asked more exemptions from the bargaining unit, elimination of the Guild shop, and tougher restrictions on night differentials, on the payment of overtime, and on eligibility for severance pay. Mr. Murphy, the Guild's executive vice-president, did not seem upset. In 1962, he had negotiated his contract with the publishers before any of the other unions negotiated theirs, and the printers had called it insufficient. They had demanded a larger money package, and, in the resulting shutdown, had managed to gain not only the extra

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money but the common contract-expiration date for all the unions that they had been seeking. This year, Mr. Murphy indicated that he would let the printers do the initial negotiating, and rebuffed early approaches by the publishers. "You hope to develop your pattern by sitting down and coming to a nice, amicable settlement with a nice, amicable union," he told management teams. "But you'll only be repeating 1962, and the printers will use that package as a springboard."

At this point in the negotiations, there was general hope for an easy settlement. Theodore Kheel, the Mayor's trouble-shooter for labor, who had been a principal architect of the previous settlement, predicted that there would be difficult negotiations only with the typographers and, possibly, the pressmen. "None of the others will be painful, so the negotiations set up pretty well, structurally," he said. He also pointed out that "almost invariably, after one long strike, there isn't a second one right away."

There seemed to be a general feeling that despite the tricky problem of automation, an agreement would be reached with the printers that would be acceptable to the other unions. In everybody's view, automation had been sufficiently explored, and each side had a fairly good idea of how far the other would go. Mr. Powers, having come so close to reaching an automation accord with the *Times* in the summer, said he was confident that he could get an acceptable contract now. "The most important issue is automation, but the issue that may throw us into a strike is wages, and the employers know it," he said back in January. The employers appeared to know it, all right. Their first contract offer included a firm promise from each paper that no composing-room job holder would lose his job because of automation. (The promise was later extended to the other unions, including the Guild.) The publishers had not gone as far as the printers wanted, but even Mr. Gaherin said that the publishers' offer was "not on a take-it-or-leave-it basis." He told reporters, "This was intended to spark collective bargaining."

On February 9th, Mr. Powers broke off the talks, calling them deadlocked, and flew off to the headquarters of the International Typographical Union, in Colorado Springs, to talk the situation over with Elmer Brown. The publishers made disapproving noises to the effect that there was no real deadlock, but they were hardly surprised. In all contract negotiations, not just in

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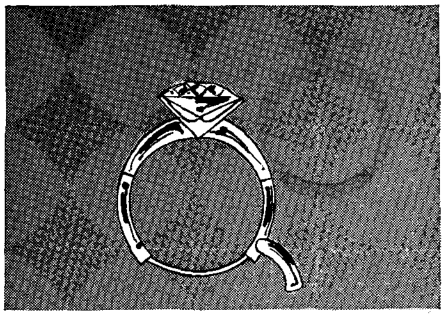

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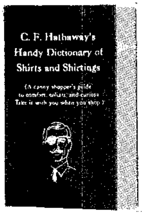
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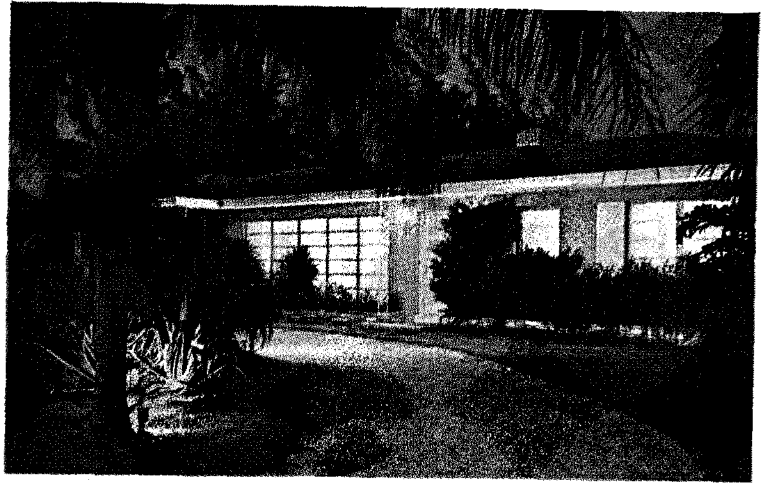

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New York but everywhere, the printers use a tactic that is recognizable to any reader of detective magazines. There is a "nice guy" and there is a "heavy," and the two work in relays to wring a confession from a suspect. Elmer Brown is kindly-looking, understanding, and pleasant to deal with, and he says he can hold off Powers, the "heavy," if only the publishers will give him a few concessions to work with. The publishers recognize this ploy—indeed, it met with some success in the 1962-63 situation—yet they are always glad to see Mr. Brown come into the picture. One management negotiator, in summing up the difference between the two union chiefs, characterized Mr. Powers as "intelligent, dedicated, skillful, and monolithic," and went on, "He has thought the whole thing through, and says that what he is doing now is merely the fulfillment of what he was doing in 1962. He claims he was prevented then from reaching a proper solution by various people, including Brown. This time, he says, nothing will stand in his way. Brown is easier to deal with. He has strikes all over the country, and he tends to think of his national treasury. But that doesn't mean he's all sweetness and light by any means. He's shrewd. He comes out with all these things, and you think he's going to give you a break, but when you say to him 'Where do we begin?' he says 'Where Powers left off.' "

Mr. Brown followed the script two weeks later, when he and four other executives of the International Typographical Union came to New York to reopen the talks. He said at that time that he was willing to consider alternatives to Mr. Powers' proposed three-part automation agreement, for "we recognize that we may have to plow new ground." There was still little reported progress, however, and on February 26th, a Friday, the talks were recessed again. The following Friday, Mr. Brown, appearing on a local television news program, said that his union sincerely wanted to "encourage" the publishers "to take advantage of every technological advance," and he went on, "A lot of papers now in business will go out of business unless this is done, and we want to work together with the publishers to save as many as we can." This pleasant music was still ringing in the ears of the publishers when the printers, meeting at Manhattan Center three days later, voted 1,978 to 28 to strike if no contract agreement was reached.

The strike vote, though, was just

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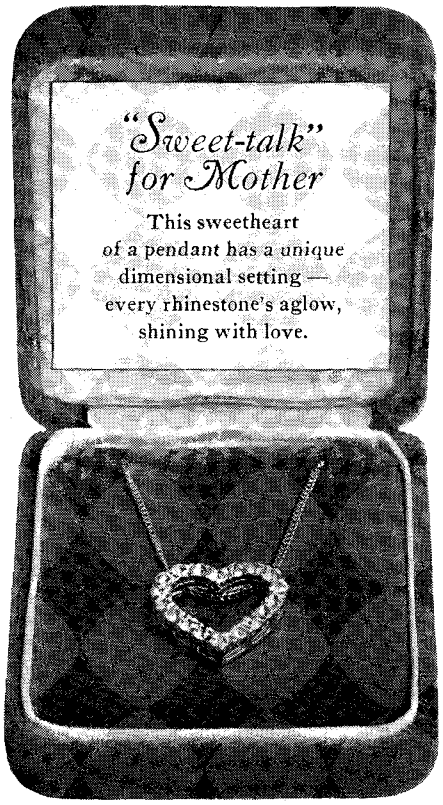

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another line in the script. Everybody had known that it would come, because Mr. Powers had asked for it, and the publishers were very well aware that under the constitution of the International Typographical Union only the International Executive Council can call a strike. Even so, the danger was heightened, for another union, lacking the kind of discipline that is exercised by the printers, might follow the printers' example in voting a strike, and then actually go out. In that case, the printers, even if they had planned to negotiate beyond the deadline or to moderate their position, would be on the street as well. And another city blackout would be on (except at the *Post*), whether Elmer Brown liked it or not.

The atmosphere was still one of hope—at least off the record. Mr. Thayer, the president of the *Herald Tribune*, said that while it was "impossible to make an agreement with Powers," it might be that "somebody" would make one for Powers. Would this be another union, perhaps? "I would find it hard to make any final settlement with any other union," Mr. Thayer said. "Certainly I know that we are not going to make any agreement with any union that commits us to giving it everything the printers get." For just that reason, the publishers had not got very far in their talks with the other unions. Those sitting on the labor side of the bargaining table were by no means eager to commit themselves to a settlement that might turn out to give them less than what the printers would win. The drivers had already taken a strike vote, and they, along with the pressmen, the photo-engravers (their union had prolonged the previous blackout for several weeks, because they had been reluctant to accept the package increase negotiated by the printers), and the machinists, were reported to have become discontented with the progress of the negotiations. Their discontent was aggravated, it was said, because they were facing the second team of management negotiators. The top executives were facing the printers.

Other unions were taking the lack of progress in stride. "They haven't even agreed to the contract clause that says we can have bulletin boards," one Guild negotiator remarked complacently in early March. His chief, Mr. Murphy, was equally calm. "If we wanted to get excited, we could be as excited as the drivers," he said. "We aren't getting anyplace, but if we were, I would be wondering what happened. If the publishers did reach an agree-

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ment with one union, every other union would denounce it. Any union would be crazy to come to an agreement when everybody is blustering around."

A management spokesman put the same thing in another way. "They are all out to pass each other up," he said. "Nobody wants to make an agreement, for fear his brother union will make an agreement for a dollar more. For ten years, the other unions have been mad at the Guild for negotiating their settlements for them, and now they're mad at the printers, but they're scared, too. They say they won't let Powers make their settlements for them, and they're fighting each other as hard as they're fighting the publishers."

Mr. Powers himself, as he made the various ritual moves required by the situation, seemed unruffled. The slim, poised, soft-voiced man who became so familiar to television watchers during the long blackout two years ago did not appear to have aged or changed. "I still think we will solve the automation problem, and then have to wrestle with money," he said not long after the strike vote was taken. "These people have an awful lot of fight on money. For ten years, they've been getting away with four and three [that is, four- and three-dollar increases for each year of a two-year contract]. Now the question is not only what they will pay but what we will accept."

The next session, which was devoted to automation, began on Monday, March 15th, at the Publishers' Association offices, and lasted all night. It broke up inconclusively. Upon emerging from it, Elmer Brown said, "We thought we were close, but we couldn't reach agreement." He indicated that dissension among the publishers was to blame, and later that morning he flew back to Colorado Springs.

The Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service stepped into the negotiations on March 18th, giving as its reason "the concern of the administration in avoiding a repetition of the 1962-63 strike." William Simkin, the Federal Mediation Director, told reporters that neither the publishers nor the unions had asked for his intervention. There was a report that it had been requested by the Hearst interests, but this was denied by Joseph Kingsbury-Smith, publisher of the *Journal-American*. In any event, the next several days were given over to attempts by federal mediators to get the talks going again. Both sides took the opportunity to retrench. Mr. Powers, for his part, made

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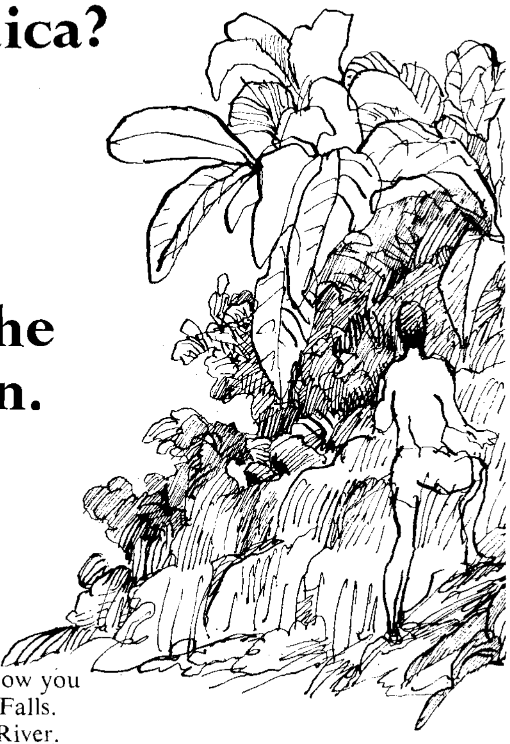

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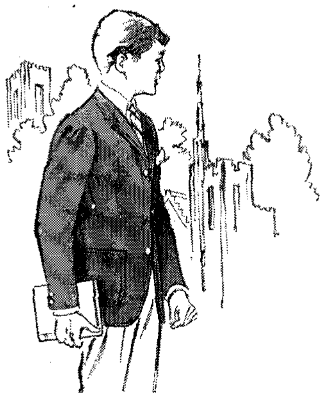

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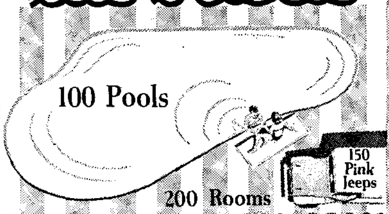

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it known that if the publishers thought he might negotiate without striking after the expiration of the contract, they were mistaken. On March 23rd, bulletin boards in all the local newspaper composing rooms bore notices reading, "I.T.U. President Brown has set the time of the strike at 2 A.M. Wednesday, March 31st, in the event a contract which can be recommended by the Scale Committee has not yet been reached. The paper or group of papers to be struck at that time has not yet been announced."

On the other side of the fence, the publishers were sending out letters to their staffs warning them of the possibility of a shutdown. The tone of all the letters was firm, and the *Herald Tribune's* letter had a note of desperation. "In these negotiations we, and, in our opinion, some of the other newspapers, quite literally are negotiating for survival," it read. The letter also disclosed that the publishers had given up any attempt to write an automation clause into this year's contract, because the printers' price for automation was too high. That had not ended the matter, though. According to the letter, a new difficulty had arisen: "As matters stand now, and as they have stood for years, the contract is silent as to new equipment. The union now insists on writing in new language aimed at a freeze on the equipment of this newspaper and every other newspaper in New York—language that could bar forever any equipment we are not using in 1965, even simply a machine of new design. Nobody can go along with a situation like that, least of all an industry with aging equipment and constantly changing minor technical innovation."

During the lull before the next round of talks with the printers, the publishers succeeded in getting down to cases with some of the other unions. The *Journal-American* offered its Guild unit four-dollar raises for each year of a two-year contract, but before the *Journal* Guild unit could reply, the offer had, in effect, been increased. This came about as the result of a succession of events. On the same day that the printers posted their strike notices, the Publishers' Association offered the pressmen, the stereotypers, the drivers, and the paper handlers raises of ten dollars and a half, of which five dollars and a half would be paid the first year and five dollars the second. The Newspaper Trades Council voted five to four to submit the offer to the membership of the various locals. Those voting in favor were

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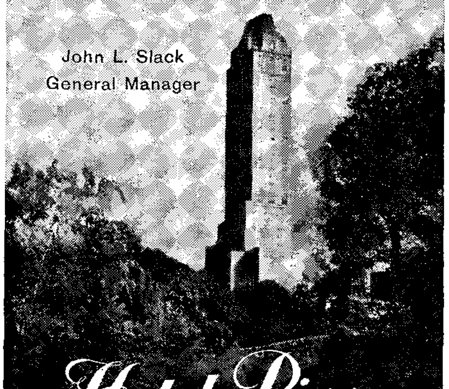

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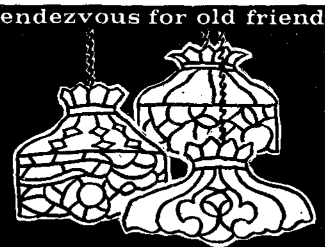

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the stereotypers, the drivers, and the paper handlers—the member unions involved—plus the photo-engravers and the Guild; those opposed were the printers, the mailers, the electricians, and the machinists. The Guild, which had not been formally presented with the offer, announced nonetheless that it would settle for it, and within the next few days it submitted the proposition to the individual Guild units. The pressmen, who were not represented on the Trades Council, also said they would accept the terms. The photo-engravers were not so tractable; while voting to let their individual locals decide the question, they made the point that, as the highest paid of the crafts ($157.90 a week for the day shift, compared to $149 for the printers), they should receive a commensurately higher increase—a percentage-based raise rather than an across-the-board raise. Their negotiators also reminded everyone concerned that photo-engravers in commercial shops received $173.80 per week. Mr. Powers told the publishers that if their limit was two raises totalling ten dollars and a half, this would be "entirely inadequate" for the printers. He also declared that an issue of principle, not just money, was at stake. The publishers, he explained, had promised the unions that took the ten-fifty that no other union would get more, and the printers therefore felt that their contract had been negotiated by other unions, and didn't like it. "This package will not meet our needs," he said. "If the publishers stick to this inflexible position, only a strike can result. I can see very little opportunity to negotiate with a fixed-wage position facing us." Mr. Powers' formal answer to the ten-dollar-and-a-half proposal was to cut his wage demand from a nineteen-dollar raise in one year to fifteen dollars, as a demonstration of his "flexibility."

The publishers, with five unions ready to sign up, were beginning to feel their strength—to the point, indeed, where they were considering the possibility of publishing without printers. Such a situation, as both sides were well aware, actually existed in Toronto, where three papers, eager to install automation, had confronted their printers last July with a take-it-or-leave-it package that provided a guarantee against discharges as a result of automation but insisted on the use of computer typesetting, the elimination of bogus, and—what the union particularly dreaded—the exclusion of foremen from the union's jurisdiction. A spokesman for the Toronto publishers

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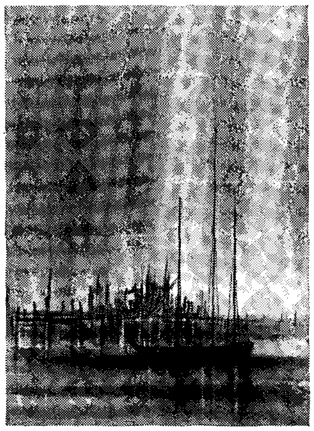
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had said at the time that the papers there "would refuse ever again to be in a position where a foreman was required by union law to walk off the job at the call of the union." The local chairman of the Toronto chapter of the International Typographical Union had been the "good guy" in those negotiations; the settlement demanded by the publishers had been offered to International headquarters three times, and had been rejected three times by Mr. Brown. As a result, the three Toronto papers had been publishing since July without the services of unionized printers and mailers (both unions take their orders from Mr. Brown), and the members of the other unions had been crossing the picket lines.

THERE was now talk here in New York, especially among Guild members, of crossing printer picket lines, if necessary, to keep the papers publishing. The printers and the mailers represented only about a quarter of the fifteen thousand unionized newspaper employees who would be affected by such a showdown, and thus far the publishers had received support for their offer from the Guild, the drivers, the pressmen, the paper handlers, and the stereotypers, and there seemed a good chance that the photo-engravers might go along, too. In this event, the publishers would have won over more than eleven thousand of the fifteen thousand. But if the publishers should actually try to go ahead without the printers, they would have to win over the two smallest locals—the machinists, with a hundred and ninety-four members, and the electricians, with a hundred and thirty-three—because their work is indispensable, at present, in the printing process. So far, both unions were siding with the printers.

If the printers were worried, they were concealing it well. In fact, they decided that it was now time to flex their muscles. On Thursday, March 25th, "unauthorized" meetings were held by the *Times* and the *News* printers. The *Times'* first edition was delayed an hour, and the unit chairman explained that the meeting had been held to discuss the negotiations. The following day, also to discuss the negotiations, Elmer Brown flew back to town, and created something of a commotion by refusing to meet with federal mediators. "It is my feeling that the talks will go on better without any outsiders listening in," he explained.

Mr. Powers showed none of his president's reluctance to meet with

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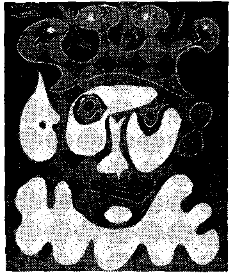

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the outsiders. On Saturday afternoon, he turned up for a round of discussions that had been scheduled at the Federal Mediation offices, at 346 Broadway, only to find that most of the publishers' representatives, including Mr. Galherin, were absent. "That's typical," Mr. Powers said. "In twenty-five meetings, the publishers have been on time only once," he added, and walked out. C. Raymond Hulsart, director of industrial relations for the *Times*, told reporters that he and three negotiators who had accompanied him to the meeting were "prepared to proceed with full authority" but that the federal mediators had advised against any attempt to hold the meeting.

In view of what had kept Mr. Galherin from that meeting, it seemed that he might as well have come. He had gone to the offices of the Publishers' Association to meet with the photo-engravers, who were insisting more strongly than ever on a percentage increase that would maintain their favorable pay differential. Frank A. McGowan, the local president, broke up this meeting by stalking out, and told reporters that the publishers had made no offer at all. "We told them that when they have an offer, they should call us," he said. Mr. Galherin, in his turn, said, "The situation didn't warrant making any offer." The following day, the photo-engravers, meeting at the New York Printing Trades Building, on West Forty-ninth Street, voted 178 to 23 to seek strike authority from their international. That same day, as it happened, the stereotypers met, and, following the example set by the drivers two days before, overwhelmingly ratified the ten-dollar-and-fifty-cent agreement. The negotiators for the drivers had told their membership that they were convinced nothing more could be obtained in the contract, and Joseph Baer, the drivers' president, had urged the membership to accept it. James J. McMahon, head of the stereotypers, was asked on Sunday by his membership whether he thought Powers was going to get a better contract. He answered sarcastically, "I wish him all the luck in the world."

Mayor Wagner came back into the picture on Sunday evening, when he called for a report from the federal mediators. The following day, while an all-day session between the publishers and the printers was being held at the publishers' headquarters (without the federal mediators, in deference to Mr. Brown), the Mayor announced that if no agreement was reached by four o'clock Tuesday afternoon—

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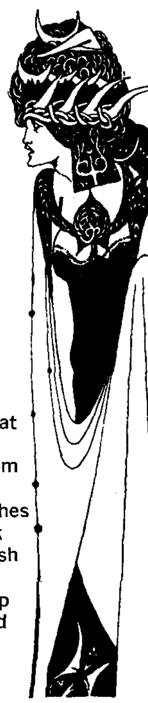

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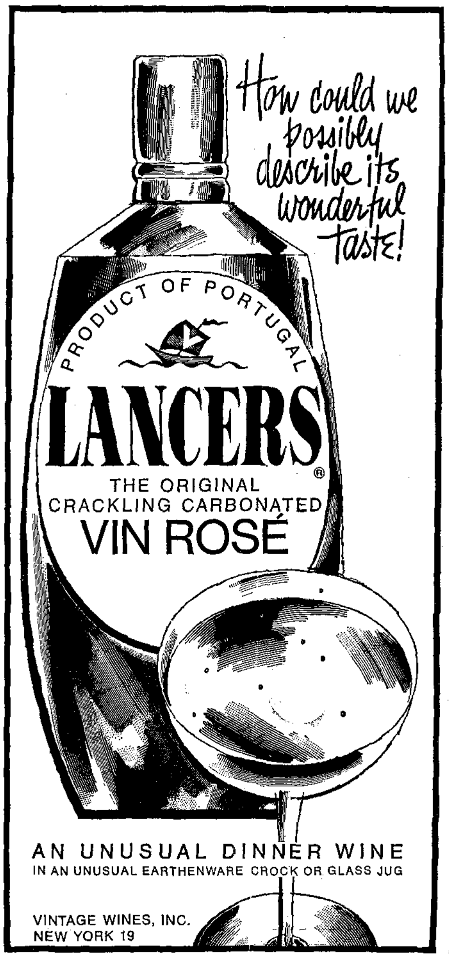
Tuesday was March 30th, the last day of the contract—he would call the negotiators down to City Hall. In the talks at the Publishers' Association that night, Mr. Powers took off his jacket and, for the first time during the negotiations, loosened his tie.

The opening of the final day was highlighted, at least in the publishers' eyes, by a report in the morning papers of a unanimous Supreme Court decision upholding the right of employers to lock out union members "where the intention proved is merely to bring about a settlement of a labor dispute on favorable terms." The case was not based on the newspapers' actions during 1962-63, but the ruling certainly seemed applicable to it, in retrospect. With that start, negotiations proceeded briskly at the publishers' headquarters uptown. At 3 P.M., when it was time to start for City Hall, Mr. Powers said he could report "the first real progress in five months of negotiating." Twenty-five issues had been discussed, he noted, and many of them had been settled. One, it developed, was the principle of bypassing automation. According to Mr. Brown, what would eventually emerge was an agreement "to negotiate the introduction of automation during the term of the contract based on the requirements of any individual employer." This appeared at least to open the door to the separate talks that the printers had been seeking.

Despite the heightened optimism, however, the chairmen of the printers' units at the various newspapers were getting their marching orders. Mr. Powers sent out letters telling them that they would be notified by phone which papers were to be struck. "Do not allow members to be provoked into leaving their jobs by individual action," the letters ordered. "In the event that members reporting for work after 12 P.M. on March 30th are confronted with a picket line of another union, they are to respect the line and refuse to enter the building."

At City Hall, where the negotiators and mediators and their staff members now presented themselves, together with a large company of reporters and photographers, Leslie Slote, the Mayor's press secretary, unsurprised, was waiting. As the various figures hurried into the lobby, around four o'clock on a cold, windy afternoon, Mr. Slote put one of his assistants to work mimeographing a two-page program listing the principals in the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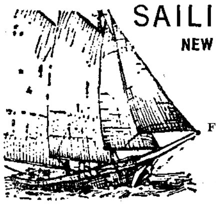

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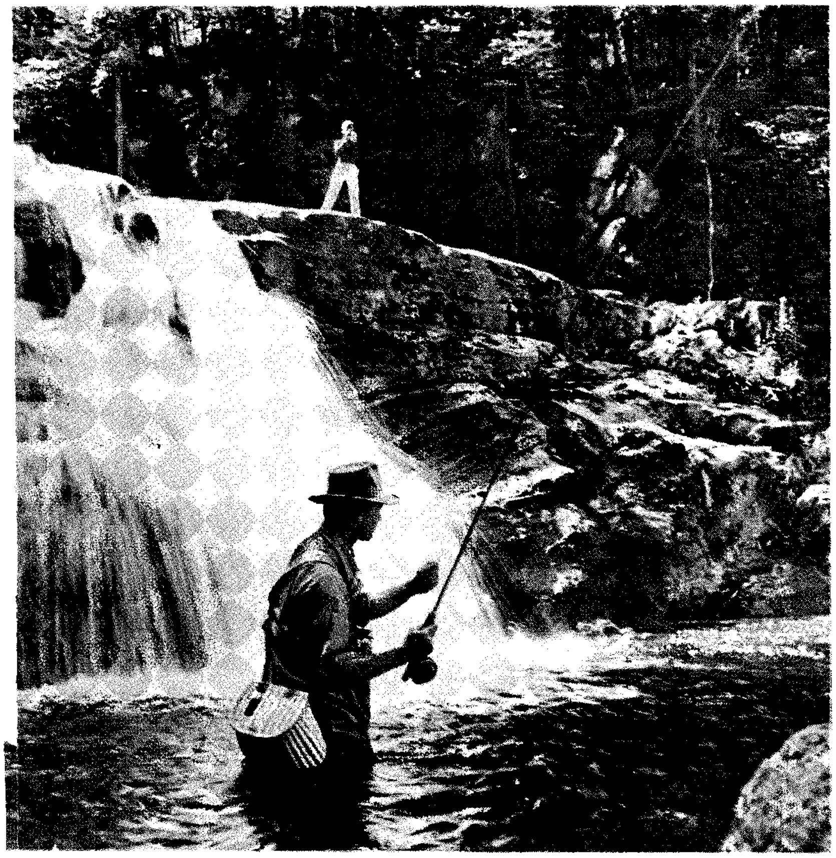

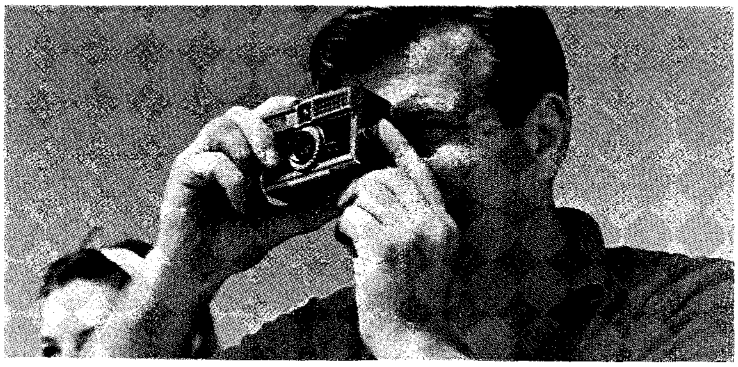

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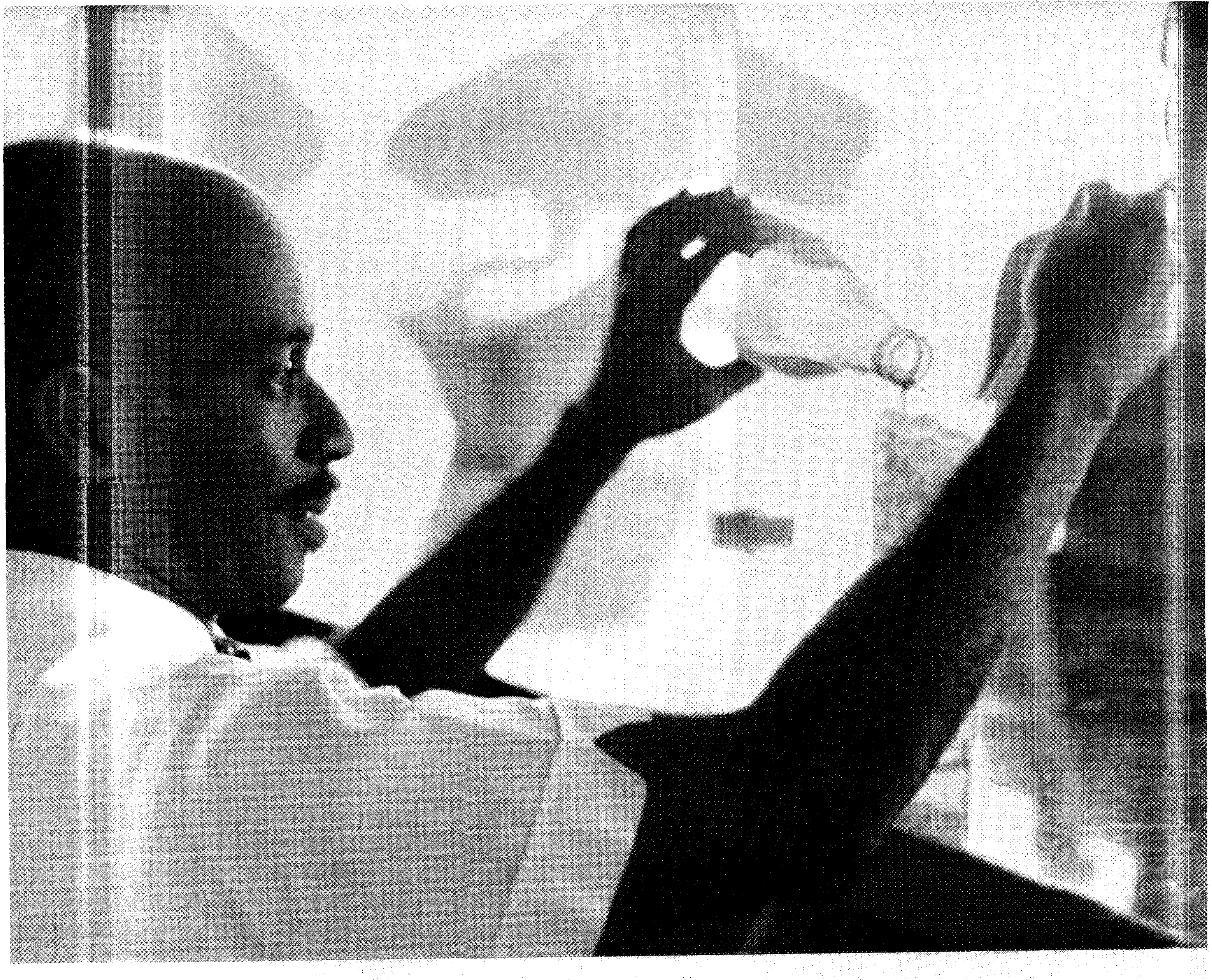

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negotiations. Each, as he arrived, was being repeatedly asked the same old question: Would there be a strike? The reactions and predictions were varied. Mayor Wagner, who had forgone a White House dinner in order to participate in the talks, observed that the situation was "more relaxed than it was two years ago, and there is less tenseness." To counterbalance this, there was a glum strike prediction by Mr. Murphy, of the Guild. He called the situation "grim." The negotiators broke up into small groups after arriving at City Hall, with the printers occupying the reception room downstairs, the publishers upstairs in the Board of Estimate's Committee-of-the-Whole chamber, the Newspaper Trades Council in the Board of Estimate's chamber proper, also upstairs, and the all-important negotiating subcommittee—the one with Mr. Gaherin and Mr. Powers—in the downstairs office of Deputy Mayor Edward F. Cavanagh, Jr. The Mayor and the federal mediators were closeted in the Mayor's office, and shuttling among all the offices were the chief city mediator, Morris Tarshis, and the Mayor's trouble-shooter Ted Kheel. Frank McGowan, of the photo-engravers, who was sitting in with the Newspaper Trades Council, still had negotiators meeting with representatives of the Publishers' Association uptown, and he decided to return there, promising that he would be back at City Hall by ten o'clock with a report for the Trades Council on the progress of the uptown negotiations.

At seven o'clock, everybody except the members of the negotiating subcommittee and the mediators took a dinner break; by ten o'clock, the groups were back in their various offices. The printers had been reinforced by the arrival of their national secretary-treasurer, William R. Cloud, and a national vice-president, Joseph Bailey, who had both flown in from Colorado Springs to help determine—according to Mr. Brown—which papers should be struck. Upstairs, Mr. McGowan, back from uptown, reported to the Trades Council that the photo-engravers' negotiations were deadlocked. The publishers had finally come through with a percentage increase, he said, but it had worked out to exactly ten dollars and fifty cents, and was therefore not acceptable. Mr. McGowan appeared content to let the printers make the next move, however; he settled down in the Board of Estimate chamber, where some of the union men had bro-

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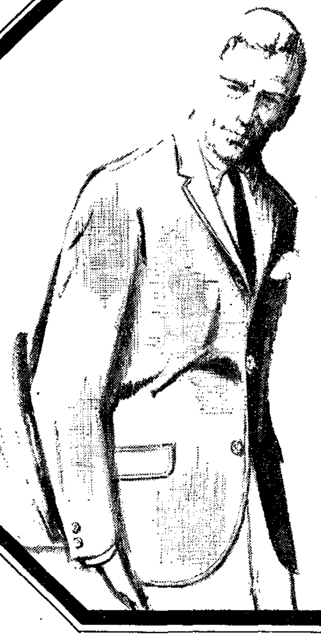

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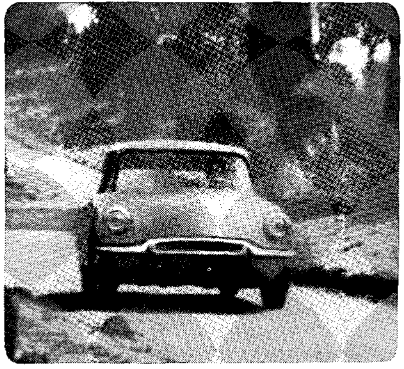

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ken out a deck of cards and started a poker game.

Upward of fifty reporters and television people were wandering around among the marble columns of the City Hall lobby, keeping a sharp eye out for principals in the negotiations and clustering occasionally at a waist-high metal gate where two secretaries guarded the entrance to the Mayor's suite. Two pinochle games were going on in the pressroom, across the lobby from the Mayor's office, and these were interrupted now and again when union dignitaries paused at the gate for impromptu interviews. The only representative of the publishers to come through the gate and answer reporters' questions was the *Tribune's* Walter Thayer. He said, among other things, that the question of payment of the savings accruing from the Teletype setting of stock tables, which by the terms of the 1962-63 contract was to go to arbitration, had been put back on the bargaining table. Mr. Laura, of the Mailers' Union, who was heading the Trades Council, also talked to the reporters. "We feel we can work this out," he said. "Powers is negotiating, and we are not going to harm him. After dinner, things seemed a lot better. There is something in the air."

At 11:52 P.M., eight minutes before the deadline, Mr. McGowan was ushered into the Mayor's office, and fifteen minutes later the Mayor himself came out. He needed a shave and was clearly tired. "I have just talked to Mr. McGowan," he told the reporters. "They are, at my request, continuing their negotiations, and I will check back with them within the hour." He was asked what he would do if no agreement was reached before the deadline, and replied that he would "certainly make the request" that things be put off further.

The Mayor went back into his office and didn't reappear at his office gate until 2 A.M., at which time he announced, "It has been agreed, as far as the negotiations with the printers and the engravers are concerned, to *continue for another hour.* We will continue. . . . Some progress has been made."

At two-twenty, one of the negotiators sent out to the reception desk for aspirin. At two-forty-five, Harry Van Arsdale, the head of the city's Central Labor Council and a confidant of the Mayor, entered City Hall and forced his way through the crush of reporters at the gate. Exactly an hour later, following a sudden increase of traffic in and out of the subcommittee room, Elmer Brown appeared at the far end

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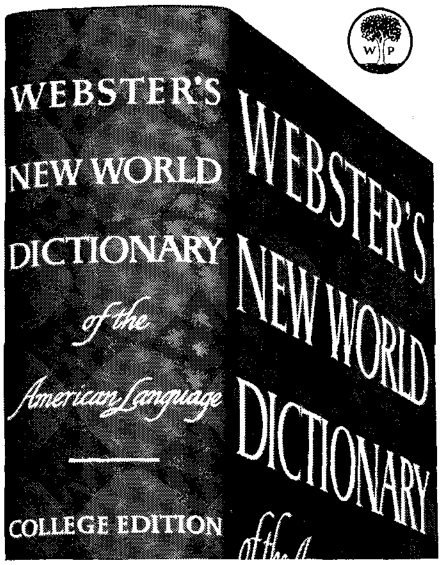

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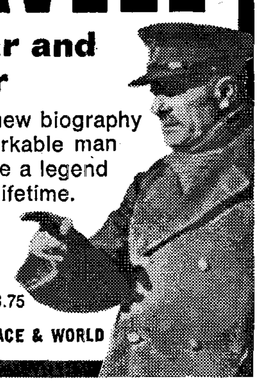

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of the Mayor's hallway, wearing his overcoat. Behind him, a few of the printers gave reporters a thumbs-up signal.

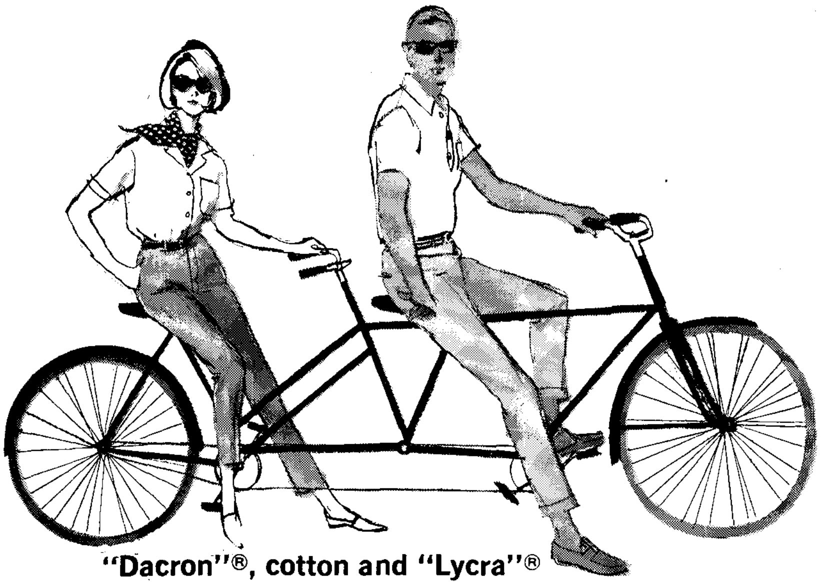
At four o'clock, the Mayor came down the hall. "In response to my request, the printers and photo-engravers agreed to continue negotiations and begin again this afternoon at 2 P.M. at the Publishers' Association offices, with the understanding that a twenty-four-hour notice be given for any new strike date to be set," he said. The reporters shouted. What did that mean? Who had won—the publishers or the printers? The Mayor shrugged and stuck to his statement, repeating it for the television cameras.

Nobody understood what all this meant until, a minute or two later, there were shouts from behind the gate. "Don't do it, Joe!" somebody yelled, and the little figure of Joseph Baer, president of the drivers' union, could be seen threading its way like a broken-field runner through a crowd of beefy union executives. Mr. Baer was heading for the reporters at the gate. Several of the union men put out hands to stop him. "Wait a minute, Joe," one of them said. Mr. Baer didn't even hesitate. "Take your hands off me!" he yelled, and ran up to the gate. In his hands was a scrawled statement, which he read, for the newspaper reporters, at breakneck speed: "The officers and members of the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers' Union negotiated a contract with the publishers, and they said this was the costliest agreement they could afford. As president, I recommended the contract to the membership of my union. The publishers lied to me, but their duplicity is no excuse for my having been misled. I am therefore tendering my resignation as president of the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers." He looked up from his paper. "The publishers are prostitutes!" he shouted, and then he allowed himself to be dragged away by aides from his own union.

Mr. Baer declined to repeat his statement later for television, but it was clear to every reporter present that the printers and the photo-engravers had won from the publishers some sort of promise to increase the ten-dollar-and-a-half package that five unions had already accepted. "Oh, Lord!" one mediator said to a journalist friend. "The publishers have maneuvered themselves into the most intolerable position any employer group ever got into."

Mr. Murphy, of the Guild, appeared in the lobby, looking very unhappy, and

Ah men / Ah women



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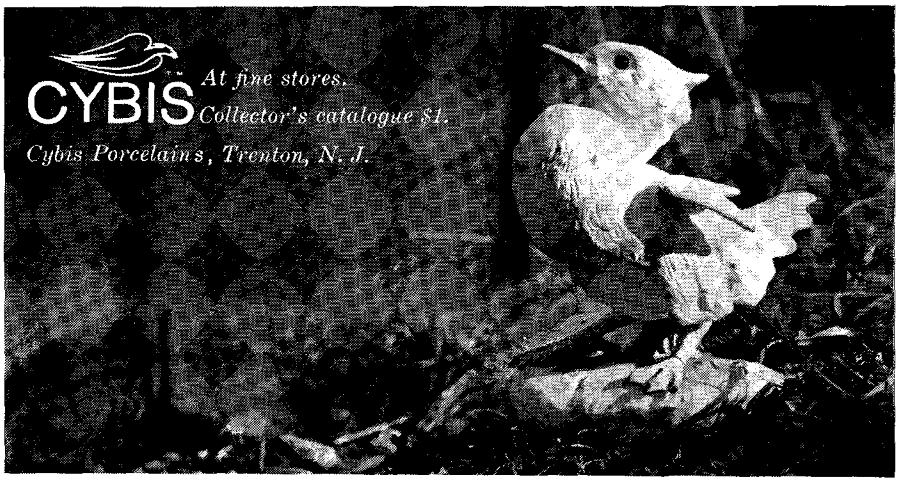

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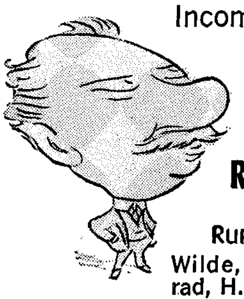

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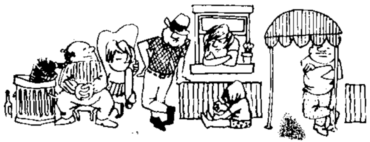

Those hard-pressed but resilient people on 99th — including Benny and Flo, whom you met in THE NEW YORKER* — are now in a book aptly called TWELVE CHASES ON WEST 99TH STREET
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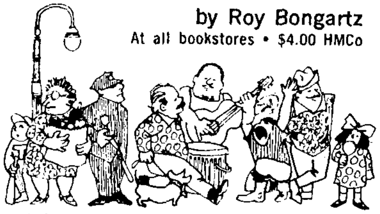


*where some of these stories first appeared

said that he "presumed" the publishers would increase their offers to the various Guild units to match what they had offered the printers.

When Mr. Powers emerged from the Mayor's suite, he announced that the only significant change in the negotiations was that "the publishers have abandoned their fixed position." He described himself at that point as more optimistic than he had ever been about the prospects for a settlement, which he predicted would be reached within "two or three meetings" during the ensuing week. Did he feel that he had won a moral victory? "We are not concerned with morals," he said. "We are interested in negotiating dollars and cents."

Then Mr. Gaherin came out. "Let's get this over with," he said to the reporters. "We have made no new offer; we have continued to negotiate."

What about Powers' victory statement?

"Mr. Powers," replied Mr. Gaherin evenly, "is entitled to his interpretation." Mr. Gaherin seemed truly distressed about Mr. Baer, however. "Very regrettable," he said. "A very dedicated man."

One of the last of the negotiators to come out through the Mayor's gate that morning was Salvador Iaccio, the leader of the machinists' local. He watched with interest as the television crews began rolling up their cables and packing their gear, and didn't seem to feel at all slighted that none of the radio or television men wanted to interview him. "I am going to wait and see what everybody else gets," he said. "I don't want a cent less, and—you can believe this or not—right now I wouldn't take a cent more." —FRED C. SHAPIRO

•

DEPARTMENT OF DELICACY

[*From Pan American's "Guide to the Fiji Islands"*]

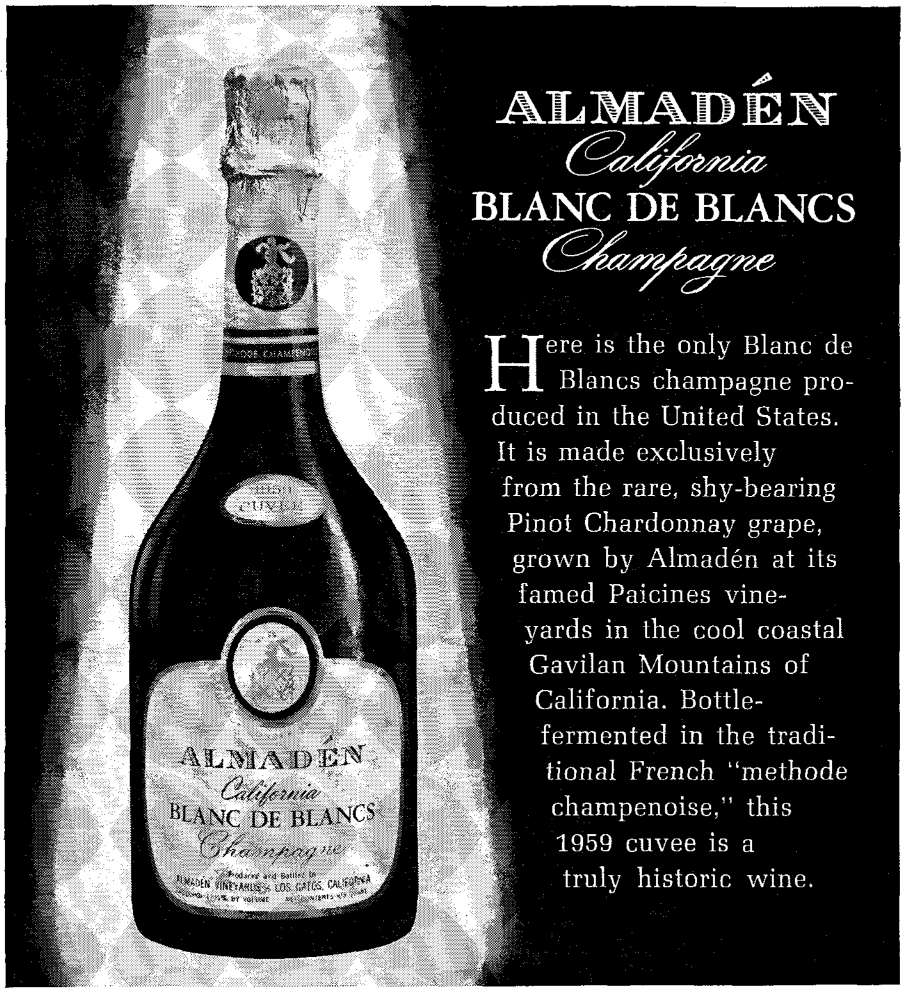
All of Fiji is rather like a picture postal card. The colors are brilliant; the flowers vivid and ever present; even the uniforms of the Fijian Military Police are picturesque. Seventy or so years ago the Fijians leaned a bit towards cannibalism, but with the advent of missionaries, they turned Christian.

•

John Arnold Schneider says that for him "lightning struck over the (Feb. 27) weekend."

It was a typical comment for Jack Schneider, known to associates as a "salesman with a catch phrase" and an "expert phrase maker."—*Broadcasting.*

We especially like the "Feb. 27" part.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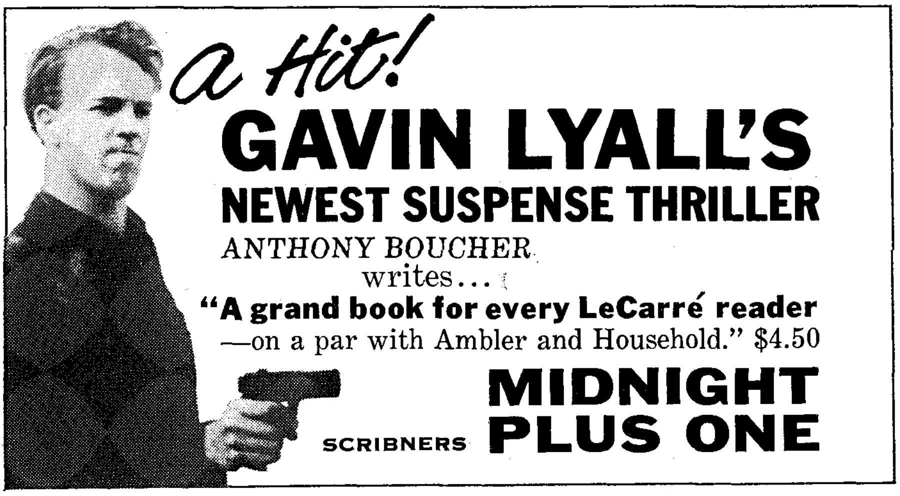
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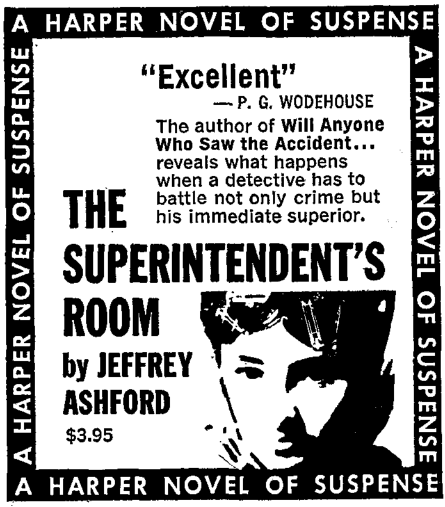
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BOOKS

VERSE

COUNTRIES, nations, states rarely get the kind of poets they hope to get or think they deserve. Literary history is full of embarrassing (and sometimes tragic) examples of misjudgment—when the true original, having been denied honor in his lifetime, is discovered (sometimes by foreigners) after his death, or when a mediocrity once honored for some popular timeliness continues for a generation or so to blemish the pages of anthologies. One rarely, moreover, finds in the chronicles any large agreement in the case of the fairly young on the part of their contemporaries. Recently, in England and America, such agreement has gathered around the figures of Philip Larkin and Robert Lowell. At the same time, as though the poetic situation at all times must be kept from being too neatly balanced, we come upon, in a collected edition, Patrick Kavanagh (b. 1905), a fine Irish poet who rejects his native land, as he has been—except for a circle of warm admirers—rejected by it.

PHILIP LARKIN's fourth book, "The Less Deceived," published inconspicuously by a Yorkshire press in 1955, when the British poet was thirty-three, rapidly went through four printings, and Larkin found himself the center of a group briefly known as the Movement—young poets with an interest in detachment, irony, and form. Larkin's own concerns turn out to be remarkably restricted both as to time and as to place; in a recent interview he stated that he is not interested in any period but the present or in any poetry but that written in English. Larkin's present high standing in his native land is not based wholly on this insularity, however. The reaction that set in a decade ago against the excesses of postwar romanticism—against those poets who had come to express continual highly pitched manifestations of the hallucinatory, the apocalyptic, and the surreal—was also involved. Human nerves, as Eliot once remarked, can stand just so much irrationality; the mindless incantation loses power as it begins to irritate, and the pleasure of having the imagination work on recognizable facts is doubly welcome once it reappears after an absence.

Larkin, on the dust jacket of his latest volume, "The Whitsun Weddings" (Random House), disclaims any special love of form: "Form holds little interest for me. Content is everything." But it is at once apparent to the most casual reader that this member of what is now becoming a middle-aged British poetic generation possesses formal gifts that are not only perfectly controlled and strongly sustained but capable of wide and interesting variation. He is able to use such gifts as they are seldom used, to describe the tough realities of his time—those sometimes major and sometimes marginal uglinesses that seem unassimilable in art unless they are caricatured: the hideous, the cheap, the wrecked object; the desolate, the devastated locale. Larkin's realism (which has Hardy behind it) is not inflexibly dour. A profound pessimism exists, but this bleak background is often unexpectedly broken to let through some calm and tender emotion.

One aspect of Larkin's work that often adds subtle reinforcement to his moments of pathos is his open assumption of the British sense of class. The title poem—one of Larkin's most striking successes—of the new book is based on a touching succession of insights into what must be taken as a working-class spring festival. Larkin reports with a direct first-person approach the phenomenon of young brides and their wedding parties as they appear at the railway stops during a journey he is making to London from the North. Written in stanzas large and free enough to accommodate minor variations in stress and speed, yet strict enough to give what can only be called an odelike dignity to awkward material, the poem releases, in its last lines, a restrained lyricism that reverberates in the classic manner. Touches and colorings of feeling keep recurring in Larkin, not set off in any sharp contrast but present as part of the general web of his response to the difficult details of his world—details he does not shy away from but attacks and resolves. And he openly examines his limitations. This frankness has troubled those of his readers who expect from him a more copious flow of work, perhaps more cheerfully expressed. And what about the disconcerting streak of wicked satire that appears from time to

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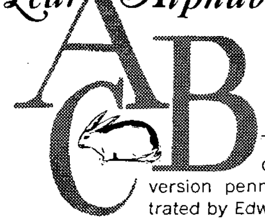

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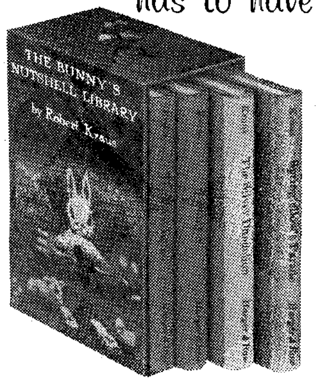
time? A great deal of truth-telling is projected by Larkin's intense dramatic lyricism.

PROOF that Puritan elements in the American character have never been entirely erased is the implicit demand from his audience that any American poet who at any time has shown signs of possessing a prophetic vein should continue with that vein, no matter what changes take place in himself or his situation. Robert Lowell's early poetry contained a good measure of Puritan brimstone. For the young Lowell, the seventeenth-century religious wars might have been fought yesterday, or, indeed, might still be going on. Lowell's later shift to closely personal subjects and looser poetic means has been deplored in some quarters. His latest book, "For the Union Dead" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is, in spite of its history-weighted title, largely a collection of personal memories, from which, evidently, much bitterness has been eliminated by the passage of time. This turn toward the contemplation of one's past is natural at Lowell's age (the late forties), and he now is able to describe difficult transitional events with a compassion and humor that were totally lacking in his early writing. His later poems are expressed in loosened form quite different from his early high metaphysical manner. A contrast with Larkin is interesting here; whereas the British poet was both formal and idiomatic from the first, and at ease in describing his environment, the American had to approach the present by working through circuitous avenues of history and religion. Lowell, now the official poet of his generation, faces the various dangers of responsibility: the self-conscious attitude, the temptation to slip into a distorting nostalgia when dealing with the past, and the tendency to castigate every aspect of the present. Lowell, happily, has yielded to these dangers only in a minor way in these new poems. And if the custom of his country has eliminated for him the possibility of class pathos, it has presented him with the tragedy of race, which gives the book's title poem weight.

THE career of Patrick Kavanagh presents extraordinary features completely outside the usual literary framework. His "Collected Poems" (Devin-Adair) reveals an astonishing talent—according to some enthusiasts, the finest not only in Ireland but in all English-speaking areas—that has kept on renewing itself not so much by a process of orderly growth as by a

Every Easter basket has to have



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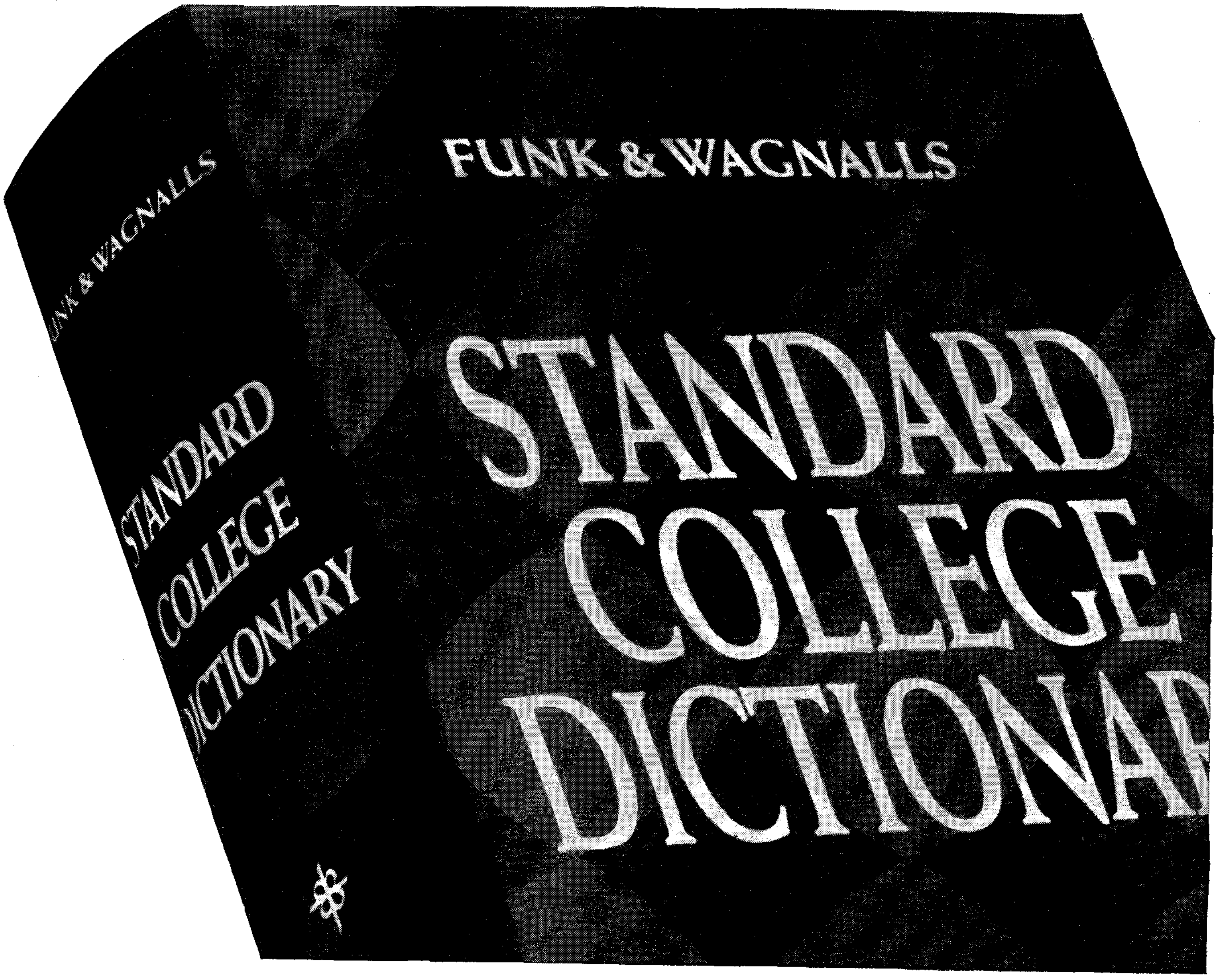
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About Pockets

"As a cousin of mine once said about money, money is always there but the pockets change; it is not in the same pockets after a change, and that is all there is to say about money."

Well, perhaps not quite all. That Gertrude Stein put her finger on something central when she wrote those words cannot be disputed. We all know only too well how easily and how often money changes pockets, and no doubt a good many of us wish that more money would come into our pockets and less would go out.

But let's not forget that there are things more valuable than money. Health, friends, honor, of course. But concrete things, too. Good common stocks, for example, are potentially more valuable than money because they are likely to have not only a cash value but also an ability to earn dividends and a capacity for growth that money itself lacks.

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continual breaching of boundaries. Judging by his recent poetic practice as well as his comment on that practice, it is clear that Kavanagh now stands free of all obligations except the deepest and most demanding claims of the open imagination. The early work of this poet, born in the Irish countryside, reflects a life close to the pieties and rude circumstances of the agricultural laborer. His disillusion with the lot of the Irish countryman came into being only after he had described that lot—in "The Great Hunger" (1942)—with mixed affection and loathing. His subsequent descriptions of Dublin literary life and politics were again filled with the blackest disillusion. Kavanagh's chief object of detestation has come to be the coat-trailing charming Irish semi-clown—a tragicomic caricature designed, according to the poet, for the foreign trade. Behind Kavanagh's intransigence stands a thorough understanding of modern traps laid on all sides for the bafflement of human dignity, as well as an unfaltering sense of some human innocence, marred but indestructible. His satire, cutting close to the bone, spares neither cause, nor institution, nor individual. He names person and place, and he can be as scathing in a sonnet as in a piece of parody or a stretch of doggerel. Since, as he frankly states in his introductory author's note, written in London in 1964, he now dislikes much of his early verse, the selection of the poems in the new volume, of nearly two hundred pages, was left to his friend Martin Green, who has carried out his task admirably. To come upon Kavanagh's spontaneity is delightful, and one understands the sober reasons that have kept him from being listed among the more official and solemn post-Yeatsians. Far from officialdom of any kind, Kavanagh survives and flourishes in that invigorating region where, without respectable let or hindrance, the wild rivers run and the wild timber grows.

—LOUISE BOGAN

•

In building up to his warning to the industry, Mr. Quirk said that the major problems were what the public desired and who was qualified to define the public taste.

"Ratings cannot measure intensity," he said. "Having your set on does not necessarily mean you are watching it. Watching a program does not necessarily mean you like it. Liking a program does not necessarily mean you care very much; it may mean you do not like it."—*The Times.*

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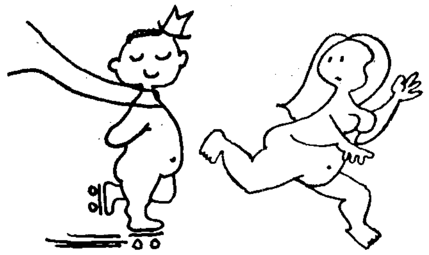

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